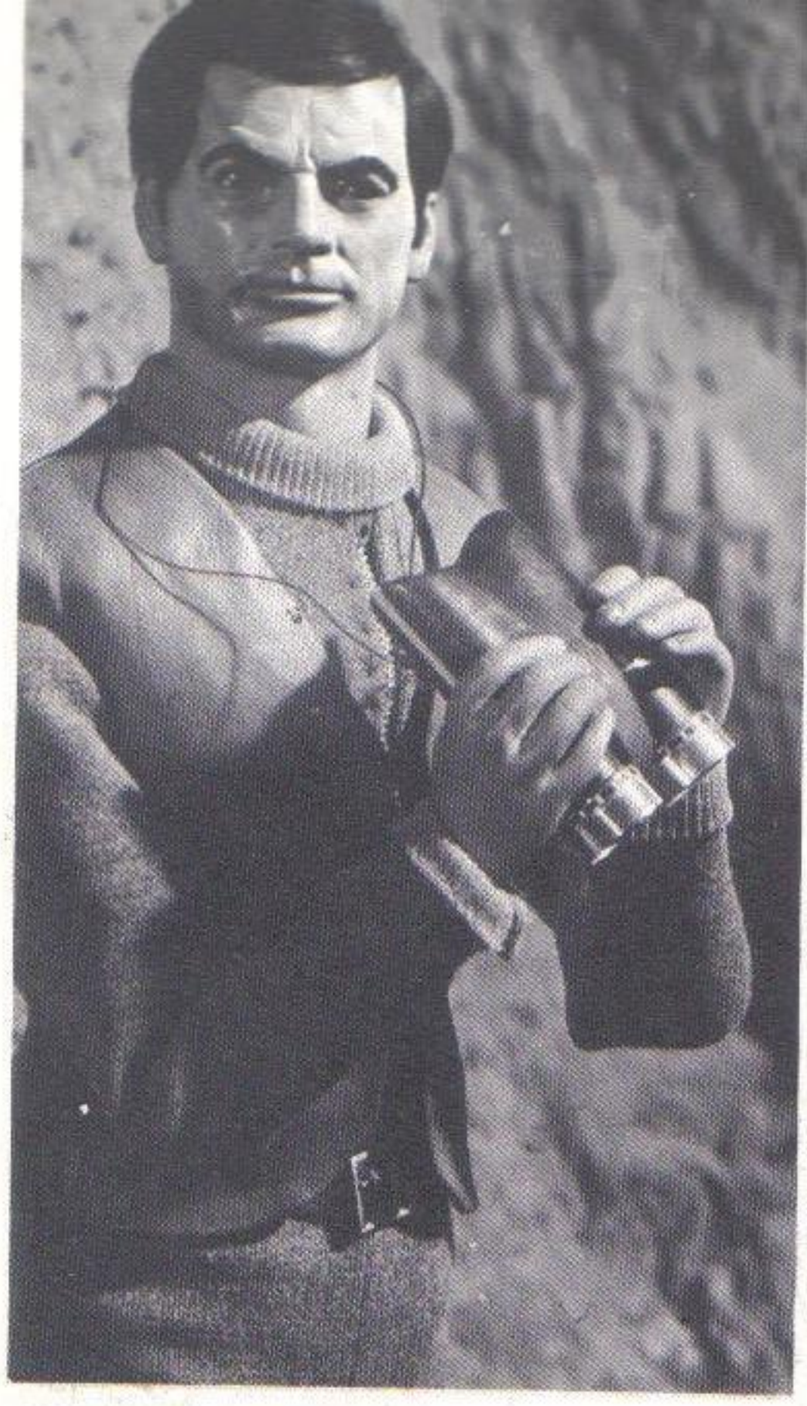
GERRY ANDERSON'S

CAPTAIN SCARLET

ANNUAL

THUNDERBIRDS

12/6
new pence
62½



SUN BURST

THOUSANDS OF MILES ABOVE EARTH, 'OPERATION SUNPOWER' IS READY TO BE SET IN MOTION. ONE OF THE MOST AMBITIOUS SOLAR ENERGY PROJECTS, IT IS PLANNED TO POWER THE ENTIRE EASTERN WORLD...

ON EARTH, A ROCKET BLASTS OFF, BOUND FOR THE SAME COMPLEX. ABOARD, THE TWO MEN WHO WILL SUPERVISE THE OPERATION - DOCTOR ASTON LANE, SCIENTIST, AND ENGINEER DAN MOORE...

WE'RE ON OUR WAY, DOC!

BUT THE EVIL MYSTERONS SEE THE PROJECT'S DEVASTATING POTENTIAL.

CAPTAIN BLACK, THE EARTHMEN'S ROCKET MUST BE INTERCEPTED AND DESTROYED

I UNDERSTAND! **DESTROYED!**

BLACK APPROACHES HIS TARGET, AND TWO MISSILES LEAP AHEAD, BEARING DEATH...

AT CAPE KENNEDY— PANIC!

WE'VE LOST HER, SAM! LIKE SHE JUST BLEW INTO NOTHING! NO S.O.S. - NOTHING!

MYSTERON AGENT, DAN MOORE, PROVIDES THE ANSWER WHICH LEAVES NO SUSPICIONS...

WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL SET THE PRISONERS FREE

SECTOR 23-NIL-9-GREEN. SORRY ABOUT THE LOSS OF CONTACT BACK THERE - THREW THE WRONG SWITCH...

GEE, SURE IS GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE... CONTINUE SET MISSION AND REPORT...

THERE IS AN EMERGENCY CONFERENCE ON CLOUDBASE...

SPECTRUM CAPTAINS ARE FLOWN TO CANADA, SOUTH AMERICA, ENGLAND AND RUSSIA, LEAVING SCARLET TO BALE OUT OVER SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

IT SEEMS THAT THE MYSTERONS INTEND TO STRIKE AT EARTH'S SECURITY PRISONS. YOU WILL EACH GO TO ONE OF THE MOST LIKELY PLACES OF ATTACK...

MEANWHILE, THE MYSTERON AGENTS REACH THE SUNPOWER COMPLEX - AND THE GIANT REFLECTOR IS ACTIVATED...

... SENDING A RAY TWENTY TIMES ITS NORMAL HEAT - TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE...

I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE ICEBERGS! THEY'RE MELTING! CONTROL... CONTROL...

SPECTRUM HAS BEEN FOOLED... EARTH AWAITS OUR REVENGE. DOCTOR LANE, OPERATE THE SUN REFLECTOR OVER AREA TWO-PURPLE-SEVEN!

REPORTS FROM EVERY POLAR STATION FLOOD THE WORLD SECURITY ORGANISATIONS. AND SOON...

BUT HOW? WHY? I ONLY KNOW ONE ANSWER, GREEN...

...THE MYSTERONS. BUT IF IT **IS** THEM, THEY'RE BREAKING AWAY FROM THEIR NORMAL PATTERN... FIRST A THREAT TO OPEN UP OUR PRISONS, AND NOW...

IT'S CRAZY, SIR! THE ENTIRE ICE FORMATIONS OF THE ARCTIC... MELTING...

A VIDEO-SCREEN BURSTS INTO LIFE. THE WORLD PRESIDENT...

WHITE! THE ENTIRE NORTH IS UNDER THREAT OF FLOODING! THE BOFFINS SUGGEST A FAULT IN THE SUNPOWER PROJECT!

OF COURSE! THE SUN REFLECTOR! CHECK WITH CAPE KENNEDY, GREEN- AND GET ME CAPTAIN SCARLET!

... SO THEY TRICKED US IN ORDER TO GET A HEAD START, SIR?

IT APPEARS THAT WAY, CAPTAIN. CAPE KENNEDY'S REPORTS POINT TO MYSTERON INTERFERENCE - GET UP TO THE SUNPOWER SHIP AND GET THAT RAY TURNED OFF...

BLAST OFF...

S.I.G., COLONEL!

SCARLET, I'VE JUST HAD CONFIRMATION FROM THE WORLD PRESIDENT... IF YOU CAN'T GET INTO THE COMPLEX, TAKE IT FOR GRANTED - IT'S THE MYSTERONS! DESTROY THE WHOLE SATELLITE NETWORK!

BUT THE MYSTERONS SEE THE THREAT TO THEIR PLANS...

CAPTAIN BLACK, YOU WILL DESTROY SCARLET'S CRAFT!

IT SHALL BE DONE. SCARLET WILL DIE!

AN HOUR PASSES. BLACK MOVES IN...

ANOTHER CRAFT. NO IDENTI-MARKS... LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK...

SUDDENLY, BLACK FIRES...

PHEW, THAT WAS TOO CLOSE... **CAPTAIN BLACK!** SO THIS **IS** THE WORK OF THE MYSTERONS!

NEVER GET INTO THE SATELLITE WITH HIM AROUND... SO HE CAN DO THE JOB FOR ME. RIGHT IN LINE WITH THE REFLECTOR...

THE MISSILES HOME ON SCARLET'S SHIP - BUT HE ACCELERATES AWAY...

GOOD SHOOTING, BLACK! COME IN, CLOUDBASE ...MISSION SUCCESSFUL!

AND ON EARTH... EVACUATION, AS THE BOILING WATERS SWEEP ACROSS THE NORTH...

AND FROM DEEP WITHIN THE ICE OF CENTURIES...

SAY, WHAT? **MAMMOTHS**! MUST HAVE BEEN FROZEN IN THE ICE!

IT'S FANTASTIC, SIR. SO MUCH ICE HAS BEEN MELTED THAT PREHISTORIC MAMMOTHS HAVE BEEN RELEASED. THEY'RE FLOATING...

MAMMOTHS RELEASED? WAIT... THAT'S IT, GREEN! THE **PRISONERS**! THE MYSTERONS WILL SET THE PRISONERS FREE! THE **MAMMOTHS** MUST BE THE PRISONERS IN THE ICE!

S.I.G.!

SPECTRUM RECEIVES THE NEWS...

WHITE TO DESTINY. DESTINATION REFERENCE NINE-GREEN-ZERO-THREE. DEAD MAMMOTHS FLOATING SOUTH IN FLOODS. FIND AND DESTROY. REPEAT-DESTROY!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

SERVANTS OF THE MYSTERONS, YOU WILL CHARGE THROUGH EARTH, CUTTING A PATH OF DESTRUCTION AND DEATH. YOU WILL OBEY!

WITHOUT RETURNING TO CLOUDBASE TO RE-CHARGE THE ELECTRONIC CANNONS WE CAN DO NOTHING, COLONEL WHITE!

THE ANGELS ARRIVE - TOO LATE...

THEN KEEP THEM IN SIGHT AND DRIVE THEM INTO THE MOUNTAINS. THEY **MUST NOT** REACH THE CITIES!

MEANWHILE, THE AUTHORITIES HAVE MOVED IN SUN-REFLECTORS FROM THE WEST...

AND THE CONCENTRATED HEAT BEAMS BEGIN TO DRY UP THE SURGING FLOOD WATERS...

SCARLET RETURNS FROM SPACE, AND RECEIVES ORDERS...

HAVE SWITCHED CRAFT TO AUTO-PILOT— EJECTED OVER KARAVETSZ VILLAGE, COLONEL. CAN SEE MAMMOTHS!

RIGHT. OUR AGENTS THERE HAVE THE HELICOPTER WAITING... GOOD LUCK!

HURRY, CAPTAIN! THEY ARE NEARLY UPON US!

YES! QUICKLY— START THE 'COPTER... THEN **RUN!**

BUT SUDDENLY...

DOWN, YOU DEVILS! **DOWN!**

TOO LOW... THEY'VE GOT ME! **GOING TO CRASH!**

THE MYSTERONISED GIANTS CRASH ON...

A BLAZING FURNACE THAT WOULD BE INSTANT DEATH TO ANY MAN – EXCEPT THE INDESTRUCTIBLE!

BAD BURNS... GOING TO BLACK OUT... MUST KEEP GOING. GOT TO STOP THEM...

THEN, UNCANNILY, THE MAMMOTHS TURN...

CREATURES OF THE MYSTERONS... THE EARTHMAN SCARLET IS NOT DEAD. RETURN AND SLAY HIM ... **SLAY HIM!**

COMING BACK... ONLY ONE CHANCE... THE MOUNTAIN...

GAINING ON ME... **ELECTRO-GENERATOR PLANT**... THAT'S IT!

THE PLANT'S RIGHT BELOW. GOOD... MUST GET A GRIP ON THE FENCE...

THE MAMMOTHS CHARGE STRAIGHT AT SCARLET – AND...

ELECTRICITY – THE ONLY MYSTERON KILLER...

ABOVE, SCARLET LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS – AND HIS GRIP...

THE ANGELS HAVE BEEN WATCHING EVERY MOVE...

DESTINY TO CLOUDBASE. MYSTERONISED MAMMOTHS DESTROYED. GOING IN TO PICK UP CAPTAIN SCARLET. HE LOOKS IN BAD SHAPE!

LATER...

WELL, I GUESS WE BEAT THE MYSTERONS AGAIN, EH, COLONEL?

HE'LL BE OKAY IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, SIR!

IN ONE WAY, CAPTAIN... IN ANOTHER, THEY NEARLY DEALT US A FATAL BLOW. IF SCARLET HAD FALLEN INTO THAT GENERATOR, HE WOULD HAVE DIED – AND WE WOULD HAVE LOST OUR MOST VALUABLE WEAPON!

SPEED

For over two hundred years, the age of speed has been with us. Since man first laid rails for the earliest locomotives—he has craved to go faster and faster. . .

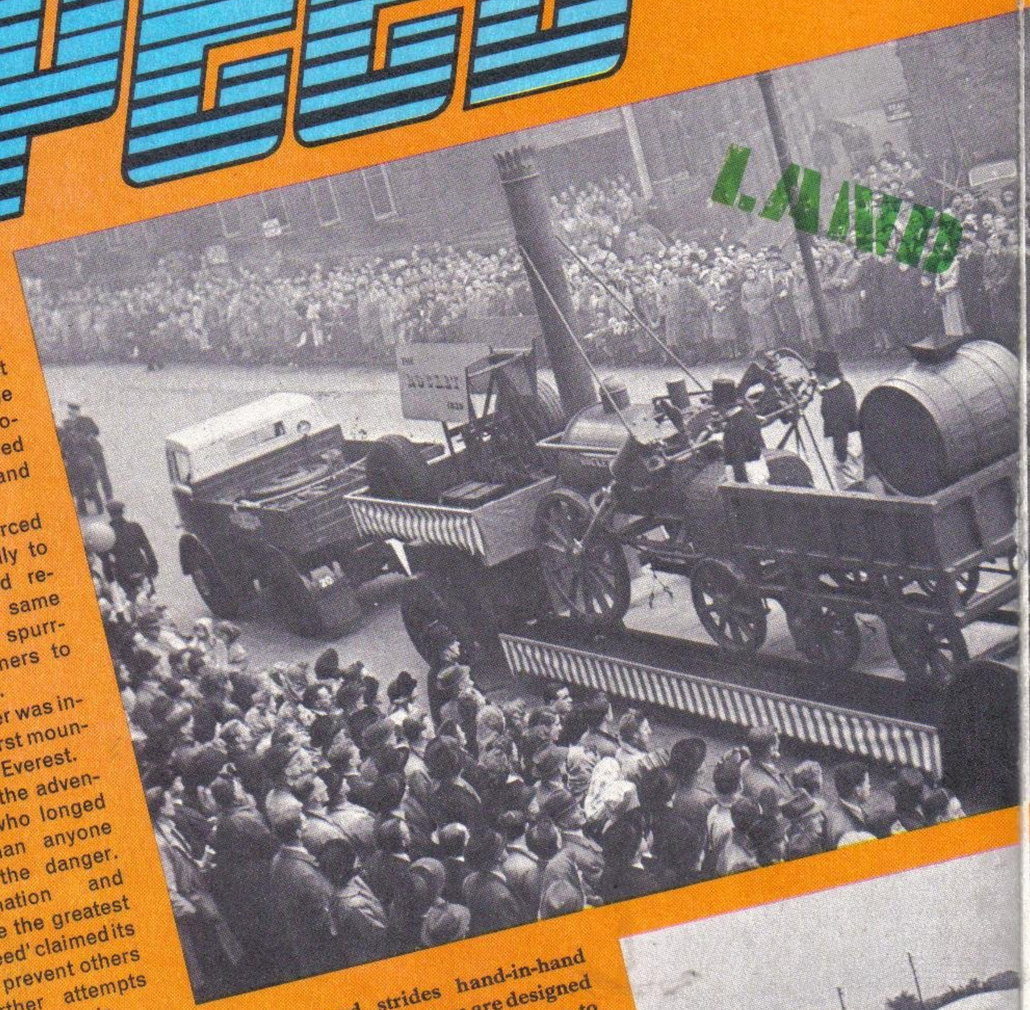
The urge which forced him on continually to break new speed records, was the same will-power which spurred the first mariners to round Cape Horn.

The will to conquer was inbred, like in the first mountaineers to climb Everest.

Speed attracted the adventuresome; men who longed to go faster than anyone else — despite the danger. Their determination and courage overcame the greatest odds. Though 'speed' claimed its victims, it did not prevent others from making further attempts — on land, sea and in the air.

Soon, the sound-barrier bowed beneath the roar of ever-increasing speed. Now, in the twenty-first century, space-bound rockets slice through the earth's atmosphere, with even greater power. . .

Meanwhile, land and water shudder under the pounding 'machines of speed', driven by the men who strive for even greater success.

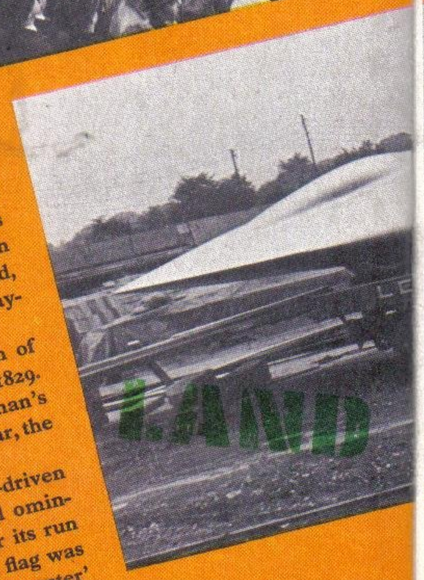


LAND

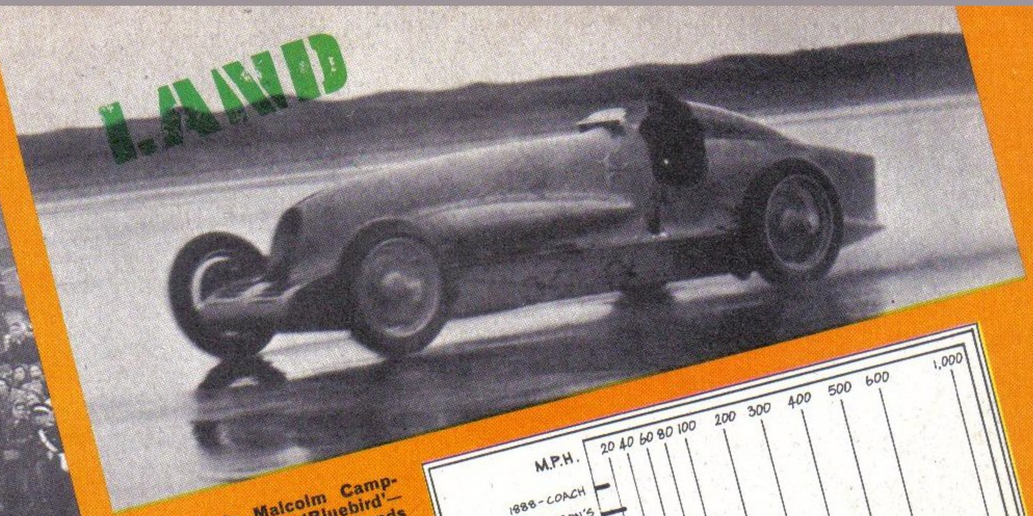
Today, speed strides hand-in-hand with everyday life. Cars are designed to carry us more swiftly from town to town, from home to business. High-power mono-rail 'trains' whip millions of commuters to London every day, in ever less time. Jets scream overhead, bearing business-men and holiday-makers across the globe.

All this developed from the birth of speed—in the eventful year of 1829. Before then, no records existed of man's wish to travel faster. But, in that year, the first speed-trial was carried out.

George Stephenson's steam-driven locomotive, the 'Rocket', hissed ominously as it built up pressure for its run along the freshly-built track. A flag was lowered—and the puffing 'monster'

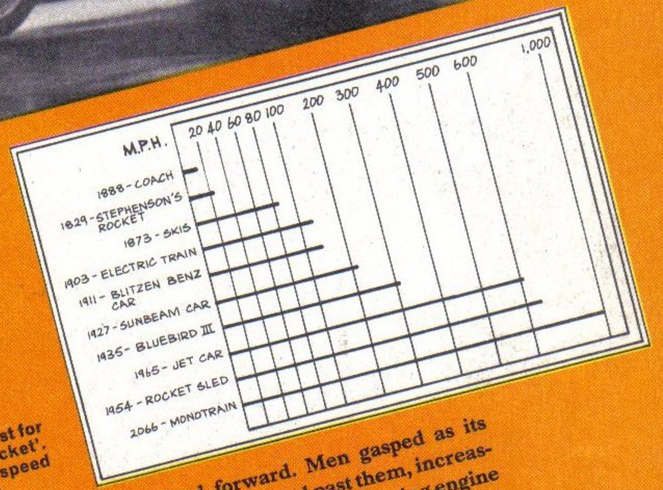


LAND



LAND

1927. Captain Malcolm Campbell's racing car—'Bluebird'—streaks down the Pendine Sands at over 200 miles-an-hour.

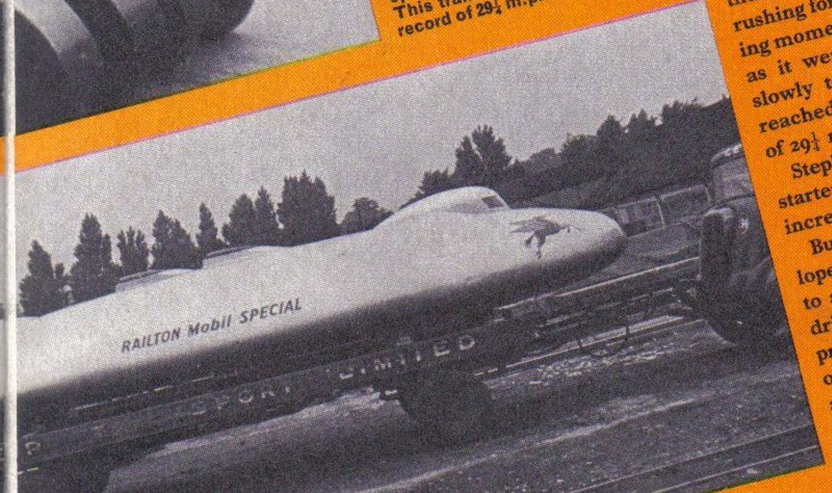

M.P.H.
20 40 60 80 100 200 300 400 500 600 1,000
1888 - COACH
1829 - STEPHENSON'S ROCKET
1873 - SKIS
1903 - ELECTRIC TRAIN
1911 - BLITZEN BENZ CAR
1927 - SUNBEAM CAR
1935 - BLUEBIRD III
1965 - JET CAR
1954 - ROCKET SLED
2066 - MONOTRAIN

The train that started the 'lust for speed', Stephenson's 'Rocket'. This train set up the land speed record of 29¼ m.p.h., in 1829.

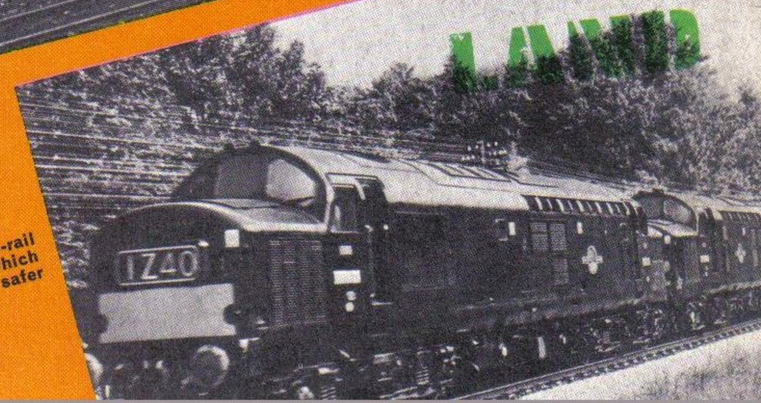
thundered forward. Men gasped as its rushing form hurtled past them, increasing momentum from its straining engine as it went. Then, the 'Rocket' hissed slowly to a halt. The locomotive had reached the almost-inconceivable speed of 29¼ miles-per-hour!

Stephenson's 'Rocket' served as the starter-button to man's desire for ever-increasing speed. . .

But while the steam-engine was developed further, others turned their minds to another means of travel—the petrol-driven motor-car. From the original prototype built in 1876, mechanics all over the world set about building faster and better cars. Shortly after the turn of the twentieth century, the motor-car industry was breaking into a field of its

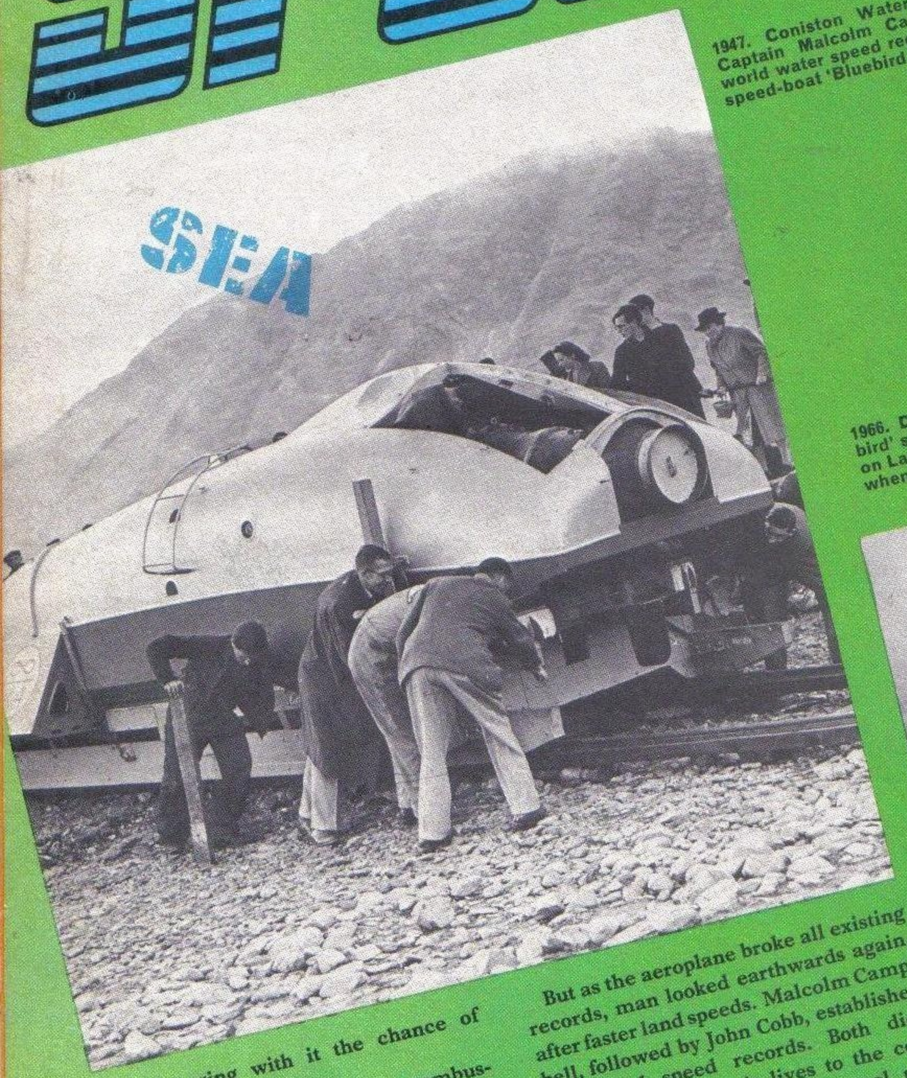


In 1947, John Cobb smashed the world land speed record at Bonneville Flats, Utah. His car, the Railton Special, established the world record at 394.2 m.p.h.



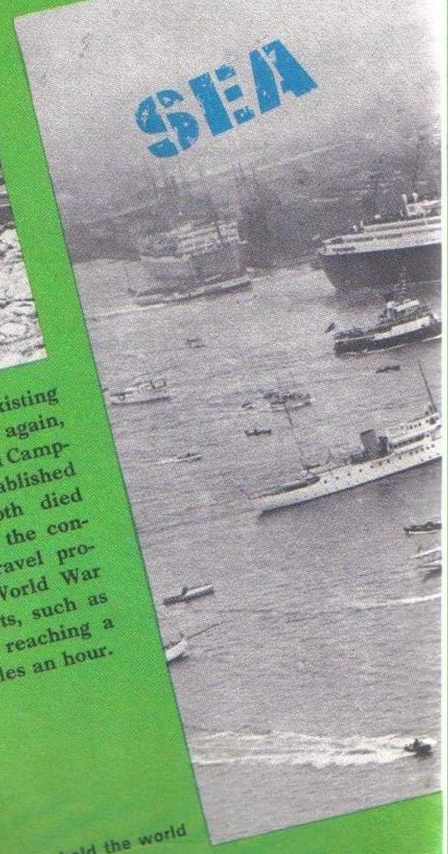
The predecessor of the modern mono-rail train, the electric diesel locomotive which revolutionised rail travel and made it safer and faster than ever before!

SPEED



1947. Coniston Water, Lancashire, where Captain Malcolm Campbell smashed the world water speed record in his jet-engined speed-boat 'Bluebird II'.

1966. Donald Campbell's speed-boat 'Blue-bird' shattered the world water speed record on Lake Coniston. Campbell was later killed when trying to increase his record!



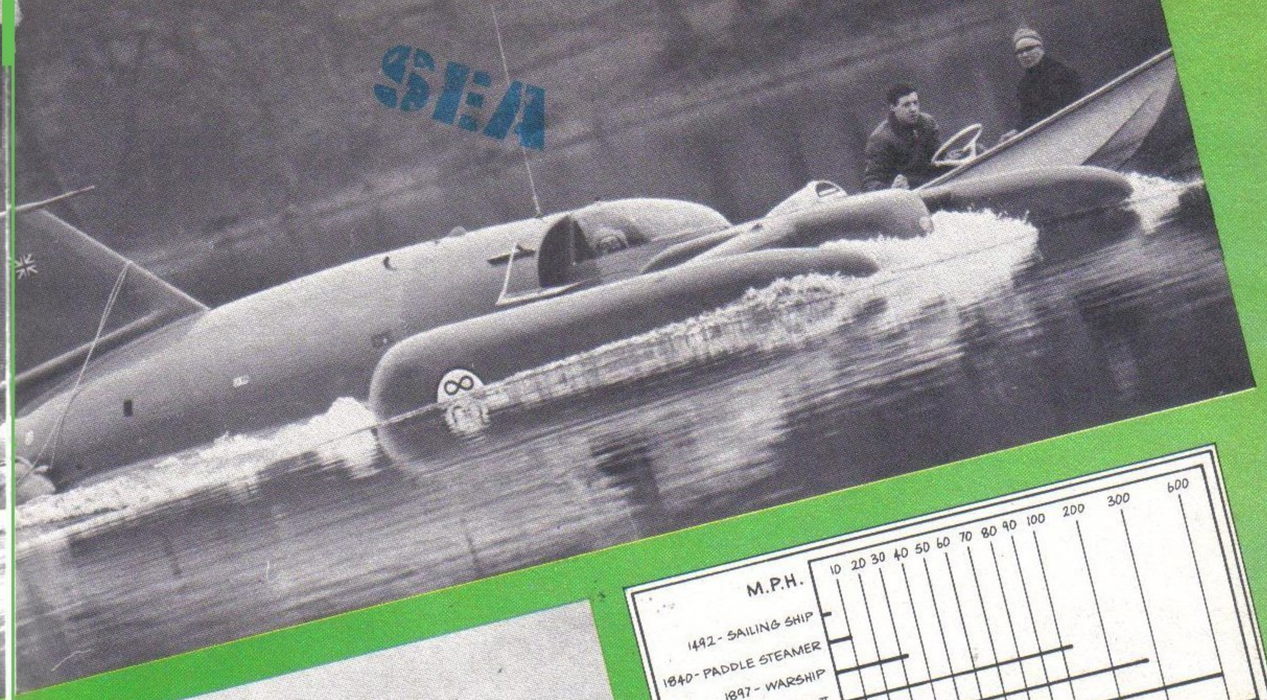
own—bringing with it the chance of greater land speeds.

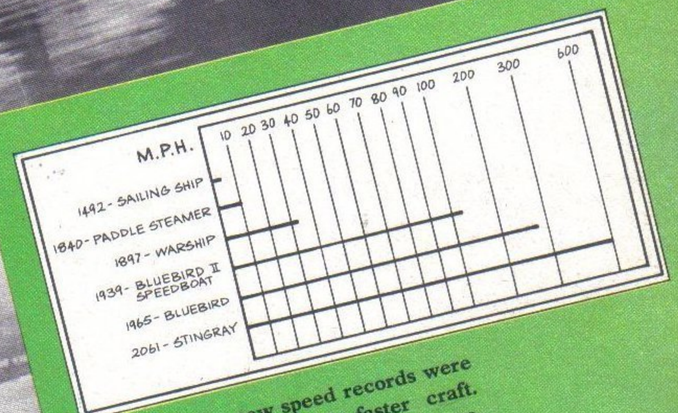
But from the principle of the combustion-engine came the first aeroplane—and flight!

World War One created a demand for increasing speed. And, in 1914, the Royal Flying Corps took to the sky at a speed of 60 miles-per-hour. As the War came to a halt, in 1918, man was soaring across the atmosphere at 200 miles-per-hour.

But as the aeroplane broke all existing records, man looked earthwards again, after faster land speeds. Malcolm Campbell, followed by John Cobb, established new land speed records. Both died having devoted their lives to the conquest of speed. So, faster travel progressed. With the Second World War came lethal, pilotless rockets, such as the V1 and V2, the latter reaching a speed in excess of 3,000 miles an hour.

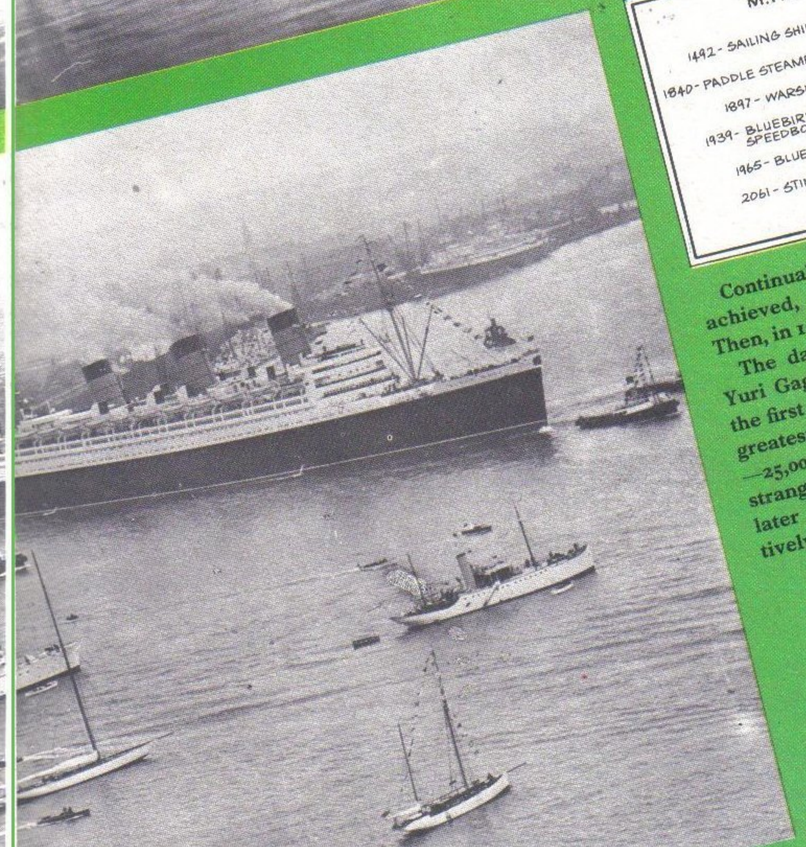
The Queen Mary at one time held the world speed record for crossing the Atlantic.




M.P.H.
10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 200 300 600
1492 - SAILING SHIP
1840 - PADDLE STEAMER
1897 - WARSHIP
1939 - BLUEBIRD II SPEEDBOAT
1965 - BLUEBIRD
2061 - STINGRAY

Continually, new speed records were achieved, by improved, faster craft. Then, in 1960, man reached out to space.

The date: April 12, 1961. The man: Yuri Gagarin—the first astronaut. With the first manned space-rocket came the greatest world speed record of all time—25,000 miles-per-hour. It was by a strange twist of fate that Gagarin was later killed, while flying comparatively slowly in an MIG jet.



The World Aquanaut Security Patrol's vessel —'Stingray'. This super-submarine holds the present water speed record of over 600 m.p.h.

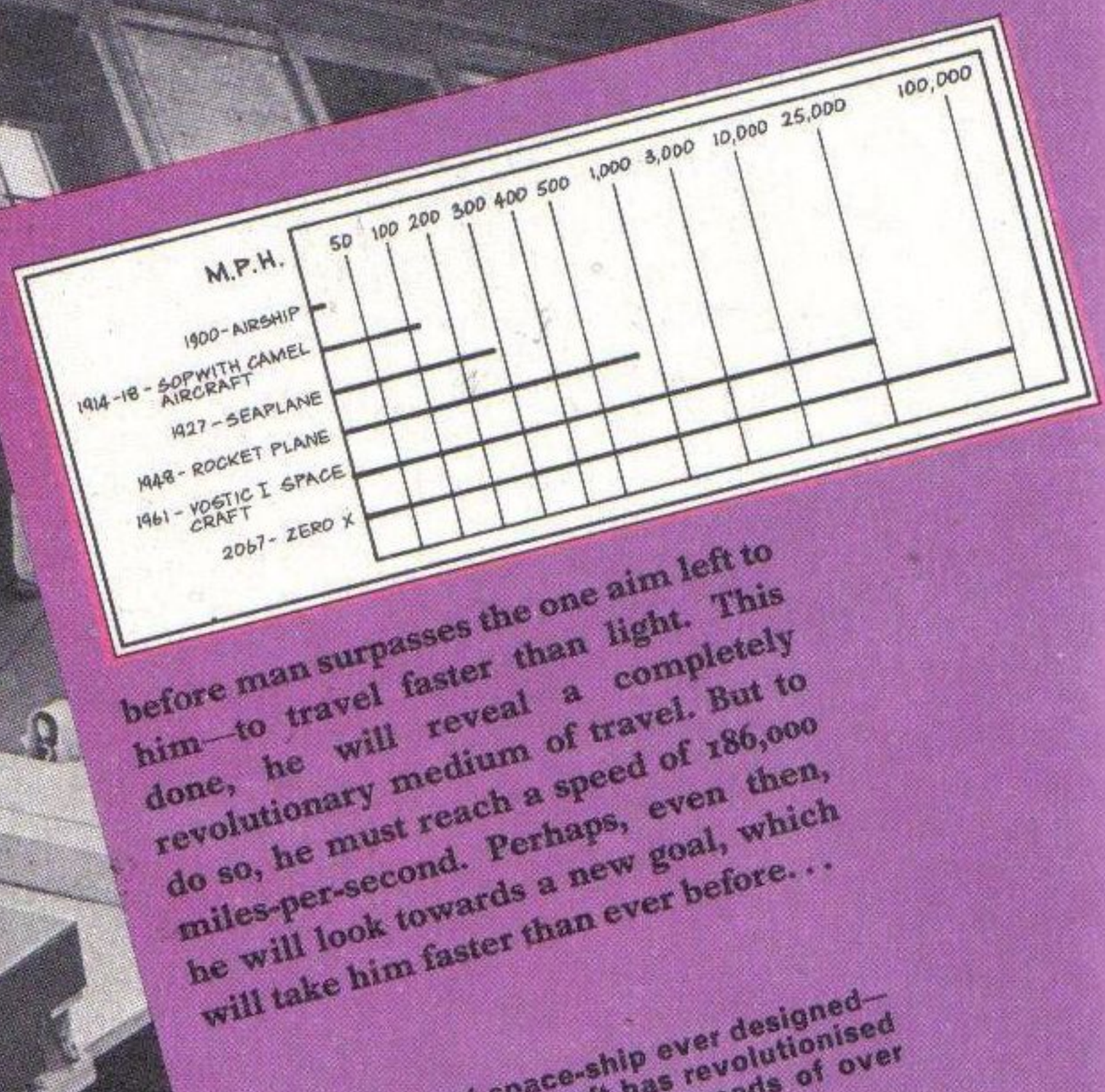
SPEED

But man's thirst for increasing speed had not been quenched. Today, the records of the past appear slight. The world, however, has not forgotten the pioneers who etched a path to development enabling us to travel 100,000 miles-per-hour—the regulated speed of the twenty-first century's interplanetary spacecraft.

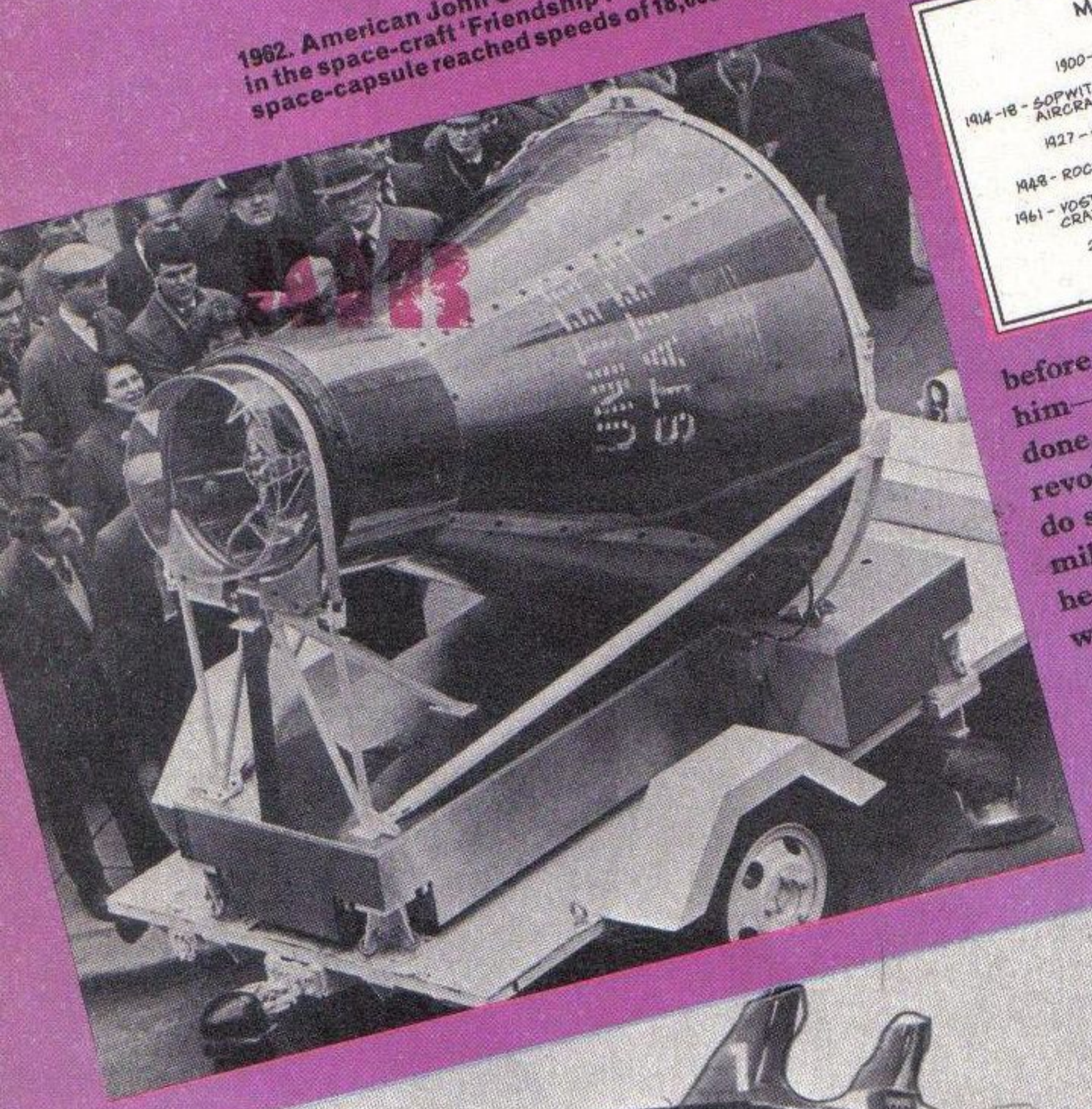
It seems only a few years will pass before man surpasses the one aim left to him—to travel faster than light. This done, he will reveal a completely revolutionary medium of travel. But to do so, he must reach a speed of 186,000 miles-per-second. Perhaps, even then, he will look towards a new goal, which will take him faster than ever before...

AIR

A German Zeppelin soars high above the London sky-line. These powered air-ships reached speeds over 50 m.p.h. and became the forerunners of the modern aeroplane.



1962. American John Glenn orbitted the world in the space-craft 'Friendship 7'. At times, this space-capsule reached speeds of 18,000 m.p.h.



2067. The fastest space-ship ever designed—'Zero X'. This huge craft has revolutionised space travel and can reach speeds of over 100,000 m.p.h.

PROJECT FLASHBACK

Every year, the Spectrum Captains have to undergo an intensive three-day refresher course. At the end of this, each Captain has to undertake an examination to test his efficiency. Colonel White has granted permission for us to print a specimen of one of the test papers. It is in three parts. Answer the questions below and on pages 33 and 70. Then check your answers with those given on page 58, to see if YOU could become a Spectrum Captain.

TEST PAPER 1

Time limit for each question—60 seconds

1 Find the odd-word-out

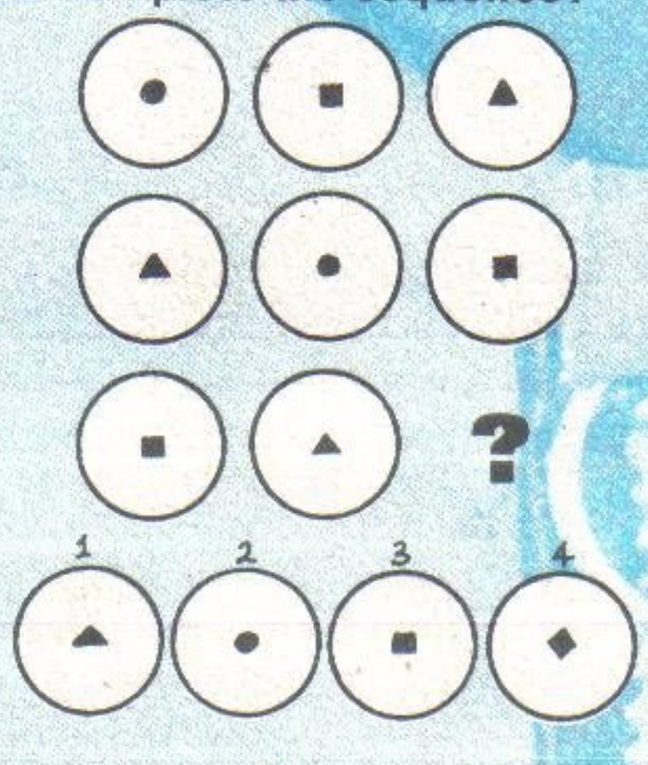
Carslet Craty
Uble Nerge

2 Insert the missing numbers

1 3 5 7 9 11 13 15
2 5 8 11 14 17 20 23
3 6 10 15 21 — 36

3 Insert the missing letter

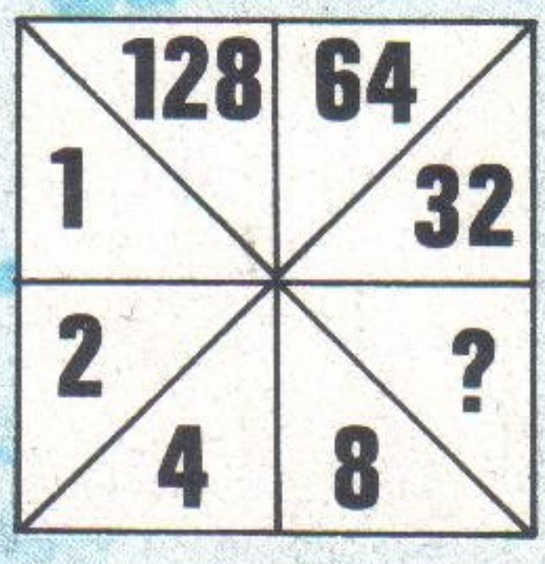
4 Select the correct shape from the four numbered shapes below to complete the sequence:



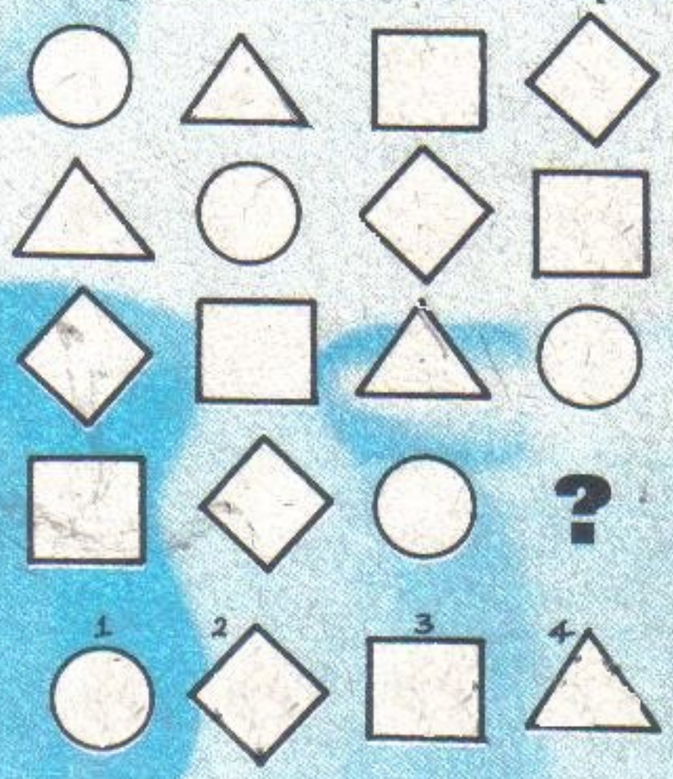
5 Insert the missing letters

A C E G I —
Y W U — Q O
A — I O U

6 Insert the missing number



7 Select the correct shape from the numbered ones below to complete this series of shapes



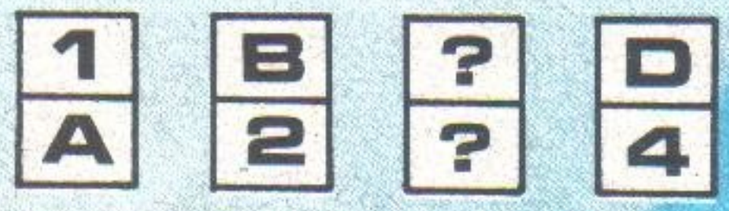
8 Insert the missing number

16 (2) 32
8 (3) 24
6 ( ) 30

9 Which is the odd-word-out in this sequence?

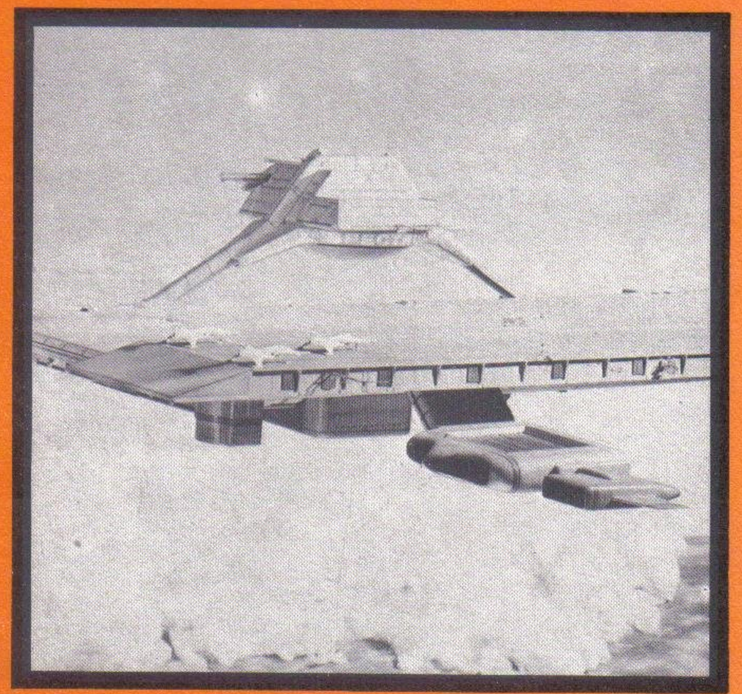
TTOCS
FFEJ
NALA
DOOH

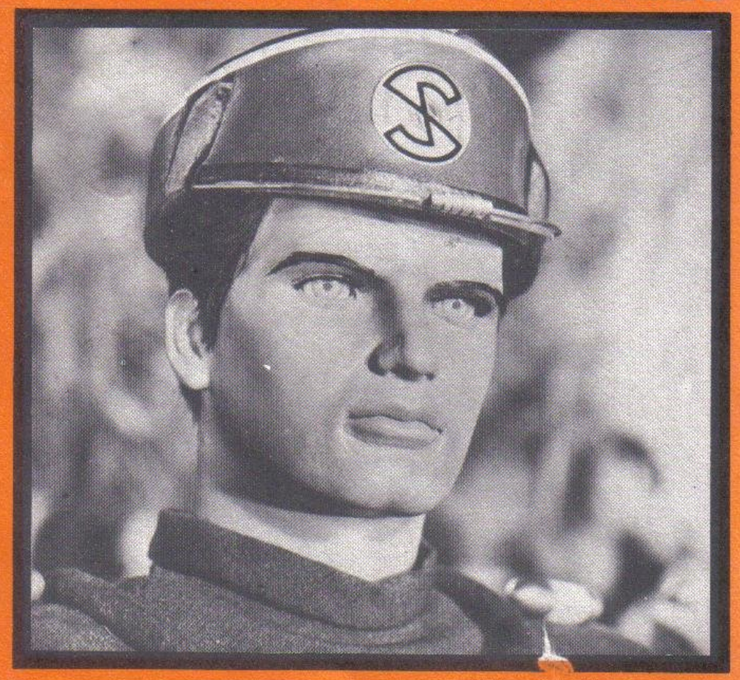
10 Insert the missing letter and number



SECRETS OF CLOUDBASE

BY CAPTAIN SCARLET





Spectrum was formed nearly four years ago. Its bitter struggle against the Mysterons has been a long, painful one. Today, Earth is still no nearer to eliminating those powerful aggressors, than when it received their first threat.

In the past, the Mysterons have been defeated more times than they have achieved their objectives. But when they *did* score, they left deep, marring wounds—wounds not only on the Earth, but also in the minds of the men behind Spectrum. Every defeat is a personal challenge to a Spectrum agent.

But on the whole, Spectrum has been successful. This is due to the agents' determination and courage to wipe out the Mysteron threat for evermore.

The link between the men and their machines is Cloudbase.

Special permission has been granted by Colonel White to open up Spectrum's base as never before. Follow now and take a look at some of the top-secret installations and equipment that are in constant use behind the scenes.

AGENTS' TRAINING BAY

Every Spectrum agent has passed through the training bay. It is here that a man or woman is either accepted or rejected as a potential agent. Over seventy per cent of those who apply to join Spectrum, are turned away. The tests are too intensive for most people to pass.

The bay is situated directly beneath the Cloudbase flight-deck and covers an area of one hundred yards by forty yards. This area is broken up into three main sections—physical endurance centre, arms/combat range, and communications room.

About three out of every ten applicants get no further than the physical endurance centre. The two weeks training given here have become known as 'Hell Fortnight'—and rightly so. From the moment a man steps into the centre and signs his name, he begins the roughest two weeks he will ever know.

Still in his civilian clothing, he is rushed off to scale a mock-rock cliff face. At the top he has to jump down again on to a small padded surface. Then he's given ten seconds to put on full assault equipment and has to fight his way across a deep, ten-foot-wide pit of muddy, slimy water.

The moment he climbs out, he is attacked by three hefty men (actually ex-wrestlers and boxers!) and somehow he has to dispense with them.

And so it goes on—all day, every day—for two, whole weeks. What about sleep? The trainees are allowed to rest, sometimes for as long as two hours, but generally they're woken with a pail of cold water after sleeping for only twenty minutes. Their training-instructors change every day. (*They* need *their* sleep!) And with every new instructor comes fresh vigour, fresh shouting and bullying. They just don't let up. . . .

Any man or woman (they're treated identically!) who survives 'Hell Fortnight' *deserves* to become a Spectrum agent. But there's more training to come. After a week's rest, the recruits pass into the arms/combat range. Here they are taught about every known weapon. After two days of theory comes the practice. The trainee is given the dozen or so weapons that he will use as an agent and has to practise with each of them until he is an expert. If, after two hours of firing, he can't hit six bull's-eyes in succession—he does not qualify! If the would-be agent passes all the tests in this section, he then goes to the communications room.

Here, a basic understanding of Cloudbase's communications system is taught. Though a very dull part of the training, it is essential.

The Spectrum agent must be able to communicate with Cloudbase or other agents. The training given in the communications room equips the agent with a knowledge that will be invaluable.

Lieutenant Green, one of the chief designers of the Cloudbase communications system, says: "Our transmitting and receiving equipment is so complex, so involved, that any person with a sound knowledge and experience of it is capable of using probably *any* other system in the world." And that helps when you're cornered in Bereznik, sitting next to a transmitter you've never seen before.

This, very briefly then, is what goes on in the Agents' Training Bay. It's a tough life—those first three months—but it develops agents who are exceptional. And they are the only ones that Spectrum can use. Not *anybody* can fight the Mysterons!

ARMS STORE

'The Smoke Room'—that's what the Cloudbase arms' store is nicknamed. There is no sign to tell you that you're approaching the store—just a huge notice which reads 'No Smoking'. Not for the benefit of the agents (Doctor Fawn insists that operatives do not smoke) but for engineers and mechanics. Once, a storeman dropped a cigarette-end in the arms room—and Cloudbase nearly went up in flames. Hence—'The Smoke Room'.

The store contains over five thousand weapons, from hand pistols to electron cannons, and over a million rounds of ammunition. Of course, many of the firearms (laser guns and electron rifles) don't need ammunition in the form of cartridges. There is, in fact, enough armoury in the store to equip a platoon of one hundred men to fight a battle for six months without running out of ammunition!

Before taking off on an assignment, agents visit the arms store for extra ammunition or to pick up a newly-charged electron pistol or laser rifle. Time is saved by the store being immediately below Colonel White's control room.

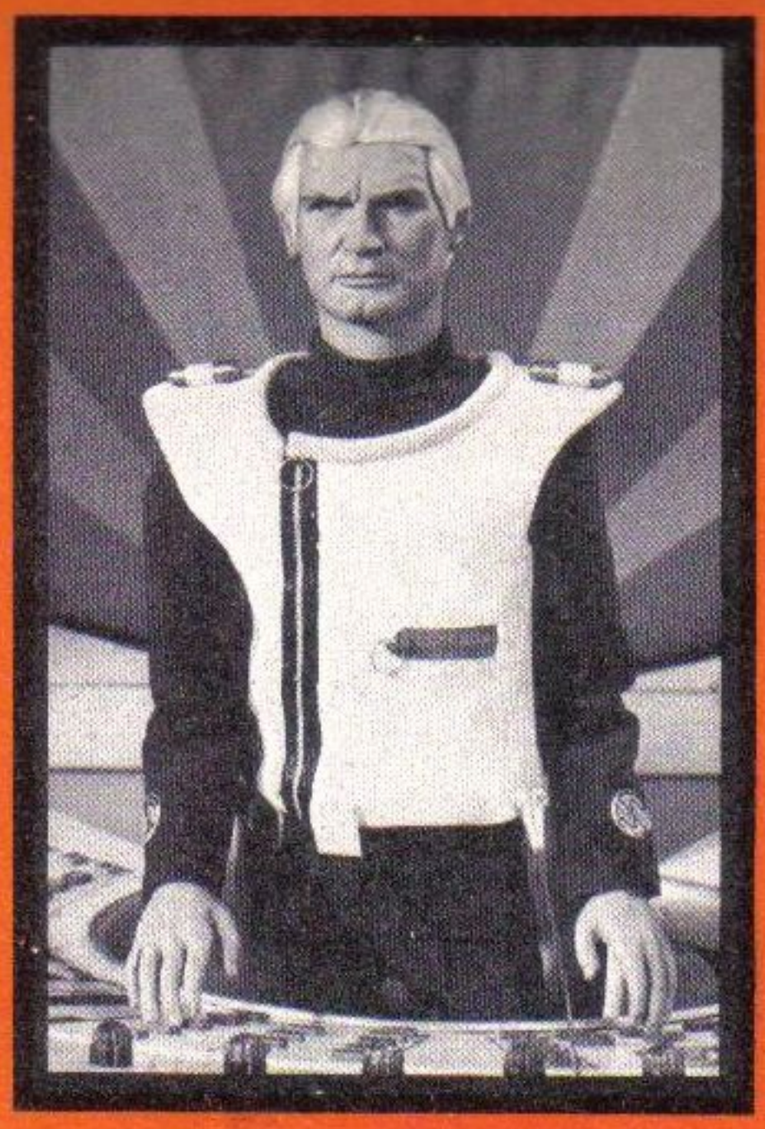
The lift which takes the agents from the control room to the flight deck passes through the store; the agent has only to stop the lift, open a hatch and ask for his weapons. The arms store also holds the weapons which are fitted to Spectrum craft. For instance, the helicopters have interchangeable nose guns. The munitions men are experts and can remove an atomic cannon from the helicopter and replace it with a fully-charged electrode bazooka in less than fifteen seconds. Again, time is the all-important factor. Spectrum's men—from agents to storemen—are all thoroughly trained to do their job efficiently and quickly; if an arms' store man can load a machine rifle in five seconds, he attempts to do it in *four* seconds and he'll practise till he can.

DESIGN/TESTING LABORATORY

Every machine has a birthplace and Spectrum's machines are no exception. In many *other* ways they *are* exceptional—unique, in fact. When Spectrum introduced the S.P.V., M.S.V., Saloon Car, Helicopter and Angel Jets, the world stood aghast. Never before had such revolutionary craft been produced. Their versatility and invincibility were something that before was only dreamed of. Like the 'pot of gold at the end of the rainbow', that nobody really believed would materialise.

Naturally, the craft were the produce of genius. Behind Spectrum there are men whose names never appear in print—whose faces are not familiar—yet whose brain-children range from the incredible Cloudbase itself, to the rather ordinary-looking but fascinatingly-constructed Spectrum Saloon Car.

Some will argue that International Engineering and other such manufacturing firms deserve part of the credit for the Spectrum craft. Indeed, they do. They made an excellent job of constructing the vehicles. But anybody can colour between the lines of a picture. Not everybody can draw the lines that *form* the picture.



The initial praise must go to Spectrum's scientists and designers—the men who work with little recognition to turn out invention after invention. They're tucked away in their labs and testing rooms at the western end of the flight-deck, three storeys down.

There are four main scientists in charge and about twenty assistants. They work as a team, first discussing, then sketching, then designing, re-designing, scrapping . . . then, often discussing again—and so on until they arrive at the product which they know, in their own minds, is what they have been looking for, and which will be invaluable in the vigil against the Mysterons.

Once a vehicle or weapon or system has been decided on, and the plans go through, the men who are called the 'protos' set about constructing a scale model from the design, and then the prototype.

Basic tests are carried out on the finished product in the testing lab. Here the boys put each invention through its paces. A vehicle will be tested for all chemical reactions (remembering that guns aren't the *only* weapon enemies use) and then it will undergo the severest attacks from a hundred different explosives. If any *one* explosive should cause as little as a dent in the vehicle's side, the metal has to be re-treated.

To watch the scientists at work can be fascinating—but it can also be infuriating. For one of the basic ingredients of their own personal make-up is patience—and lots of it!

ANALYSIS/RESEARCH CENTRE

The main problem surrounding the conflict with the Mysterons is that we know so little about them. It is fortunate that Spectrum learned that they can be killed by electricity—otherwise their victories would no doubt have been more than halved, even over the last year.

But they still do not know *enough* about them. That is why Spectrum has set up the Analysis and Research Centre.

Led by Dr Fawn, a team of fifteen men and women work in shifts, sifting all the information gained about the Mysterons, in order to find a way to completely destroy them.

In the A/R Centre, which is linked directly to Fawn's medical bay, every piece of information is analysed.

Highlights in their work have occurred when a Mysteron agent has been captured alive. Spectrum thought they had the answer as to *how* they could discover all about the Mysterons when the Mysteronised Captain Black was caught in the summer of last year. Work began on Black, and, for a while, it looked as though they were nearly on to the truth. Then Black escaped. Their hopes were shattered—and the Mysterons were still as much an unknown entity as before.

But the work goes on. Dr Fawn and his assistants don't give up easily. If they did, Captain Scarlet wouldn't be around today. It was Fawn's persistence in working on him after Mysteronisation that eventually led to him being brought back into Spectrum's service.

One day, perhaps soon, the medical men will hit upon the answer to the Mysterons.

RELAXABAY

An important part of any military person's life is his relaxation.

Living for most of the time 40,000 feet up in the clouds, you can't take a ride down to the golf course or tennis courts. So Spectrum went one better. It brought the recreations up to Cloudbase (where space permits).

A heated swimming-pool, tennis courts, squash courts, miniature ski-slopes, table-tennis tables, billiard tables—they're all there—for off-duty use.

They're situated in a vast 'relaxabay' which spreads from the centre of the flight-deck to the eastern end, directly beneath the Agents' Training Bay.

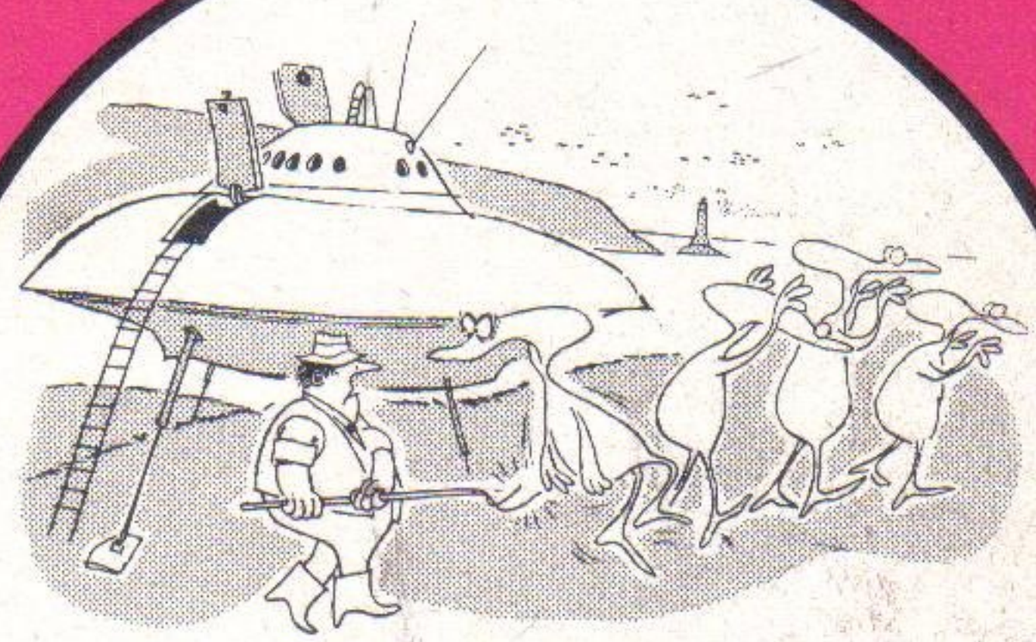
When the agents do manage to get down there, they usually spend the time playing off the rounds in the different tournaments that they arrange. The only problem is, that they have a job arranging mixed doubles for tennis, as the Angels (those on duty) have to wait in the Amber Room ready for take-off in case of emergency. But they don't do so badly: The Amber Room has a huge library—containing everything from the works of Shakespeare to the latest paper-backs—plus a large variety of records to suit every Angel's taste.

The men can't complain. While the lovely Angels are reading up their favourite subjects or improving their dancing, they can lose pounds dashing around the squash courts. The trouble is, just when can a Spectrum agent find the time?

"NEVER MIND, DEAR, ONE DAY YOUR TIME MACHINE MIGHT WORK, BUT IN THE MEANTIME COME AND EAT YOUR DINNER BEFORE IT GETS COLD!"

"I WOULDN'T GO INDOORS YET, DAD... MUM'S GOT ONE OF HER MOODS ON AGAIN!"

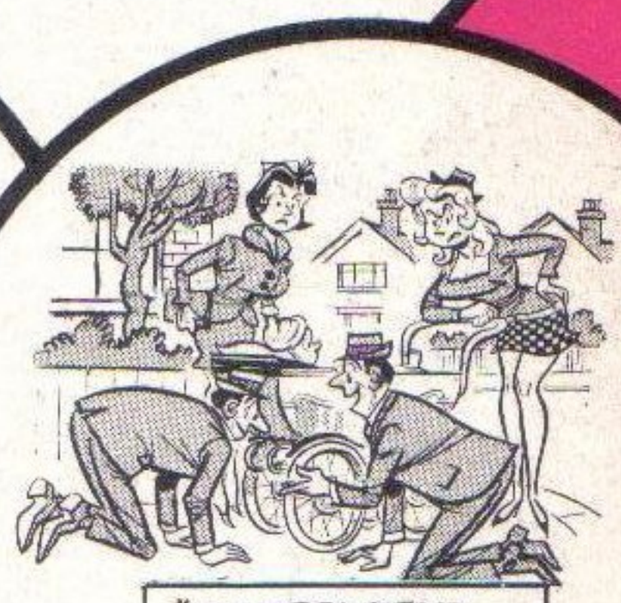
WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH



"ARR! OI'VE READ ABOUT YOU LOT, SNEAKIN' INTO THE COUNTRY ALL ILLEGAL!"

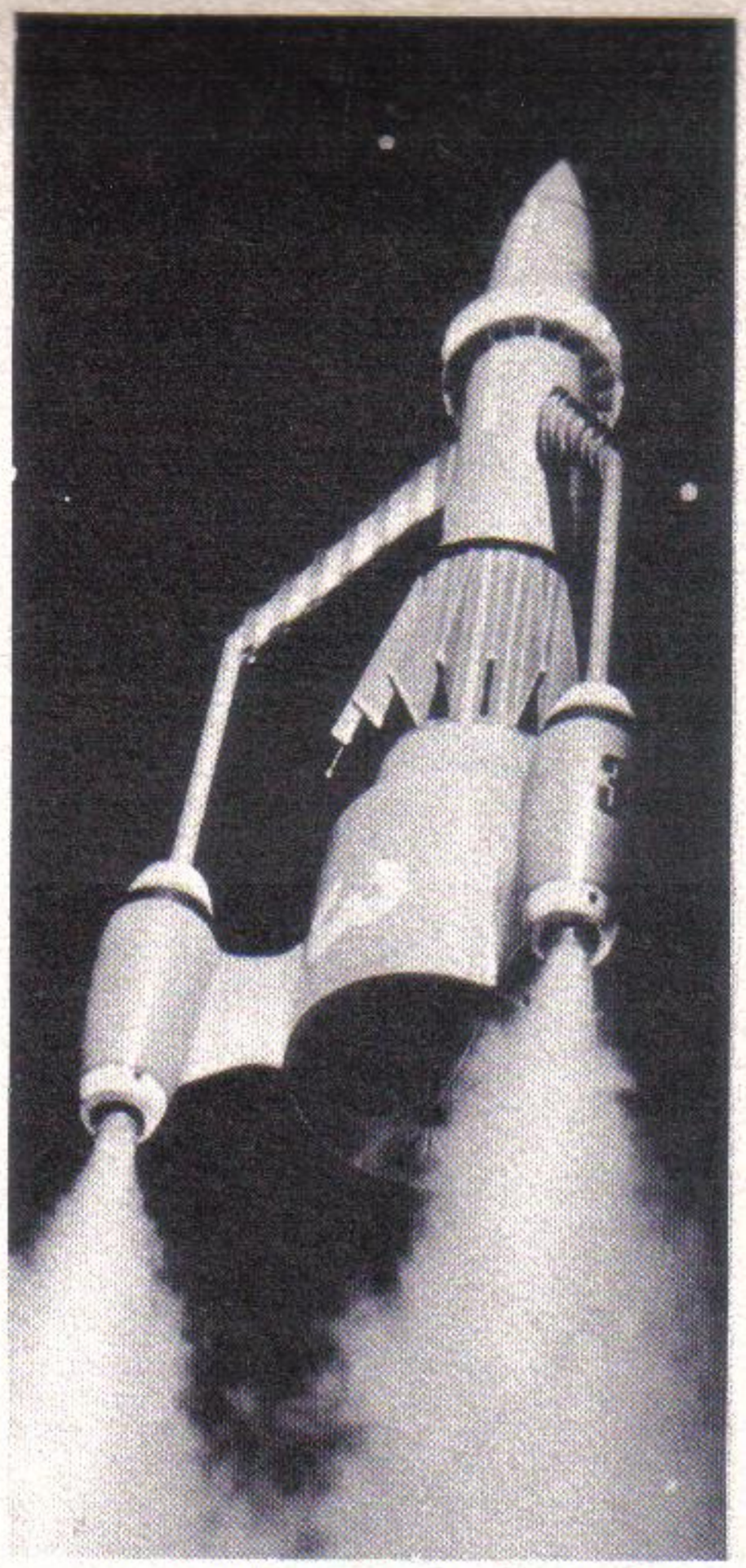
SORRY, EVERYONE... FALSE ALARM!"

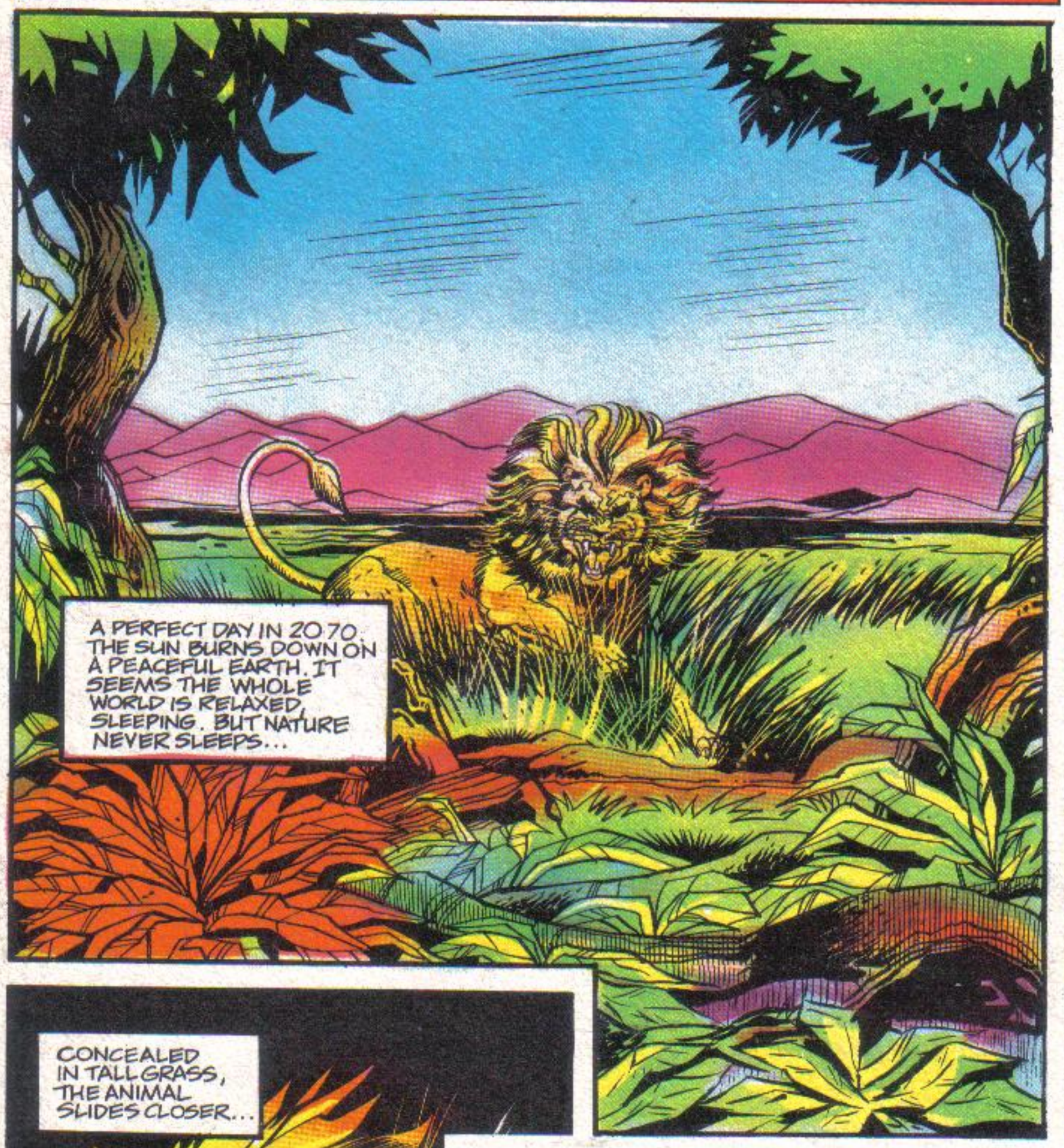
"FRED, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH!"

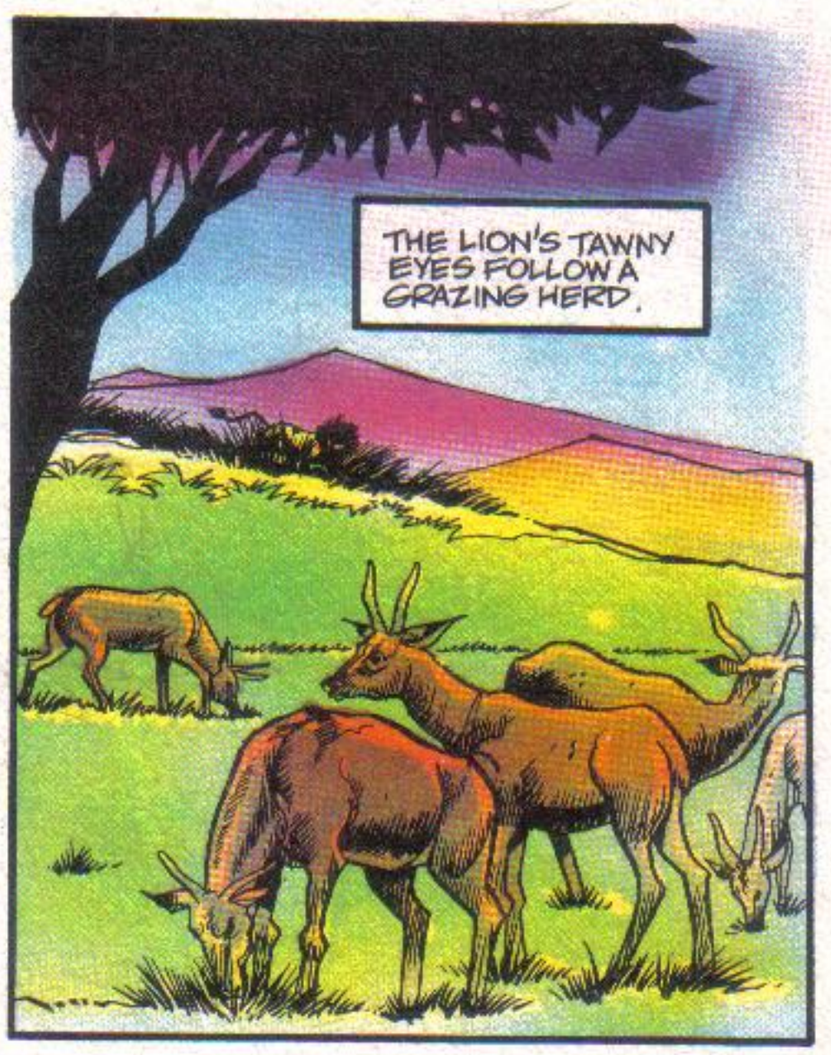


"INDEPENDENT HYDROLASTIC SUSPENSION, DISC BRAKES, AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION..."

THE MIND MACHINE




A PERFECT DAY IN 2070. THE SUN BURNS DOWN ON A PEACEFUL EARTH. IT SEEMS THE WHOLE WORLD IS RELAXED, SLEEPING. BUT NATURE NEVER SLEEPS...



THE HUNTER IS NOW THE HUNTED. THE HERD ATTACK AND THEIR ANCIENT ENEMY DISAPPEARS BENEATH A STORM OF FLAILING HOOVES...

FROM A HIGH POINT ON THE HILLS, A RANGE SCOUT GLANCES AT HIS SCANNER...

STAMPEDE! AND THEY'RE RUNNING STRAIGHT FOR THE CAMP!

GOT TO GET HELP — AND FAST!

THAT HERD'S MOVING AS IF THE DEVIL'S AFTER 'EM! WE NEED URGENT ASSISTANCE!

HIGH IN SPACE, JOHN TRACY, CONTROLLER OF THUNDERBIRD 5, MONITORS THE DISTRESS CALL...

PRIORITY... ANIMALS STAMPEDING — LOCATION "A"! YOUTH CAMP IN DANGER! URGENT!

THE CALL IS ANSWERED AT SPEED. WITHIN SECONDS, THUNDERBIRD 1 ROARS INTO FLIGHT...

MAXIMUM POWER HURTLES THE RESCUE CRAFT HIGH OVER THE DANGER ZONE...

THEY'VE NO PLACE TO RUN TO...

THUNDERBIRD I LANDS AT THE YOUTH CAMP...

C'MON! GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE — MOVE!

THUNDERBIRD I PULLS THE INMATES TO SAFETY AS THE PHALANX OF FURY TEARS THROUGH THE CAMP...

YOU DID A GREAT JOB THERE, FRIEND! GUESS NOBODY ELSE COULD'VE HELPED OUT! WE OWE YOU ONE BIG VOTE OF THANKS!

YOU DON'T OWE ME ANYTHING. HOW DID IT HAPPEN? HOW DO YOU THINK THE HERD GOT SO STEAMED UP?

CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY — BUT I BLAME THAT DOCTOR KREINZ AT THE ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR CENTRE. THEY'RE HIS ANIMALS... COULD BE THEY'RE PART OF HIS EXPERIMENTS...

MAYBE I'D BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH THIS DOCTOR...

AFTER DEPOSITING THE BOYS, SCOTT MAKES HIS NEXT CALL....

AH, YOU ARE THE MAN I HAVE TO THANK FOR SAVING MY ANIMALS! I DO, MOST SINCERELY!

IT WAS A CLOSE THING, DOCTOR! WHAT D'YOU THINK HAPPENED TO THEM?

ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR CENTER

I CANNOT BE SURE, BUT IT'S FOR SUCH KNOWLEDGE THAT I DEVOTE MY LIFE. IT IS MY WORK — THE STUDY OF ANIMAL INSTINCTS... PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO LOOK AROUND?

NO THANKS, ALL SOUNDS A BIT TOO DEEP FOR ME. BUT TAKE MY TIP, DOCTOR — FENCE THEM OFF IF THEY'RE LIKELY TO RUN WILD AGAIN...

EXCELLENT ADVICE — AND IT SHALL BE DONE! AGAIN, A THOUSAND THANKS!

HIS INVESTIGATION COMPLETE, SCOTT LEAVES FOR HOME...

THESE SCIENTISTS, ALL BRAINS AND NO SENSE. SEEMED A NICE SORT OF GUY THOUGH — A TYPICAL ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR...

BUT FAR BELOW, DOCTOR KREINZ PRESENTS A FAR FROM TYPICAL PICTURE. BEHIND THICK GLASSES, HIS EYES GLEAM...

I AM READY! MY EXPERIMENTS ARE A SUCCESS! I HAVE THE SECRET — THE TIME HAS COME!

AT TRACY ISLAND, SCOTT REPORTS ON HIS MISSION...

SO IT ALL WENT OFF WELL IN THE END. THIS DOCTOR KREINZ WAS A BIT WEIRD — YOU KNOW THE SORT...

SURE — WE'VE GOT ONE OF THE SPECIES RIGHT HERE!

A WEEK LATER, THUNDERBIRD 5 PICKS UP A MYSTERIOUS SIGNAL...

FATHER, IT'S COMING FROM PLANET UBERON. SOUNDS LIKE AN EMERGENCY S.O.S., BUT I CAN'T BE SURE!

RIGHT, JOHN, I'LL SEND ALAN OUT TO INVESTIGATE!

ALAN BLASTS OFF IN THUNDERBIRD 3, AND HEADS FOR PLANET UBERON...

THERE IT IS — UBERON! I WONDER WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

THUNDER-BIRD 3 MAKES A PERFECT LANDING ON THE PALE SURFACE OF UBERON!

HI, THERE! WHAT'S ALL THE TROUBLE?

ALAN GRINS - BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE APPROACHING UBERONS MAKES HIS SMILE FADE...

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU..?

EARTHMAN, YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO OUR TRAP. TAKE HIM!

THIS IS CRAZY! YOU KNOW I'M A FRIEND FROM INTERNATIONAL RESCUE!

YOU ARE AN ENEMY! WE RECOGNIZE IT NOW! BUT IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO DEAL WITH YOUR PLANET!

A MINDLESS RAGE FILLS THE NORMALLY CIVILISED UBERONS..

ENEMY! ENEMY!

KILL! KILL!

LIQUIDATE HIM!

KILL! KILL!

ENEMY!

SUDDENLY...

NO!

THE VOICE HAS AN EFFECT. THE UBERONS PAUSE...

I AM DOCTOR KREINZ! IT IS A NAME YOU WILL COME TO KNOW AND RESPECT, EVEN IF YOU DO NOT KNOW IT NOW!

WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THEY PLAN TO INVADE EARTH!

WHY SHOULD I? I AM A SCIENTIST! THEY ARE MOVED BY THEIR OWN NATURE. THE WORLD NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT A SEVERE LESSON – TO LEARN TO RESPECT THE QUALITY OF A SUPERIOR MIND!

THEY WILL LEARN TO RESPECT US! WE WILL SHOW THEM THE PATH TO A NEW UNDERSTANDING! BUT FIRST THEY MUST KNOW FEAR!

IF I CAN GET ONE MESSAGE AWAY – JUST GET ABOARD THE SHIP... A SECOND...

IR

SUDDENLY, HE TEARS AWAY – HURLING HIMSELF TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD 3...

GOT TO ALERT EARTH — CONTACT INTERNATIONAL RESCUE!

SUDDENLY, A STUN GUN BLASTS – AND A BLOW SMASHES INTO ALAN'S BACK....

AGGHHH...

SO WE WILL VANQUISH ALL OUR ENEMIES! NOTHING CAN STAND IN OUR WAY!

AN HOUR LATER, WHEN ALAN REGAINS CONCIOUSNESS, A DESERTED PLANET MEETS HIS GAZE... HE STUMBLES BACK TO HIS CRAFT...

DESERTED! THEY'VE LEFT ME HERE... AND TB3! I JUST DON'T GET IT! MUST RADIO BASE!

ALAN TELLS JEFF THE FULL STORY...

THEN THE EMERGENCY CALL WAS A HOAX... BUT WHY?

...I DON'T KNOW. THE WHOLE PLANET HAS EVACUATED FOR THE INVASION — SHIPS AND MEN! THERE WAS A WEIRDIE CALLED DOCTOR KREINZ WITH THEM.

BRAINS TURNS FROM THE RADARSCOPE...

THERE THEY ARE — AND MOVING FAST! KREINZ ...WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?

TOO LATE TO START WONDERING — NOW'S THE TIME FOR ACTION! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

IT WON'T BE EASY. THEY'RE EVEN MORE ADVANCED TECHNICALLY THAN WE ARE. UP TO NOW THEY HAVEN'T USED THEIR INTELLIGENCE FOR WAR...

WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY! SIGNAL WORLD DEFENCE! FULL ALERT!

FROM THE SAHARA TO THE ARCTIC THE WORLD REVEALS ITS ARMOURY — A VAST STOCKPILE OF OFFENSIVE POWER WHICH MEN HAD HOPED WOULD NEVER HAVE TO BE USED...

THE DEFENCE PREPARATIONS GO SMOOTHLY — BUT...

NOW WE JUST WAIT FOR THE BIG BANG! ONCE THIS THING STARTS, NOBODY'LL COME OUT A CLEAR WINNER!

I DON'T GET IT. WHY DID THE UBERONS START THIS? THEY'RE THE LAST PEOPLE...

KREINZ IS THE LINK. YOU REMEMBER THAT CALL YOU HANDLED? THE STAMPEDE...

YES — AND NOW HE'S WITH THE UBERONS...

I'VE REMEMBERED SOMETHING ABOUT HIS WORK. THE STUDY OF THE AGGRESSIVE INSTINCT IN ANIMALS. HAVE YOU THOUGHT — MAN IS AN ANIMAL...

THEN THAT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT THE EMERGENCY CALL WAS A WARNING...

...KREINZ WANTED US TO KNOW THE UBERONS WERE GOING TO INVADE EARTH, SO THEY COULD SHOW OFF THEIR UNIQUE POWERS... THEY WANTED TO PROVE SOMETHING!

IF WE COULD HAVE A LOOK AT THE ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR CENTRE... THERE'S A CHANCE WE MIGHT FIND SOMETHING...

THUNDERBIRD I ZOOMS TO FULL POWER ON ITS MISSION...

THE DANGER ZONE COMES INTO VIEW — AND...

GOT COMPANY, SCOTT! UBERON SHIPS!

LOOKS AS IF YOU WERE RIGHT, BRAINS! THIS IS ONE PLACE THEY DON'T WANT US AROUND!

THUNDER-BIRD I BANKS SHARPLY AND PULLS INTO A STEEP CLIMB WITH THE UBERON SHIPS IN CLOSE PURSUIT...

A SQUADRON OF UBERON SHIPS SCREAM TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD I. SCOTT HAS A FRACTION OF A SECOND TO MAKE A DECISION...

CAN'T TAKE 'EM ON — ONLY ATTRACT MORE! EVASIVE ACTION CALLED FOR! HANG ON, BRAINS!

SCOTT SWITCHES THE CONTROLS TO DIVE. THE SHIP PLUNGES TO EARTH BELOW A RANGE OF HILLS...

THUNDERBIRD I STRAIGHTENS SLOWLY. ROCKETS BLAZE — FLAME ERUPTS IN THE THICK FOLIAGE...

TB1

TB1

THE COLUMN OF SMOKE RISES LIKE A FUNERAL PALL FOR THUNDERBIRD I...

THINK WE FOOLED 'EM, BRAINS?

I DON'T KNOW - YOU CERTAINLY FOOLED ME...

TB1

JUST OVER THAT RANGE OF HILLS. THEN MAYBE WE'LL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE!

LET'S HOPE SO — I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANYBODY GIVING **ME** A SURPRISE...

SCOTT AND BRAINS MAKE SLOW BUT STEADY PROGRESS... AND...

MADE IT, BRAINS! LOOK — THE UBERON SHIPS! THIS IS WHERE THE WHOLE OPERATION IS HANDLED, LET'S GO!

BRAINS AND SCOTT BREAK INTO THE RESEARCH CENTRE. SUDDENLY...

STOP!

SCOTT REACTS IMMEDIATELY!

SORRY ABOUT THIS FRIEND...

DOCTOR KREINZ SMILES WITHOUT HUMOUR — BEHIND HIM SILENT UBERONS GAZE...

YOU ARE TOO CLEVER TO SURVIVE! FRIENDS — ATTACK!

THE PUNCH CONNECTS WITH SATISFYING PRECISION...

HE WAS WIDE OPEN — I GUESS ALL THAT INTELLIGENCE DOESN'T HELP 'EM TO DUCK A PUNCH!

A QUICK INSPECTION OF THE INTRICATE MACHINERY, AND...

THAT'S HOW IT WORKS. SEE, THE ELECTRICAL CIRCUITS IN THE BRAINS OF MEN AND ANIMALS ARE ROUGHLY THE SAME. BY USING CERTAIN CIRCUITS KREINZ CAN INCREASE THE AGGRESSION LEVEL...

EXACTLY! A MAJOR DISCOVERY — AS **YOU** WILL FIND OUT!

THE MACHINE HAS AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT...

NO, I AM NOT VIOLENT. I AM A GENTLE MAN — I AM. SORRY, FORGIVE ME, PLEASE!

WHAT IS THIS? A WEAPON? I-I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

BRAINS ACTS AND SLAMS THE CONTROL MECHANISM OF THE MACHINE. A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE FILLS THE ROOM...

YOU—Y-YOU... AGGGHHHH...

THE-THE MACHINE... STOP...

AGGRESSION

SUBMISSION

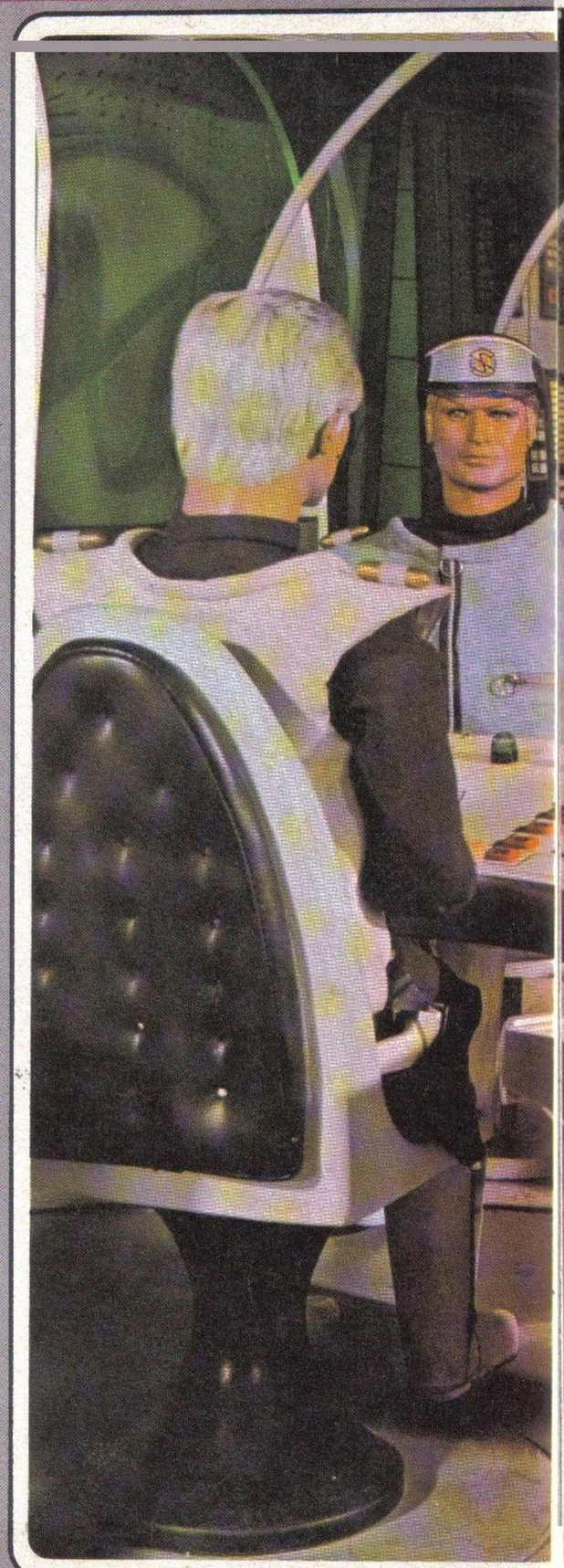
THEY'VE REVERTED TO PASSIVE TYPE UNDER THE MACHINE'S INFLUENCE. EVEN THE DOCTOR — HE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE AGAIN...

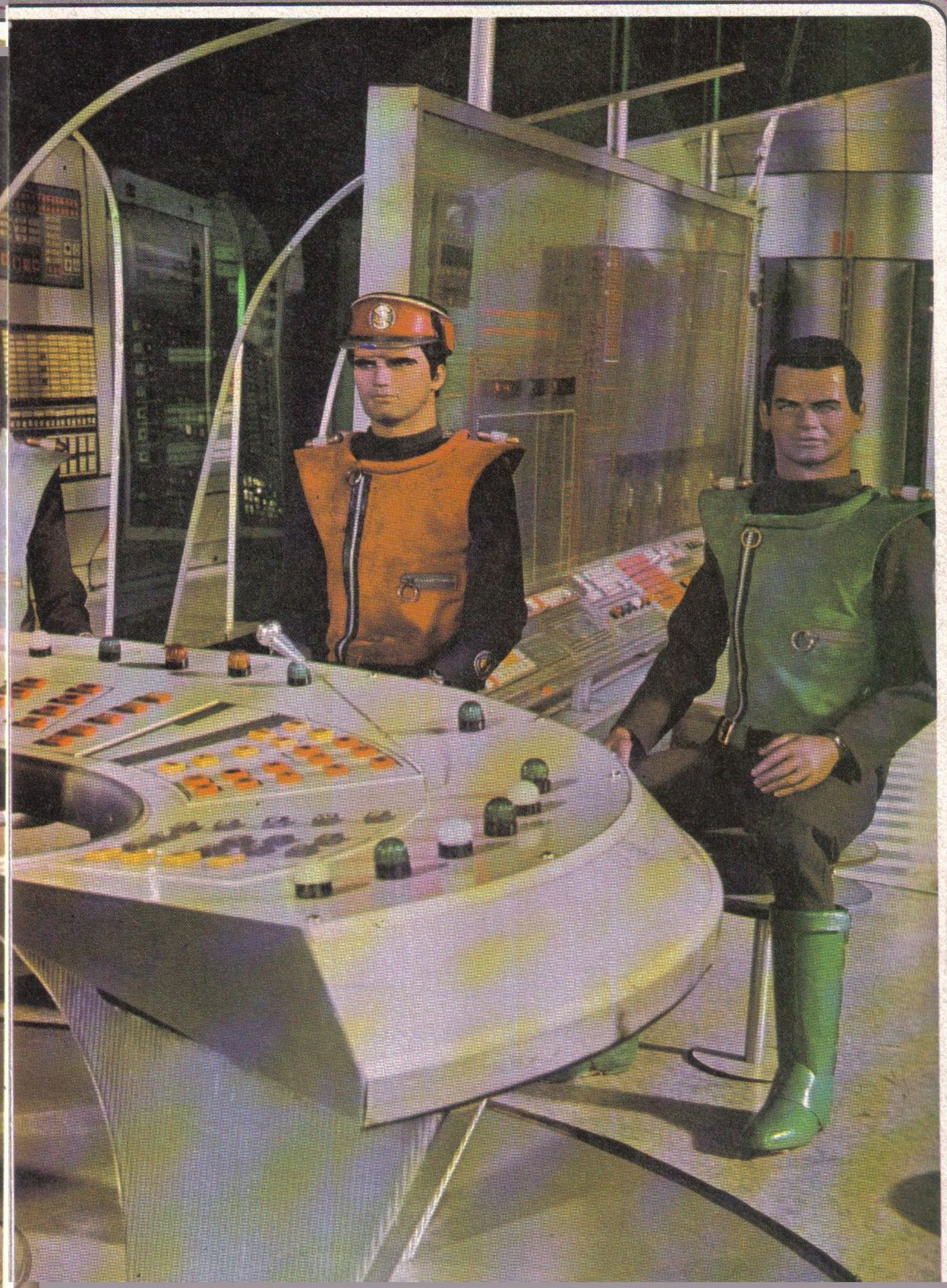
SOME SOLUTION — THAT'S QUITE A MACHINE... COULD BE USEFUL...

TOO DANGEROUS, SCOTT. WE AREN'T MEANT TO HAVE THAT KIND OF POWER JUST YET.

RIGHT — I'LL JUST GO AND TELL THE FOLKS THE WAR'S OVER!

WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL DESTROY THE CENTRE OF HOPE!





"It's just about the ugliest thing I've ever seen!" Captain Blue stopped several feet from the craft that stood at the end of Cloudbase's flight deck and cast his eye over it.

"You're right, Adam," Captain Scarlet smiled, yanking open the vehicle's door. "But looks aren't everything . . . in fact, in this case, they're nothing. Come on, climb in."

The Spectrum Captains disappeared inside the craft, and the door clanged shut. The powerful engine burst into life. Its wild throbbing shattered the silence which normally surrounded Spectrum's base eight miles up in the clouds, and even in the Control Room, Colonel White sensed the vibration of the roaring engine.

It was the latest addition to Spectrum's fleet of security vehicles. Although only in the prototype stage, it had already proved itself on a test mission—and Colonel White had placed an order for 50 of them with International Engineering.

"Very impressive!" Colonel White muttered as he watched the great machine on the video-scanner.

"It doesn't impress *me*!" Captain Blue adjusted his safety harness and turned to face Scarlet. "It's too big, too heavy, too noisy, and . . ."

"Hold on, Adam." Scarlet flashed a grin between checking over the rows of dials in front of the control levers. "You've been on leave for two weeks, so you haven't seen what it can do. Now, hang on—here we go!"

Blue jerked forward in his seat as Scarlet squeezed the accelerator lever and eased it back. The speedometer needle bounced from five to 50 m.p.h. and the massive craft hurtled down the deck.

Through his periscope viewer Blue saw the end of the platform rushing to meet them. He glanced at the speedometer again—65 m.p.h. Suddenly he realised that Captain Scarlet had no intention of stopping the craft. Panic flamed in his eyes and he tried desperately to snatch the control lever. But the seat belt held him back.

"Paul! Are you crazy, man? Slow up! For Pete's sake . . ."

But it was too late. At over 80 m.p.h. the craft leapt from Cloudbase . . . for long moments the machine skimmed through space—and, devilishly, Scarlet grinned across at his passenger.

Blue's throat dried up. He closed his eyes and waited for the sickening feeling that would tell him that they were dropping to earth like a stone. It occurred to him that the Mysterons might have somehow taken control of Scarlet, but he couldn't find the words to speak.

"All right, Adam, I'll quit the game . . . we're flying!"

Blue looked up at Scarlet and knew that he was telling the truth—*if* it could be true that a vehicle built like a tank could fly.

"It's crazy, Paul, crazy! But I believe you . . . the altimeter's steady at thirty-five thousand . . . but, how? *How?*"

"When we left Cloudbase this thing sprouted wings . . . with the aid of retros she kept her height, and we're flying. Simple as that . . . thanks to International Engineering. But we haven't finished yet!"

Captain Scarlet ran his fingers over the switches, dials and buttons and released the altitude lever. The craft fell into a steep dive and below, through the periscope, Blue saw an expanse of rippling water.

"The sea? Paul, you don't mean . . ."

"Yes, we're going swimming!"

Suddenly, the water of the Atlantic Ocean parted and the craft crashed into the deep. Scarlet levelled course and switched on the aqau-lights.

Captain Blue put a hand to his mouth and started laughing. "It's unbelievable! A craft that can go on land, through the air *and* in the sea! I take back all I said. Spectrum's got a winner, here! What else does it do—talk?"

"Not quite. But it's fitted with atomic cannons, electron and aqua-missiles—the lot . . . Apart from that, it's indestructible. It's built of a new metal compound, that no weapons we have can touch. I know it sounds impossible, but it's true. Makes the Maximum Security Vehicle look like a kid's toy!"

In the solar generating plant beneath the Cloudbase flight deck, engineer Bob Palmer was alone. He didn't see the oil on the floor . . . and as he moved quickly across the room to check a faulty battery, he slipped. His head caught the hand rail as he fell—and he was dead.

"Hello, Bob." Captain Scarlet watched the engineer running towards him as he closed the door of the new Spectrum craft.

"How's she going, Captain?"

"Fine. Now, can we leave you to take her down to the workshop?"

Engineer Palmer slammed the door of the machine behind him and the motors charged into life.

At that moment, Scarlet raised a hand to his head. "Quick, Blue! Feel dizzy . . . Palmer must have been Mysteronised!"

But Scarlet's words were drowned in the roar as the craft's wheels squealed on the deck and it sped towards the yawning emptiness of space. The Spectrum agents watched, helpless, as the machine disappeared over the end of Cloudbase and the throbbing engine pounded into the distance.

"No, I'm not blaming you, Scarlet!" Colonel White paced up and down the Communications Room. "How were you to know Palmer had been killed in the generating room . . . I've put the Angels on his trail. But he only has to dive into the sea and we've lost him!"

Suddenly, the three men froze as a strange air of evil seemed to fill the room. They knew what it meant, and waited in anticipation.

"This is the voice of the Mysterons."* The deep, toneless voice boomed from nowhere. *"We give you warning, Earthmen . . . we will destroy the centre of hope! You are powerless to stop us!"

Captain Scarlet broke the ensuing silence. "Any idea what they mean, sir?"

"Yes, I have. They're not making it tricky for us this time—because they believe they have the one instrument that can't fail!" Colonel White went to his desk and pressed a concealed button. A gentle motor hummed behind him, and a wall panel slid back. The two Spectrum captains approached it with interest. Neither spoke. "I'm under orders to keep this secret until the last minute, gentlemen. I think now is that time.

Colonel White beckoned the two men closer. For a minute they stood there, studying the complex diagram. To Captains Scarlet and Blue it was a mystery. They recognised the outline of the world's major countries, but the lines which led from the centre of each country to the circle drawn in the Atlantic Ocean meant nothing.

"Let me explain." White moved closer and pointed a finger at the Atlantic circle. "This is a conference centre. An odd place to have it — on the bed of the Atlantic — but there's a good reason. At long last, Bereznik has agreed to send a representative to have peace talks with the World Government . . . on the condition that they meet on neutral ground. The lines leading off from the circle to the major cities represent underwater and underground tunnels which have been constructed so that the world leaders can meet together in the shortest time possible. A sort of personal hot line . . . a week from now the World President and his senate will meet the Bereznik leader for major talks . . ."

"And you think the Mysterons plan to destroy the network?"

"I do, Captain Scarlet. For in a very real sense, the conference chamber is to become the centre of hope."

"So that's why the Mysterons have stolen the new craft?" Captain Blue searched his commander's eyes for an answer.

"Quite probably. But, whether they intend to use the vehicle or not, we must get it back."

Captain Scarlet moved slowly across to the Observation Tube which led off from the Control Room. He stopped and gazed down on the flight deck and then at the clouds beyond.

"I rather think they *will* try to use it, Colonel. They said we are powerless to stop them . . . and they're right. That craft is absolutely indestructible. We have no way of stopping them!"

"I have the World President for you, Colonel."

"Thank you, Green, put him through."

A screen flickered with colour after colour and, finally, the World President's face appeared.

"What is it, Colonel White?"

"Trouble I'm afraid, sir. The Mysterons have got hold of the new Spectrum vehicle . . . and they've threatened to destroy what I suspect to be the new conference centre. Can you delay the conference until we've found the craft? It may take more than a week."

"I can't *do* that White! You know it took us months to convince Bereznik to have peace talks . . . to postpone the meeting, may mean we lose the chance of persuading Bereznik to join the World Government. No, sorry—the conference must be held as planned . . . and nothing must go wrong!"

Colonel White bit his lip in thought for a moment. "All right, Mr. President. Leave it to me."

The screen went blank. White drummed his fingers on the Control Desk. Lieutenant Green stepped up and coughed softly to attract his attention.

"Yes, Green." The Spectrum commander looked up.

"I think the President's right, sir . . . about the conference . . ."

"Oh, he's right . . . but if we don't stop the Mysterons we can say good-bye to both the World President and the Bereznik Premier—and the hope of peace on Earth!

The problem is how do we find a craft that we can't track on the scanners . . . a craft so advanced that even if we found it, we couldn't stop it!"

Seven days later at 9.38 in the morning, a small monorail car hummed into life and moved off from its station deep beneath the World Government's headquarters in Unity City. Inside the luxurious passenger compartment World President Younger and his Secretary of State watched silently as the car sped deeper and deeper into the seemingly eternal tunnel. In less than an hour they would be with the Bereznik Premier.

Suddenly, the tunnel glowed with a deep bluey-green as the car slid from beneath the Atlantic coastline and rushed on through the sea-bed pipeline.

Then it happened. There was no warning—only the sudden rushing of parted water above. The missile slammed into the armour-glass tubing, ripping it apart in a thousand places. The sea erupted like the unleashed core of a boiling volcano . . . freak currents beat viciously against the shattered shell of the sea-tunnel . . . the little monorail car was yanked from the buckled rail and spewed up through the tossing sea, as though some unseen giant had crushed it in its hand and then flung it like a toy to bounce on the sky ceiling above.

The surging waters rushed greedily along the open tunnel, swallowing up everything that stood in its way.

"The safety sealing-doors prevented the water reaching the conference chamber, Captain." Colonel White spoke urgently into the desk mike. "The President is safe, but has been rushed to hospital for treatment for shock."

Captain Blue accelerated the S.P.V. over the crashing waves. He looked across at Captain Scarlet as he pulled down his cap-mike.

"Then the Bereznik Premier is down there—like a sitting duck! If the Mysterons succeed in destroying the conference chamber and killing *him*, Bereznik will think it was *planned* this way."

"Precisely, Captain. And they'll be even more convinced when they learn that the World President didn't keep the appointment! There are twelve S.P.V.s assigned to join you . . . now it's up to you. Stop the Mysterons!"

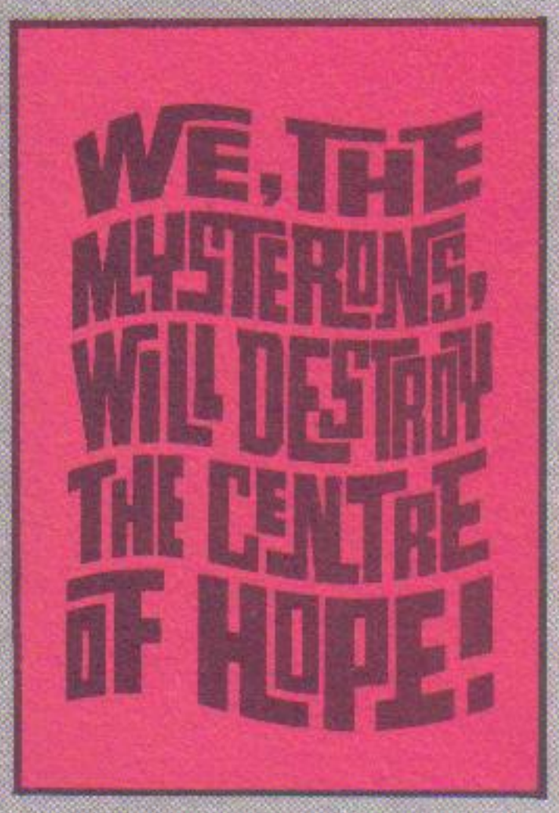
Minutes later, Scarlet had contacted the other Spectrum vehicles and a circle was formed on the surface above the new conference chamber. Thirteen aqua-scanners were switched in and the total area within a mile of the chamber was under observation.

An hour passed and still all was quiet in the deep. Then, suddenly, a voice burst over the speaker.

"Craft approaching from sector nine-orange-zero . . . heading towards the conference chamber!"

Captain Scarlet swivelled the aqua-scanner to the reported position and peered into the viewer. He looked for only a second, then flicked a switch on the control panel.

"Scarlet to all units. Attack at will! The craft *must* be destroyed!"



Again he flicked the switch, then turned to Captain Blue. "They told us it's indestructible . . . let's find out if they were right!"

Missile after missile leapt from the thirteen Spectrum craft and erupted one after the other against the Mysteron vehicle . . . the sea was thrown into one heaving mass of fury as explosion followed explosion . . . above, the S.P.V.s fought desperately to maintain their position on the churning sea until over fifty aqua missiles had been rammed into the indestructible craft . . . all without effect!

"It's no good, we'll never *touch* it that way" Scarlet jumped up from his seat and quickly strapped on the thruster pack. He snatched up two hand-bombs from the armoury and jammed them into his belt.

"I'm going down there! There's only one way to destroy that thing—from the inside!"

"But . . ." Captain Blue had no time to argue. Scarlet had gone—ejected.

The powerful jet-pack unit pushed Captain Scarlet deeper, deeper into the icy Atlantic waters. Below, to his left, the craft was approaching, rapidly gathering speed. He glanced to the right. There, not more than a hundred yards away, stood the massive domed building that in less than a minute would become the Bereznik Premier's grave.

The great metal assassin swept on, and as it passed beneath Scarlet he twisted his accelerator-grip with a jerk. He was thrown forward and thudded painfully against the side of the craft.

Wrestling with the pounding water for a hold on the vehicle's side, Scarlet dragged himself forward to the front of the machine until he was over the missile launching tube.

He snatched a glance behind . . . the dome loomed nearer and nearer . . .

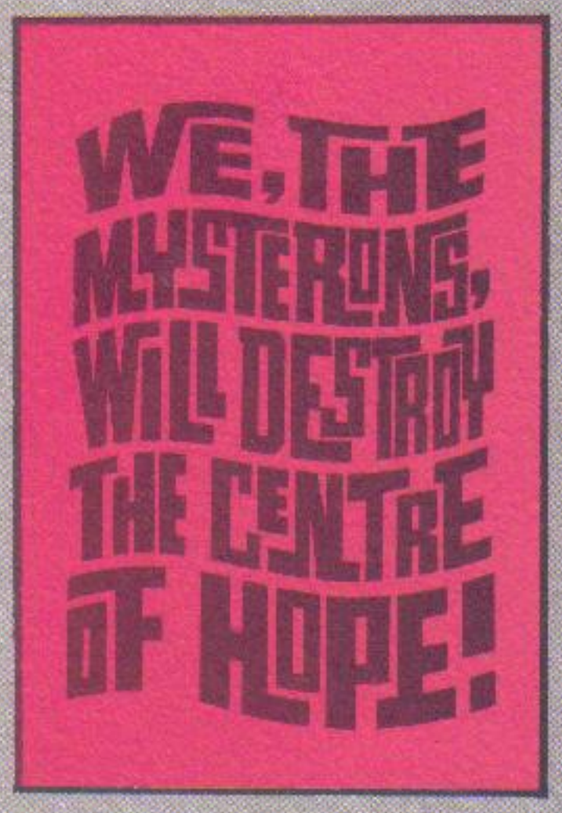
"Any minute now," Scarlet thought to himself, and he pressed an ear to the craft beside the tube.

Seconds passed slowly . . . and then he heard it—the metallic click of the mechanism that told him a missile had been injected into the tube, ready for firing.

The dome was less than seventy feet away . . . it had to be now. He fumbled for one of the hand-bombs tucked in his belt and pulled it up near the tube. Again he listened . . . he heard the click as the Mysteronised pilot jabbed at the 'fire' button . . . he counted to two . . . then ripped the pin from the bomb, by his teeth, and hurled it as forcefully as he could into the tube.

The timing was perfect—missile met bomb, and the great armoured giant blew into a million pieces! Debris splintered against the sides of the dome chamber, sending a thunderous roar echoing through the structure.

On the surface, the S.P.V.s rolled on the exploding waters as a fountain shot high into the air, bringing with it the tortured body of one man.



"How is Captain Scarlet, Colonel?" The World President looked anxious as he sat down in Cloudbase's relaxation bay.

"Still indestructible, I'm glad to say, sir. But the question is, how is the Bereznik President?"

"Oh, yes, I have a telegram . . . it arrived an hour ago." President Younger handed the paper to Colonel White.

As the Spectrum commander read the message his face relaxed and a grin appeared. Suddenly, he was laughing.

"Er . . . may I, sir?" Captain Blue held out his hand for the telegram.

It read:

Regret could not attend conference . . . sprained ankle, this morning . . . suggest next Monday for talks.

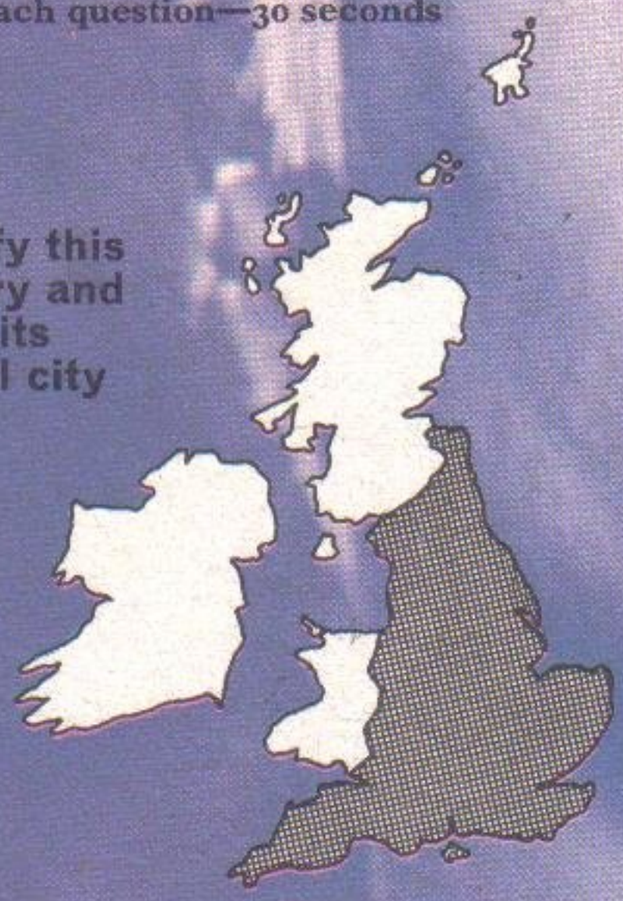
Olaf Kacinski—
Premier Bereznik

PROJECT FLASH

TEST PAPER 2

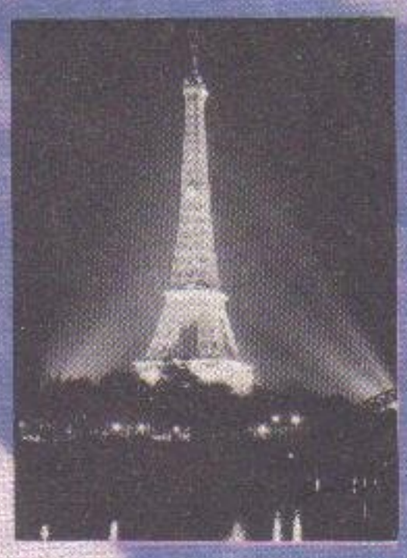
Time limit for each question—30 seconds

1 Identify this country and name its capital city

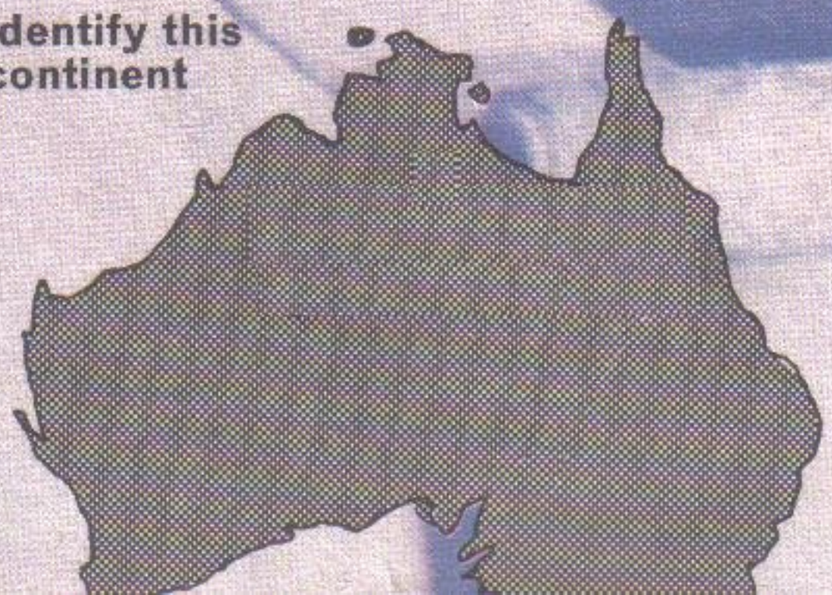


2 Name the capital cities of these countries:
(a) Peru
(b) Australia
(c) Japan

3 Where would one find this building?



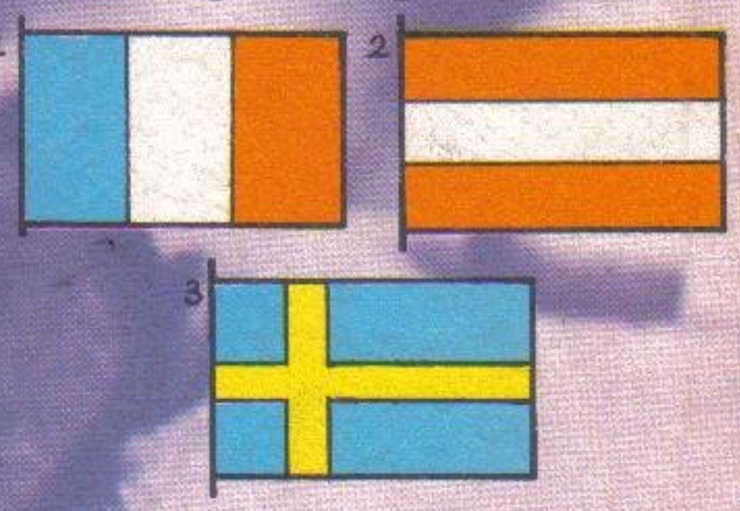
4 Identify this continent



5 Name this sea/ocean

6 How many islands make up New Zealand?

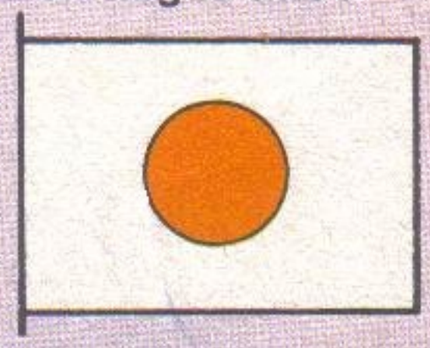
7 Name the countries to which these flags belong



8 To which countries do these secret service organisations belong?
(a) K.G.B.
(b) C.I.A.
(c) M.I.5.

9 In which country is the world's highest mountain situated?

10 Which flag is this?



ANSWERS ON PAGE 58

CLOUDBASE COMPUTER

The most essential piece of equipment housed on Cloudbase is the Computer. It is Spectrum's first link when opposing the Mysterons. This vast storage-brain is responsible for deciphering Mysteron threats, and for every further action Spectrum effects to try to defeat Earth's worst enemy.

Without the Computer, Spectrum—and even the world—would most certainly have been crushed.

Much praise must go to Lieutenant Green for his expert handling and versatile programming of this machine.

The fundamental section of the Computer is its memory bank. Here, every scrap of known information is recorded and filed—for possible later use. From all over the world, information is radioed automatically through the telecommunications cells, where it is identified, sorted and passed on for storage.

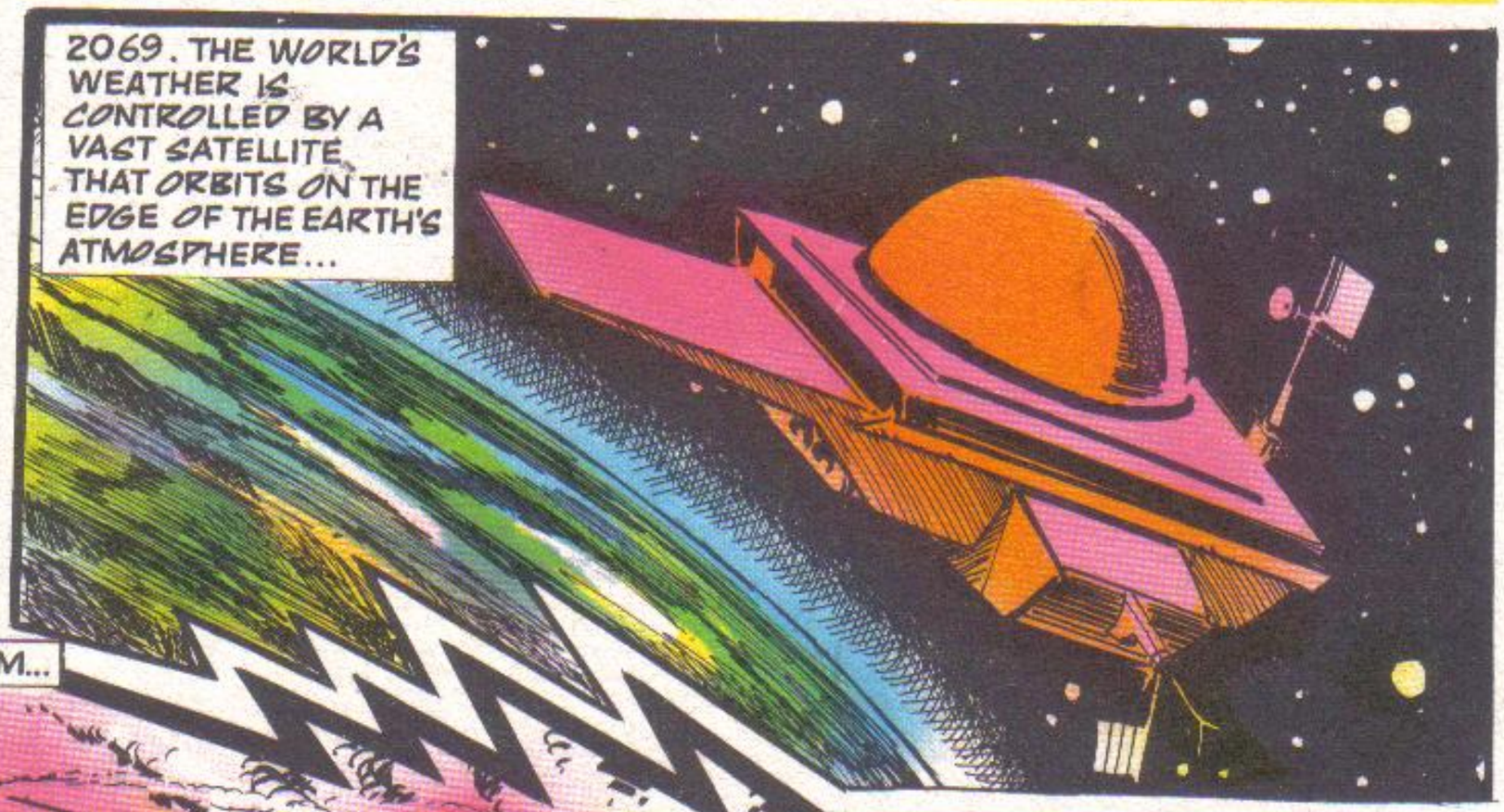
All Spectrum personnel have channels built into their radio-transceivers to link them with the Computer's cells. Every member of the staff must make at least two daily reports to this vast machine. Other information is relayed through Spectrum's communications section.

Every leading Earth city has an Information Bureau, linked up to Cloudbase and the Computer.

KEY

1. The 'cortex', or brain, of the Computer.
2. Impulse decoder. This is a form of microwave unit which can handle hundreds of signals and frequencies simultaneously.
3. The frequency multiplier which boosts sound-waves and arranges them in pulsating order into the scanning circuits.
4. Frequency scanning unit. This panel is fed with neon gas which illuminates the circuit. The pulse frequencies are picked up by photo-electric cells.
5. The scanner. All information from the 'outside' scanner is fed into this part of the Computer, after sweeping through the telecommunications module.
6. Memory unit. This holds the vast store of information and knowledge which is fed into the Computer.
7. Junction box. This connects the cortex with the memory unit.
8. The programmer is the unit into which information is computed for storage, and then extracted for immediate use.
9. Moving travelator, enabling Lieutenant Green easy access to the control panel.

SPACE-COURSE



INSIDE THE SATELLITE'S CONTROL ROOM...
PANEL'S CAUGHT FIRE... EXPLOSION... GET CLEAR!
THE CONTROLLER RADIOS FOR HELP...
CALLING EARTH. HEAT CONTROL ELEMENT'S BLOWN. MUST HAVE IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE!
IF THE REPAIR ISN'T COMPLETED SOON, THE HEAT WILL CAUSE HAVOC ON EARTH!
LATER, THE WORLD PRESIDENT DISCUSSES THE DISASTER WITH COLONEL WHITE...
ALREADY THE HEAT'S BECOMING UNBEARABLE. WHITE, DO YOU THINK THIS COULD BE SOME SORT OF MYSTERON PLOT?
IT COULD BE, SIR. BUT THEY HAVEN'T THREATENED US - YET! I'LL SEND BLUE AND SCARLET TO CHECK IT OUT!
GOOD! THE REPAIR'S GOING TO BE A LONG JOB! MEANWHILE, I'M ISSUING WORLD AIRFORCE JETS TO LACE THE CLOUDS WITH DRY-ICE TO COMBAT THIS FREAK WEATHER!

AT THE WORLD AIRFORCE BASE...

EVERYTHING'S READY FOR TAKE-OFF!

DRY-ICE LOADED ABOARD WHEN THIS STUFF'S FIRED INTO THE CLOUDS IT SHOULD KEEP US COOL ON EARTH UNTIL THAT REPAIR JOB'S COMPLETED ON THE SATELLITE—WITH LUCK!

MEANWHILE, ON CLOUDBASE...

YOU KNOW THE SITUATION, CAPTAINS! AN S.P.U. IS STANDING BY. GOOD LUCK!

MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL ARRIVE IN ONE HOUR, SCARLET!

STRANGE THE MYSTERONS HAVEN'T ISSUED THEIR USUAL THREAT. WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, ANYWAY!

AT THE WORLD'S WEATHER SATELLITE...

RIGHT, BLUE. WE'LL SCREEN ALL PERSONNEL WITH THE MYSTERON DETECTORS. THEN WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THE MYSTERONS HAD A HAND IN THIS!

SCARLET, I'LL TAKE THE OUTSIDE CONSTRUCTION!

LATER...

WE'VE GIVEN THE PLACE A THOROUGH SCREENING, SIR, AND THERE IS NO SIGN OF MYSTERON INFILTRATION!

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A TECHNICAL FAULT! I HOPE THE PRESIDENT'S DRY-ICE SCHEME WORKS. THIS REPAIR JOB'LL TAKE AT LEAST THREE DAYS!

BACK ON CLOUDBASE...

THE WORLD AIRFORCE JETS ARE HEADING FOR SPRAY AREAS, NOW, SIR!

GOOD! LET'S HOPE THEY KEEP THE EARTH COOL LONG ENOUGH, GREEN!

STRIKE-LEADER TO FLEET! I'LL FINISH THIS AREA, THE REST OF YOU TAKE YOUR SET SECTIONS!

SOON, ONE JET-PILOT PICKS UP A SIGNAL...

AT TO FLIGHT-LEADER. AM PICKING UP SOMETHING ON RADAR, SIR!

DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN. CONTINUE WITH MISSION AT HAND - PROBABLY REINFORCEMENTS!

SECONDS LATER...

UNIDENTIFIED PLANE TO STARBOARD— IT...IT'S ATTACKING!

THE MISSILES STRIKE HOME...

AAARGH!

WITHIN THE UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT, CAPTAIN BLACK, SINISTER MYSTERON AGENT, WATCHES THE CRASH...

PHASE ONE EFFECTED. NOW RETROMETABOLISM CAN TAKE PLACE! THIS TIME, THE MYSTERONS WILL SUCCEED...

EERILY, THE SPRAY-JET IS RE-FORMED TO CARRY OUT THE MYSTERONS' ORDERS...

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO! YOU WILL OBEY ONLY THE VOICE OF THE MYSTERONS!

I WILL PUT THE PLANS INTO OPERATION...

THAT MOMENT, ON CLOUDBASE...

JET APPROACHING, SIR. I CAN'T MAKE OUT ITS IDENTIFICATION MARKINGS. COULD BE AN ATTACK, SIR!

CALM DOWN, LIEUTENANT. IT MUST BE ONE OF THE WORLD AIRFORCE JETS! REMEMBER - THEY MUST SPRAY AROUND **US** AS WELL!

BUT...

THE MYSTERONS' ORDERS ARE COMPLETED!

WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL OBLITERATE CLOUDBASE

THE THREAT ECHOES ROUND THE CLOUDBASE CONTROL ROOM...

...DESTROY CLOUDBASE — BUT HOW? WAIT A MINUTE, THAT PLANE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. I'LL HAVE ANGEL ONE INVESTIGATE!

SUDDENLY, A KNOCKOUT GAS TAKES EFFECT...

SOME KIND OF... GAS... AAAAAAGH!

THAT JET... MYSTERON SED... GAS IN AIR-INTAKE-VALVE... GOT TO... RADIO SCARLET... BLUE...

MEANWHILE, ON THE WEATHER SATELLITE...

WE'VE CLEARED THE SATELLITE. IT'S CERTAINLY NOT THE MYSTERONS. WELL, IT'S TIME WE WERE GETTING BACK!

CAPTAIN SCARLET, I'M PICKING UP A FAINT SIGNAL FROM CLOUDBASE. IT SEEMS VERY SERIOUS!

WEATHER SATELLITE TO CLOUDBASE - COME IN, PLEASE!

MYSTERONS... GAS... HELP... AAAAARGH!

WITHIN THE SPECTRUM PLANE...

I'VE RADIOED THE WORLD PRESIDENT - HE SAYS THAT ONE OF THE AIRFORCE JETS HAS DISAPPEARED... BELIEVED DESTROYED!

MY BET IS IT'S BEEN MYSTERONISED... LOOK, BLUE! ON THE RUNWAY!

THE JET CLOSES IN...

IT'S THE WORLD AIRFORCE JET - IT'S ATTACKING!

HOLD ON, BLUE. PRIME ALL MISSILES!

OUTSIDE, SCARLET TAKES THE UPPER HAND...

BULL'S-EYE! GOOD SHOOTING, SCARLET!

NOW LET'S GET BLACK - BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THE TWO SPECTRUM CAPTAINS TAKE OFF FROM THE WEATHER SATELLITE...

OUR CLOUDBASE RADIO-LINK'S GONE DEAD, SCARLET. WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE MYSTERONS HAVE ATTACKED CLOUDBASE... SOME KIND OF GAS ACCORDING TO THAT S.O.S.! GOT TO HURRY - FULL BOOST!

BLACK AND THE MYSTERONISED PILOT WATCH THE S.P.J. APPROACH...

SCARLET! HE COULD WRECK THE WHOLE PLAN! GET THAT JET UP AND DESTROY THAT S.P.J.!

SPECTRUM

THE MYSTERONS' ORDERS WILL BE OBEYED, CAPTAIN BLACK!

AS THE DOG-FIGHT RAGES OVER CLOUDBASE, CAPTAIN BLACK PUTS THE FINAL PHASE OF THE MYSTERONS' PLAN INTO OPERATION...

SET CLOUDBASE ON AUTOMATIC DIVE... IN TEN MINUTES, THE WHOLE CRAFT WILL CRASH INTO THE EARTH!

THE S.P.J. BANKS AND TURNS FOR CLOUDBASE...

LOOK, CLOUDBASE'S DIVING EARTHWARDS! LET BLACK GO - DROP ME ON THE RUNWAY, BLUE! HURRY, MAN - **HURRY!**

IT'S TOO LATE, SCARLET. THE MYSTERON'S PLAN HAS SUCCEEDED! **CLOUDBASE WILL BE DESTROYED!**

AS BLACK MAKES HIS GETAWAY, CAPTAIN SCARLET IS LOWERED...

S.I.G., SCARLET, I HOPE IT WORKS!

OKAY, BLUE, I'M ABOARD. CIRCLE OVERHEAD!

CLOUDBASE DIVES UNCONTROLLABLY BUT SCARLET MANAGES TO ENTER THE CONTROL ROOM...

KNOCKOUT GAS! ALL UNCONSCIOUS! MUST GET TO THE ENGINE CONTROL-COMPLEX. CLOUDBASE WILL CRASH IF I DON'T...

ALTIT

OH NO! BLACK'S JAMMED THE AUTO-PILOT... I CAN'T CHANGE THE DIRECTION AND I'VE ONLY FOUR MINUTES LEFT...

SCARLET ACTIVATES THE FRESH-AIR PUMPS. THEN...

SCARLET RACES FOR THE ENGINE ROOM, DEEP BELOW THE CLOUDBASE RUNWAY...

SCARLET TO BLUE... I'M GOING TO EXPLODE GELIGNITE AT REAR ENGINES TO TRY AND ROCK CLOUDBASE OFF COURSE. EXPLOSIVES IN PLACE - AM FIRING NOW!

NEXT SECOND...

AAAAGH!

IT'S NO USE! SHE WON'T BUDGE. NOW I'VE ONLY THREE MINUTES TO SAVE CLOUDBASE... THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE...

DON'T BE A FOOL, YOU'LL BE CAUGHT IN THE BLAST!

THEN, ABOVE CLOUDBASE...

CLOUDBASE IS SAVED. LATER...

THE WORLD PRESIDENT'S INFORMED ME THAT THE FAULT AT THE WEATHER SATELLITE WAS PURELY TECHNICAL. BUT IT WAS LUCKY YOU INVESTIGATED, SCARLET, OR YOU'D HAVE BEEN ON CLOUDBASE WHEN THE GAS TOOK EFFECT...

HE'S COMPLETELY RECOVERED, COLONEL WHITE!

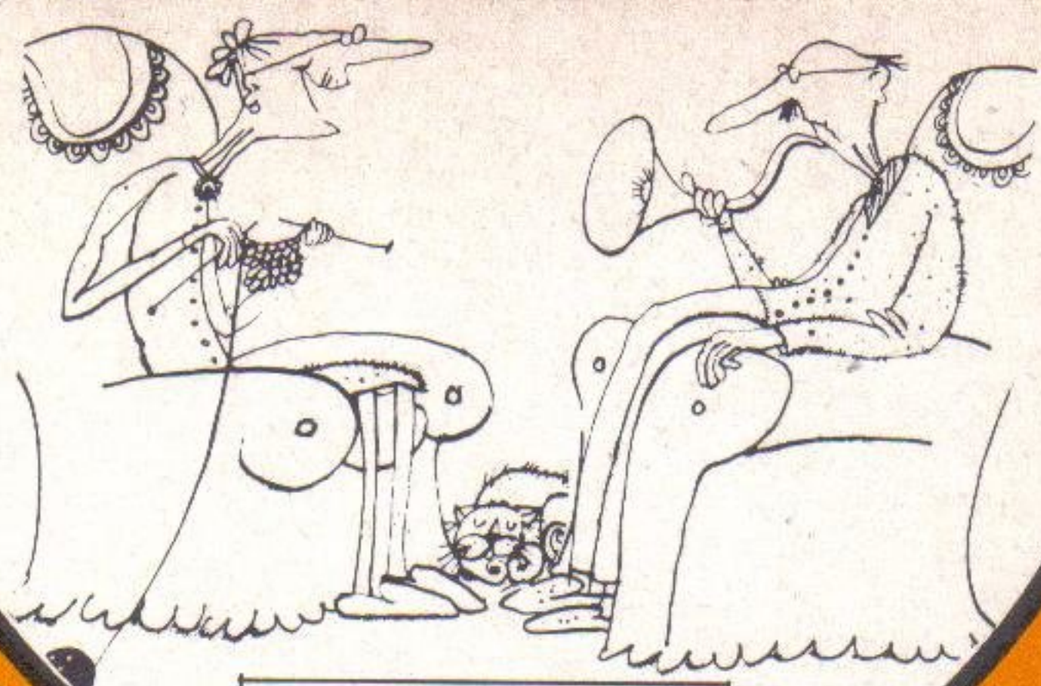
IT'S WORKED! SCARLET'S DONE IT! SHE'S ALTERING COURSE...

EXCELLENT! THE MYSTERONS HAVE STILL TO RECKON WITH THE INDESTRUCTIBLE CAPTAIN SCARLET!

YES, COLONEL WHITE, THAT EXPLOSION ALTERED CLOUDBASE'S COURSE. BUT NOW WE'VE SOME CLEARING UP TO DO!

SMILE PLEASE

"HEY, BRIAN! COME AND TAKE A BUTCHER'S AT WHAT WE'VE BEEN WORSHIPPIN' FOR THE PAST MILLION YEARS."



"I SAID, IT'S A BATMAN SUIT FOR YOU."

"I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY, SIR, AND I AGREE WITH YOU. THE BUTTONS NEED MOVING!"

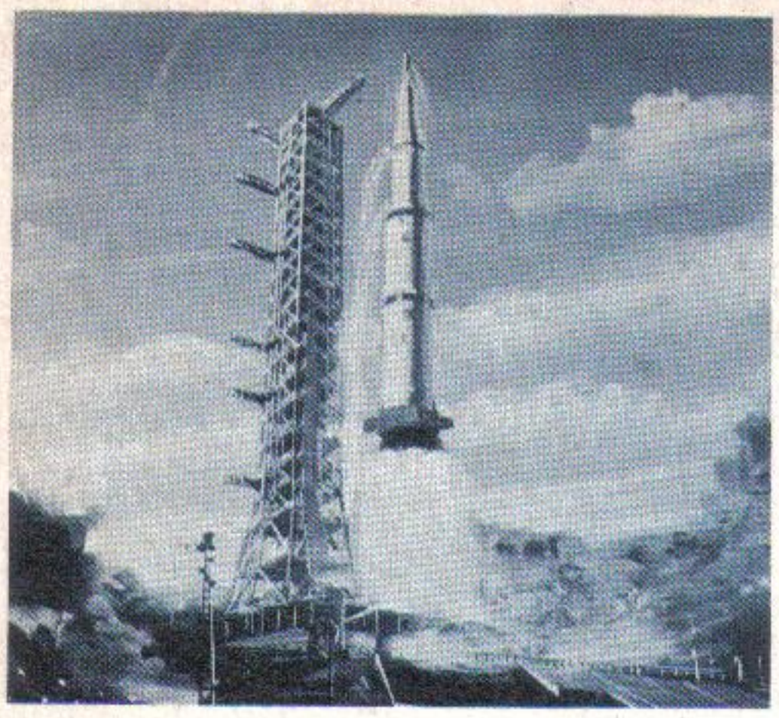
"LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE..."

"WHEN DOES THE NEXT U.F.O. LEAVE FOR SATURN, PLEASE?"

"BIT WARMER THAN YESTERDAY, ISN'T IT, CHAPS?"

"10-9-8-7..."

"'AND OVER YER WALLET, OR I'LL BREEVE ON YER!"



«» MOON PROBE

Since time began the moon has shone down on earth. And it was natural that man's curiosity should turn to the mysterious moon after most of the world had been explored.

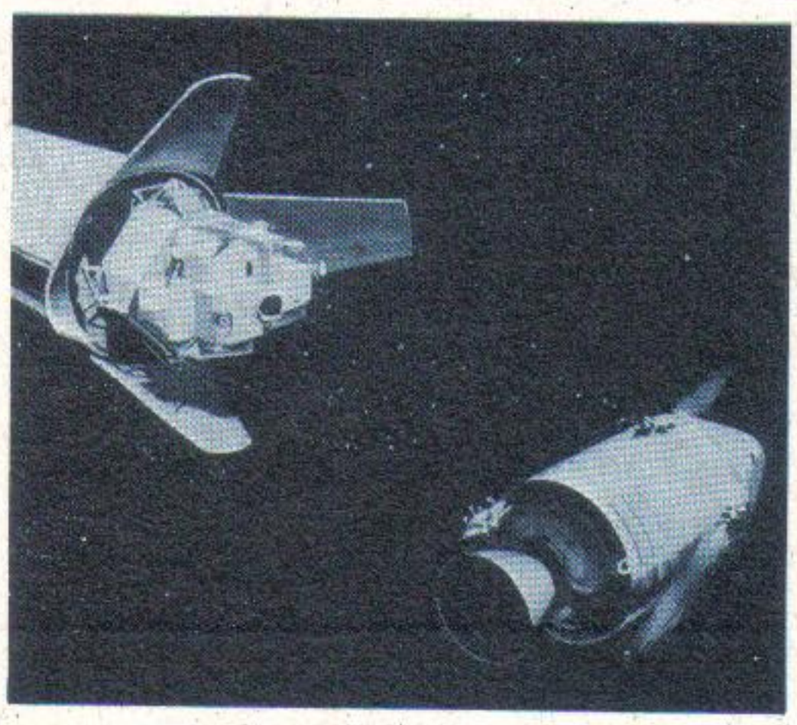
So in the late fifties man started his conquest of space. A programme that would take him farther than he had ever travelled before. And the stepping-stone to the universe was the moon.

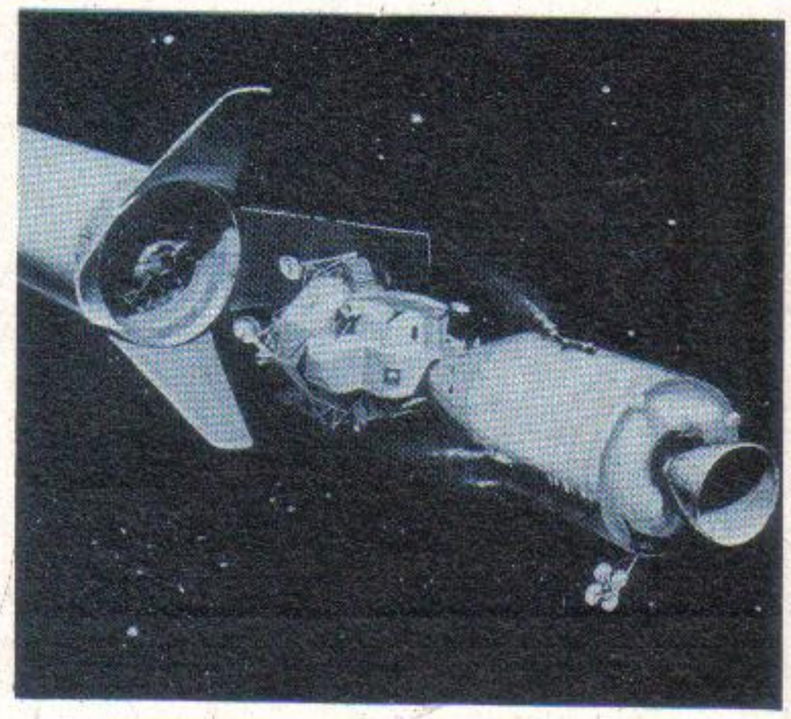
Expedition followed expedition. Craft first orbited the world and then the moon, relaying television pictures of its 'other side'. With this new knowledge man stepped out on to the threshold of space in the early 1970s.

It was the biggest gamble that he had ever faced—but a gamble that paid off.

Today, the moon is just another part of the World's huge Space Empire. Thriving towns and cities litter the lunar surface.

All this would not have been possible but for a handful of men with immense courage. Here is a tribute to the first conquest of the moon.



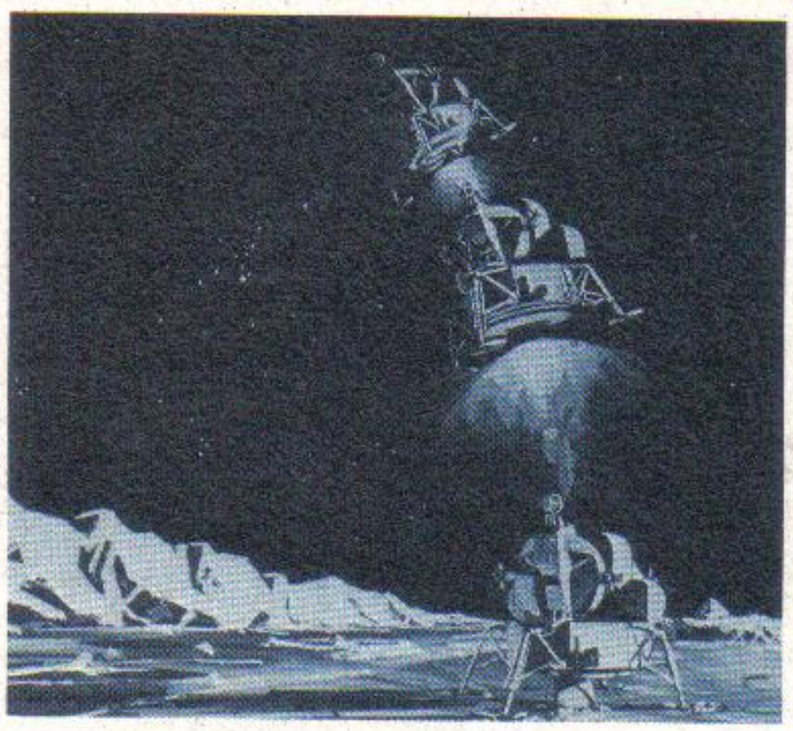


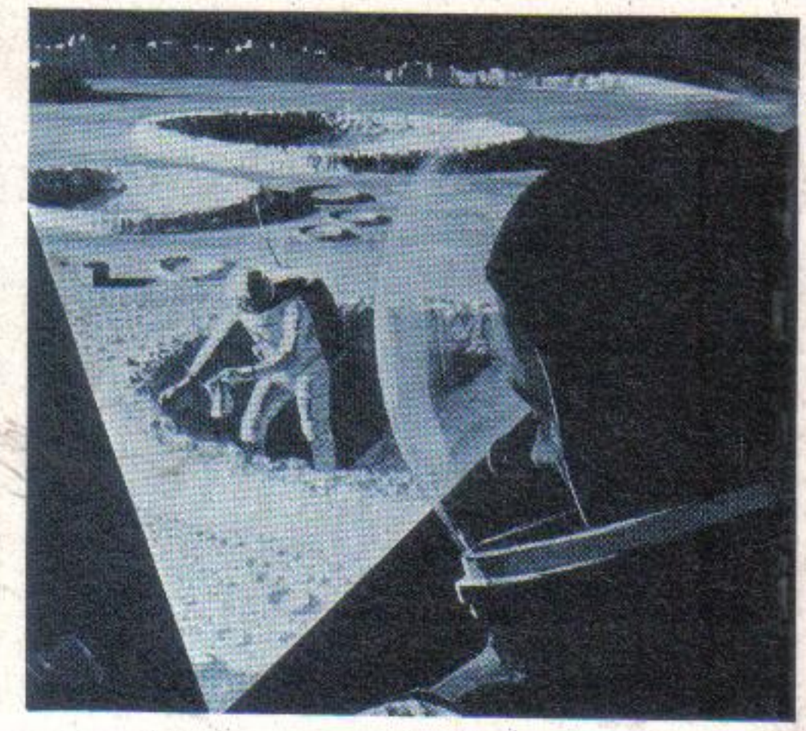
5 6

4 At a precisely calculated moment, the third stage engine is re-ignited. It burns for 5 minutes to boost the speed to 25,000 miles-an-hour and so push the craft out of earth's orbit and on the way to the moon.

5 Now comes the important docking manœuvre. This is necessary to align the spacecraft for its operational role and permit two of the astronauts to enter the module in which they will descend to the moon. The main unit, made up of the linked Command and Service Modules, is separated from the Lunar Module, so that it can be turned round and docked in a reversed position. The Lunar Module is still attached to the third stage rocket.

6 After docking is accomplished, the Lunar Module is drawn clear and the third stage rocket is jettisoned. The space-craft is now correctly assembled for the remainder of the journey. It could not be made up this way at launch; the astronauts had to be on top so they could escape if anything went wrong on the pad.





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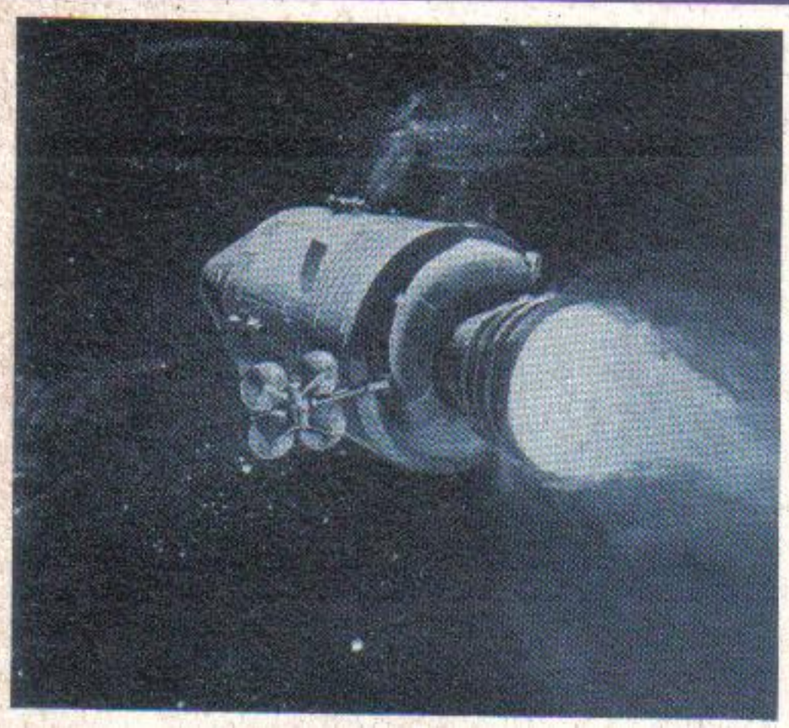
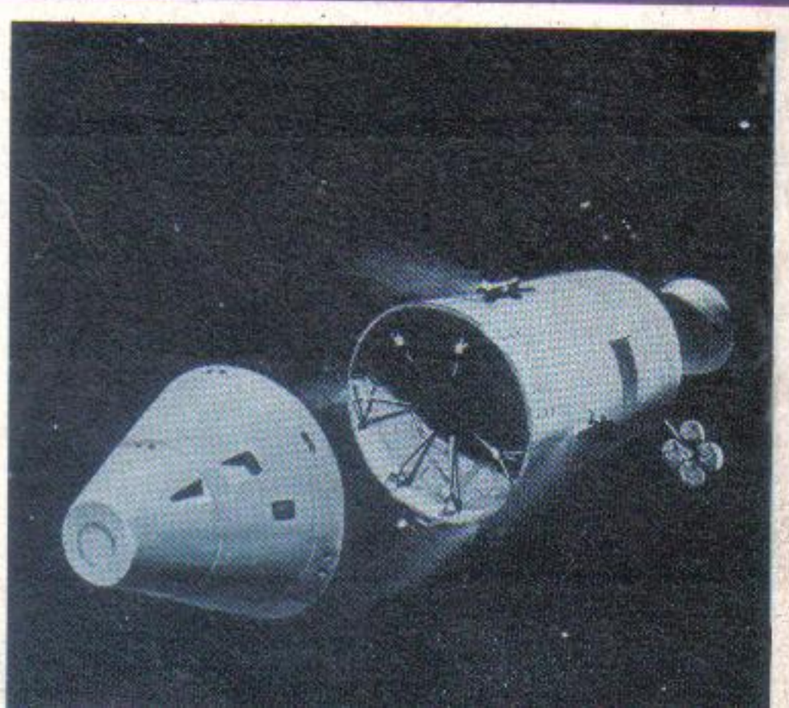


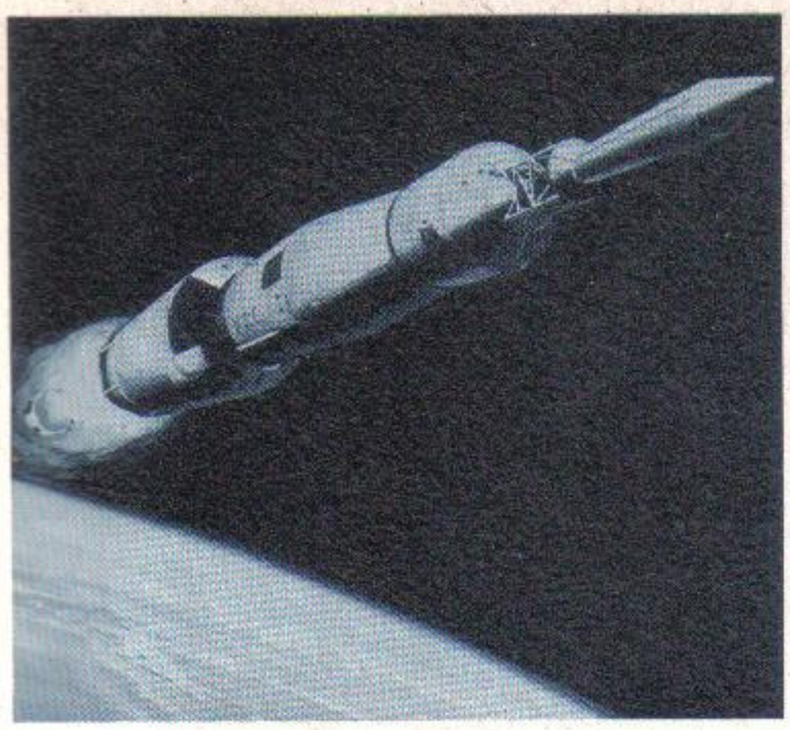
Module. He makes scientific measurements, gathers geological samples, and transmits television pictures of the lunar landscape back to earth. When he returns to the craft, the other astronaut does a spell outside.

11 Their exploration completed, the astronauts detach the base of the Lunar Module, which then becomes their launch pad. Their ascent engine has only 3,600 lb. of thrust, but it is enough to overcome the weak pull of the moon's gravity and send the upper part of the Module off into lunar orbit, where it joins up with the main sections of the spacecraft.

12 When the modules have been docked, the two moon explorers move back into the Command Module with their rock samples. The Lunar Module, no longer needed, is separated and left to float in a continual orbit around the moon.

13 The Service Module engine is fired for 10 seconds, giving the craft a speed of about 5,500 miles-an-hour—sufficient to push away from the moon towards earth.





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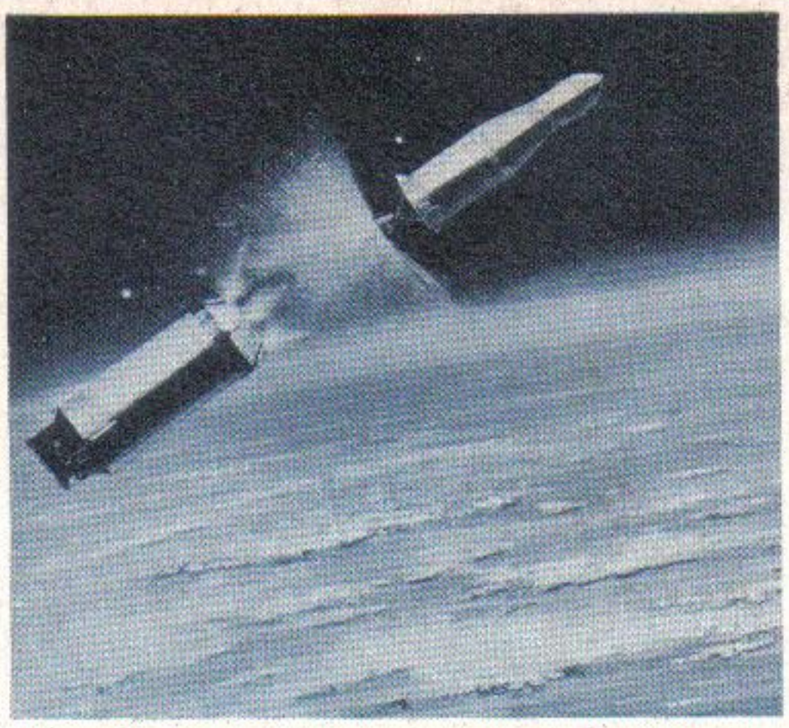

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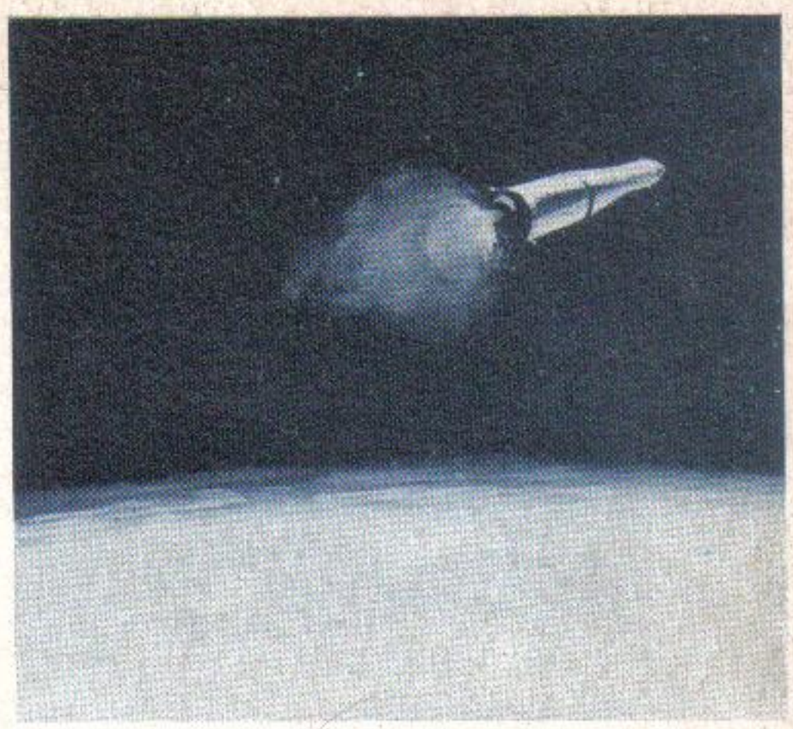
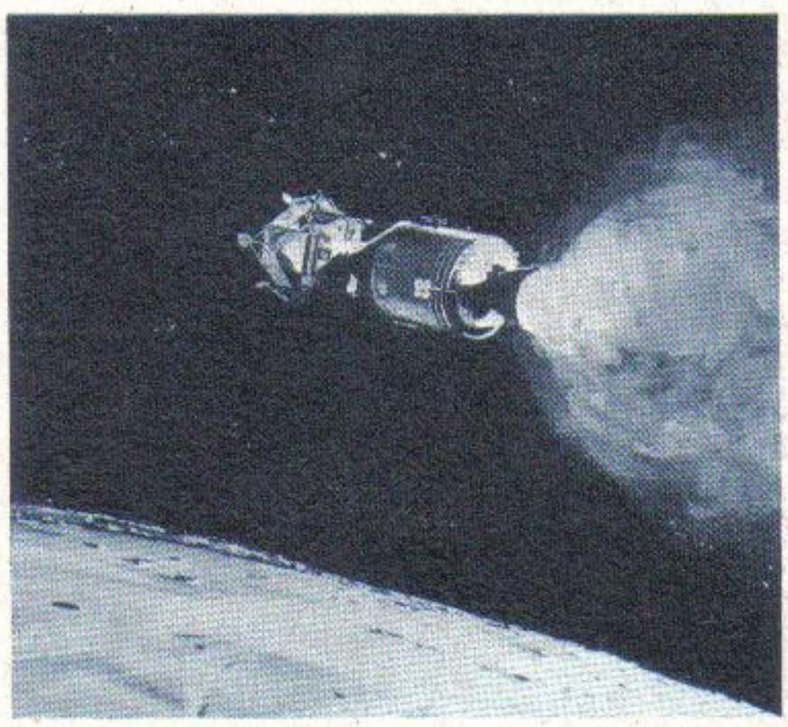


4

1 Blast-off from Cape Kennedy. With a shattering roar the Saturn 5 Moon-rocket lifts into the sky. The five clustered engines of its first stage operate for 130 seconds and boost the speed to 6,000 miles-an-hour.

2 Forty miles from the earth, the first stage burns out and is jettisoned. The second stage, powered by five engines which generate a million pounds of thrust, ignites and burns for 6½ minutes. The now unwanted rocket-escape system falls away. The space-craft is accelerated to 15,000 miles-an-hour, and reaches an altitude of 100 miles.

3 As the second stage separates and falls away, the third stage takes over. Its single engine burns for about 2 minutes, to put the craft into parking orbit 115 miles above the earth. Then the third stage engine is shut down while the astronauts, helped by the Mission Control Centre, compute the course they must take to aim the Apollo capsule at a point in space where the moon will be 3 days later.



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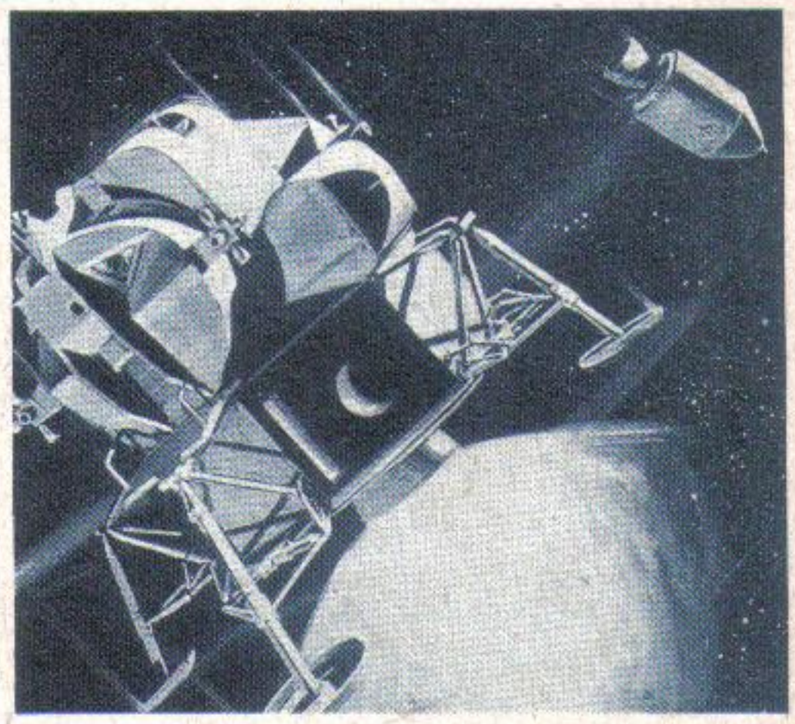

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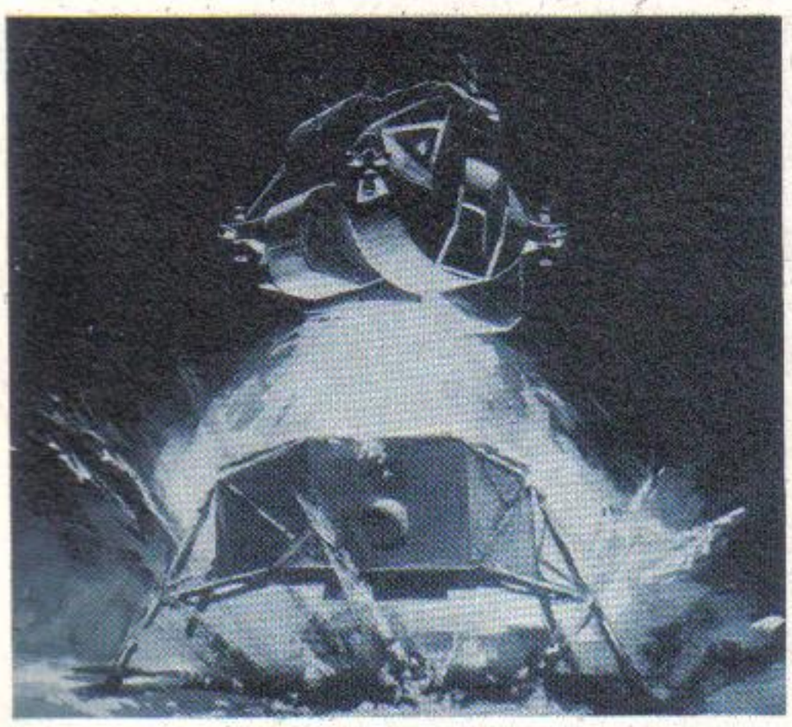
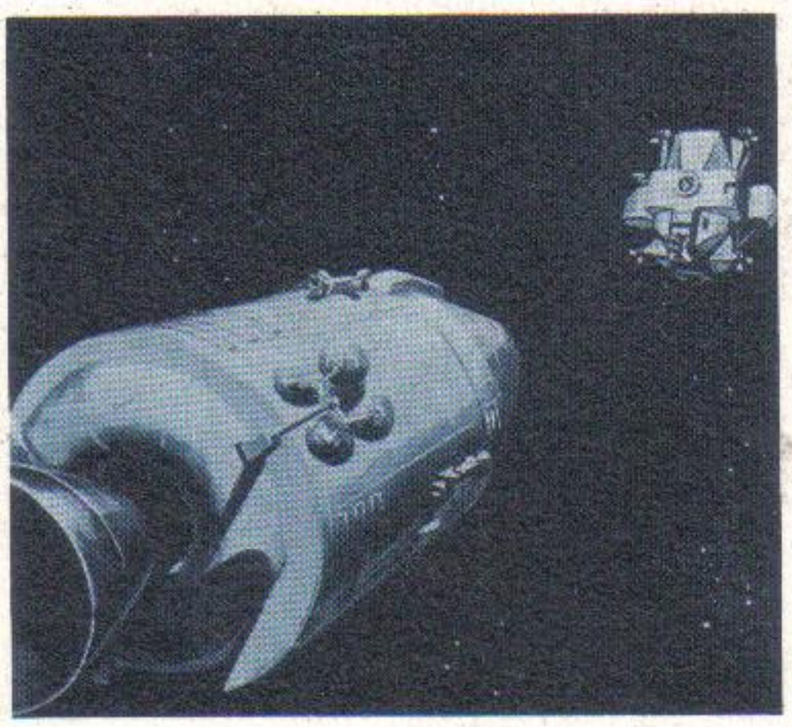




7 The Service Module engine is used again on the outward flight for course corrections necessary to make certain that the astronauts follow an exact path to their target. Throughout the flight, the astronauts keep continuous communication with tracking stations on earth.

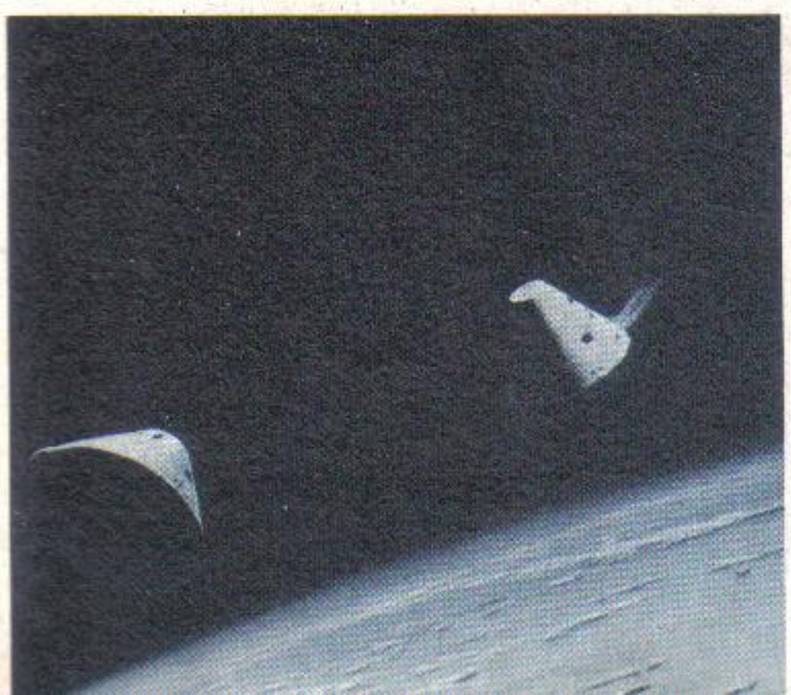
8 As they approach the moon, the astronauts turn their craft so that the exhaust nozzle faces the moon. They fire the engine to slow their speed to 3,600 m.p.h. and put the craft into lunar orbit. Two of the astronauts transfer from the Command Module to the Lunar Module, check its systems, and then separate, leaving their colleague to orbit the moon.

9 Using their engine as a retrobrake, the two men descend to the surface. Control jets enable them to hover or move sideways as they pick a landing site. Landing is cushioned by the craft's four shock-absorbing legs.

10 A space-suited astronaut, protected against radiation and extreme temperatures, leaves the Lunar

11

12

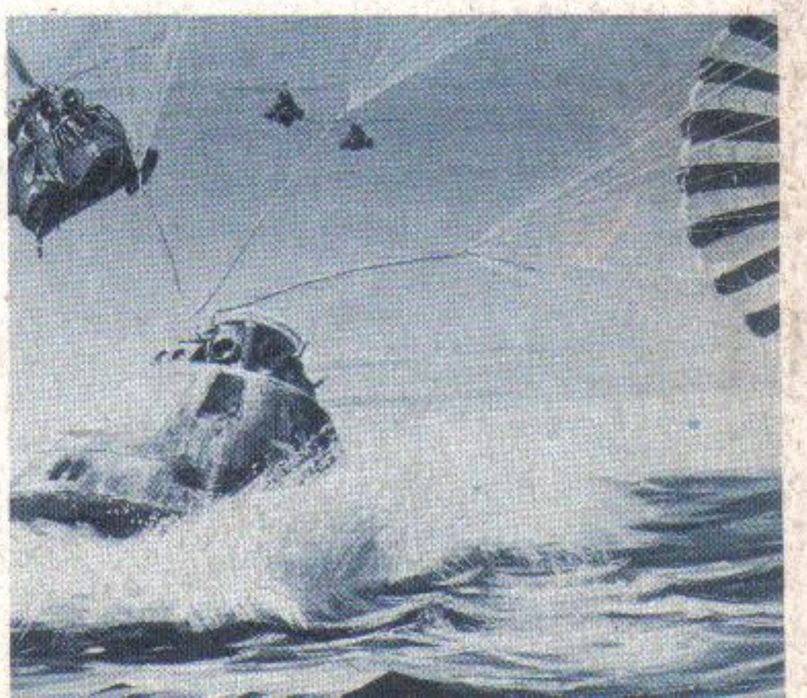


Further firings are needed for course corrections, and speed increases to about 25,000 miles-an-hour as the craft is pulled towards earth.

14 Just before the craft re-enters the earth's atmosphere, the Service Module section is jettisoned. Of the 364-foot vehicle that set out on the journey, only one cone-shaped capsule returns.

15 Reaction control jets are fired to turn the Command Module round so that its protective shield points towards earth and absorbs the fiery heat generated as atmospheric friction slows down the craft. At about 70 miles above earth the craft meets the first wisps of air. Perfect control is needed to avoid bouncing off the air layer or entering it too steeply.

16 Two small parachutes open at 24,000 feet to stabilise the craft. At 10,000 feet the three main parachutes spread out. The Command Module of the Apollo space-craft floats gently to a splashdown in the Pacific Ocean, near Hawaii, after its half-million-mile journey.



SILENT SNOWS

All day, the helicopter had been with them. As they toiled upwards, with the air growing thinner every foot of the way, it had hovered overhead in the clear sky.

The shattering roar of its triple rotors, as it zoomed in for a close shot, had sometimes seemed as if it would shake the climbers loose from the rockface. The exterior-mounted television cameras projecting from its sides made it look like a huge, threatening insect.

Now, as the men pitched camp for the night in a ravine, fifteen thousand feet above sea-level, they could still hear the helicopter's engines echoing among the mountain peaks that towered above them.

"Why the blazes don't they pack up and go home? The light's fading—surely they can't take pictures now!" Sir John Boyle, leader of the expedition, spluttered angrily through a tasteless mouthful of compressed synthobeef.

"I guess they want a few shots of us snuggled up in our sleeping bags!" Paisley, the biologist, grinned at the five other men who made up the expedition's number. "After all—we're big news. And if we achieve what we've set out to do—we'll be a sensation!"

ing to shake the solid rock wall, itself.

Millions of years before, a tiny crack, only inches long, had opened in a sheer rockface near the summit of the mountain. But over the centuries it had slowly enlarged—first a few inches, then a yard—until it had grown into a network of tiny faults on the rocky side of the mountain.

Now, only one more inch of rock needed to crumble. One more inch—and a million tons of rock would be freed, to crash downwards in a solid wave. . . .

Five thousand feet below the summit, the helicopter pilot switched all jets to full power as he prepared to head for home. The noise of the engines rose to a splitting crescendo. The rock was vibrating under the blows of the noise. A tiny crack opened—but it was enough.

Two thousand miles away, Jeff Tracy lounged comfortably at his desk, feet propped high on a stack of electronics manuals. On the wall in front of him, the portraits of his sons—that were also communication panels—had been silent for hours. There was nothing to interrupt him.

Jeff's eyes were fixed on the screen of a forty-inch portable colour video-set. He watched, with admiration, the vivid scene before him. At the bottom of a jagged trench of rock, six men waved upwards from their encampment at the cameras of the departing helicopter. On either side of the ravine, the Himalayan snows sloped away. Even in the warm room, Jeff shivered to think of the intense cold the men on the screen were enduring.

The battering howl of the helicopter's engines grew louder. Now they could see its powerful arc-lights sweeping over the lip of the ravine, fifty feet above their heads. Suddenly, the huge craft was hanging above them again—the television eyes angling down to catch them as they blinked in the glare of the floodlights. The noise of the engines was deafening, seem-

The commentator was speaking rapidly: "We are now reaching the end of our video-cast from the International Press helicopter covering the Snow-hunt Expedition. As you see, Sir John Boyle and his party have made camp. Tomorrow, they will continue their amazing quest—the search for the legendary Abominable Snowman."

As the helicopter veered away, the commentator continued: "An earlier expedition, led by Professor Hackenbacker, proved that the Snowman really does exist. The remains of a strange creature, little more than a skeleton, had been found near the foot of Mount Everest. It was discovered that the creature had died by falling from a great height—approximately 200,000 feet!

"Sir John Boyle, famous explorer, was convinced that this indicated that the 'Snowmen' only lived near the summit of the world's highest mountain—thus explaining why there are no reliable reports of a *living* specimen.

"Now—Sir John and his small party of experts are braving the slopes of Everest to prove to their disbelieving scientific colleagues that the previous remains found were not faked. Tomorrow, when their search continues, we shall be bringing you live coverage of their progress.

"We're heading for home now. Our pilot has just opened up his engines to full power. In one hour we shall be in . . . wait! Stop! Number Three Camera—track left—LEFT! Up the slope! There!"

Jeff came to his feet with a gasp. Swinging up the mountain-side, the helicoper's cameras had picked up an awe-inspiring sight. A huge wall of rock, flecked with seams of snow, was moving down the mountain. The whole side of the great peak was falling away. Over the commentator's near-hysterical shouting, Jeff could hear the grinding rumble of the avalanche as it swept down.

Directly in its path, only a tiny crevice on the screen now as the helicopter shot upwards to take in the whole scene, lay the ravine in which the expedition was encamped!

Even as Jeff watched, a groan of horror left his lips. The monstrous tide of rock was sweeping over the mouth of the ravine—and onwards, to thunder down in a mass of rubble, to the lower slopes. The ravine was wiped out as though it had never existed.

His face tight with shock, Jeff switched off the video-set. He had no wish to hear the sensational yelling of the commentator from the helicopter. He had already guessed that the roar of the 'copter's engines must have triggered off the disaster.

"Poor devils!" He spoke aloud to himself. "The only comfort is—they could never have known what hit them!"

Jeff sat solemnly at his desk, thinking of the tragedy he had witnessed. Then, suddenly, his sombre thoughts were interrupted by an urgent bleeping. The eyes of one of the portraits of his sons were flashing. It was John Tracy calling from Thunderbird Five, the great communications satellite, high above the Earth's atmosphere.

In a second Jeff was back to reality. Tragedies occurred—but life still went on. Someone . . . somewhere . . . might need the help of International Rescue.

"Go ahead, John! What is it?"

". . . A very faint signal, Father. It must be a low-powered transmitter. I can only just pick it up because it must be emitting from somewhere pretty high. Tracking conditions are tricky—but I'm trying to get a fix on it . . ."

A wild thought flashed across Jeff's mind.

He steadied his voice as he asked John the all-important question.

"Wh . . . what does the signal read, John?"

"It seems pretty broken-up, Father. I can just get fragments. It says: 'Buried . . . alive—help, *please* . . .' The message seemed to start with something like 'Boyle', but I can't be sure. Could be someone's name, perhaps, and as far as I can judge from the tracker-graph, the signal's coming from Mount Everest—of all places!"

Jeff paused momentarily, remembering that within the radio space-monitor, John had obviously been too preoccupied to keep up with the latest news. Then he replied: "F.A.B., John. Thunderbirds are go!"

As Jeff turned to his desk microphone, he grinned thankfully. Then, there was still hope—at least, for Sir John, if nobody else.

"Hello, Virgil! Come up here fast—and bring Brains with you. We'll be needing him . . ."

Thunderbird Two flew out of the daylight and into the night. The huge craft hurtled into the darkness of the northern hemisphere. Virgil Tracy turned from the

controls and spoke briefly to his companion: "What is our position, Brains?"

The little, bespectacled scientist looked up from his electronic charts.

"H . . . heading n . . . north over the Indian Ocean, Virgil. I . . . I guess we'll be in the Himalayas before dawn. It'll be . . . be tricky trying to find the s . . . site of that avalanche in the dark. But at least I know the area. It's near the site of my own expedition . . . you know—where I discovered that c . . . creature's remains and m . . . more, but neither the other scientists nor the authorities h . . . heard about that . . ."

"Sure, Brains!" Virgil's voice did not indicate the emotion he felt. "But we'll have to make it fast. Boyle, and however many others, are still alive somewhere under thousands of tons of rock. We don't know how much of their equipment they've lost. They may be freezing to death at this moment, or their air-supply may be running out . . . anything! We can't waste a second!"

"F.A.B., Virgil. If the Mole c . . . can't dig them out, n . . . nothing can!"

Fifteen minutes later, Brains' excited voice broke the silence. "Th . . . this must be it, Virgil! I . . . I think I've found the spot!"

Thunderbird Two came to rest at a steep angle, literally on top of the world. The huge avalanche had left a flat plateau of rubble where the jagged peak of Everest had been. The rubble sloped sharply away to the south where the ravine in which Boyle and his men were trapped, lay.

Virgil and Brains, both wrapped in warm clothing and taking frequent breaths from oxygen masks, stood by the long, cigar-shaped bulk of the Mole. They were arguing.

"F . . . for the last time, Virgil, do as I say! While I t . . . take the Mole down, you fly Th . . . Thunderbird Two clear! When I start b . . . burrowing, more of this loose rock may shift. We can't risk *b . . . both* machines—and *both* our lives! I can handle the Mole *alone*!"

Virgil shrugged uneasily. He knew that while they argued, the men below could be dying. All the same, he hated to leave Brains to risk the treacherous mountain by himself. But a quick decision had to be made.

"F.A.B., Brains. I'll take up Thunderbird Two on lowest possible power and hover about a mile to the south. But just . . . just take care, that's all!"

Brains watched the dark bulk of Thunderbird Two move almost noiselessly away. He climbed into the Mole, closed the hatch, and thankfully removed some of his thick, cumbersome clothing. Taking a deep breath, he slid the big digging machine into gear.

Even as the powerful screw on the Mole's nose dug into the loose rocks, Brains began to feel uncomfortable. It seemed to him that the powerful engines were louder than they had ever been. His driving seat shook slightly as the drill bit on solid rock, beneath the loose, snowy surface. He imagined that shaking running through the whole mountain, tearing loose another rockslide even worse than the first!

He pushed the controls sharply forward. The Mole slid into the ground, biting deep into the rocky heart of the mountain.

In what remained of the ravine, two men still lived—Sir John Boyle, bruised and battered, and Jack Paisley, clutching his broken leg. They huddled together in the icy darkness. Sharing the one oxygen cylinder that had escaped destruction.

Only a fluke had saved them from the swift and terrible death that had struck the rest of the party. As they had cowered in an overhang, at the side of the ravine, a huge slab of rock had crashed down in front of them, hung for a moment as if to topple and crush them, and had then fallen forward to lie against the ravine's side—forming a kind of rock 'tent' over their heads.

They had lain in this shelter while boulders crashed above and around them. The rock slab had held firm. But now they lay in a rock tomb, roughly some twelve feet square, with ten thousand tons of rubble between them and the light of day.

Boyle and Paisley realised they had not long to live. Already, the cold was numbing them. Paisley, in pain from his leg, was only semi-conscious. Boyle knew that once they slept, they would never wake again. He had tapped out a message on the small radio-transmitter he carried—but with no hope that it would be received or, even if it was, that it could be answered in time.

Next moment, he roused himself wearily to try once more. Gasping in the foul air, he croaked into the set: "Boyle . . . am alive . . . buried. Help us . . . anyone . . ."

He could hardly believe it as someone answered!

"K . . . keep transmitting! J . . . just keep talking . . . so I can find you!" Brains spoke nervously from within the burrowing Mole.

As he ploughed into the heart of the mountain, Brains felt a surge of elation as Boyle's weak voice crackled from his radio. He had thought that he might have to search for hours to find the trapped men, relying on the rough plot he had constructed from John's radio bearings. But now, he could home the Mole on to Boyle's signal!

Boyle was calling out hysterically. A torrent of questions poured from him. Brains kept up a steady reply: "K . . . keep talking. J . . . just keep talking!"

When he saw the sharp point of the drill break through the wall of rubble that blocked one side of his grave, Boyle was certain that he was seeing things. First a voice—and now this! The dying beam of the torch in his hand flickered convulsively as he shook with emotion.

The drill was followed by a gleaming cylindrical body. Boyle watched with bleary, unbelieving eyes as a hatch opened in its side. A small man, wearing glasses, climbed out blinking in the light of the torch.

". . . Er . . . I . . . guess you must be Sir John B . . . Boyle?"

It's a crazy dream, thought Boyle, as he helped the small man to lift the unconscious Paisley into the submarine-like machine.

He became aware that he was cramped into a narrow seat with Paisley beside him. He could see the little man up ahead at some sort of controls. The machine seemed to be moving through the earth.

I'm asleep, Boyle told himself. Must have dropped off . . . dying at last.

The shock had left him momentarily half-crazed.

But I don't want to wake up . . . not back in that black grave, he thought.

But Boyle did wake up.

He lay on an air mattress, wrapped in a warm blanket. The air was crisp and sweet. There was now blue sky over his head.

"Heaven," he thought, "so this is what it's like!"

He must have spoken aloud. Behind him, a voice answered.

"Sorry, Sir John, but you're wrong. We're no angels!"

Two men were bending over him. One was the bespectacled man who had drilled through the mountain. The other was a pleasant-faced man in a blue uniform. On the left breast of the uniform was a golden insignia—an outstretched hand, with the initials I.R. The man in the uniform spoke again.

"Ambulance 'copter is on its way from Katmandu, Sir John. We brought you and your friend down to the foothills—but figured neither of you were fit enough to travel far in Thunderbird Two."

It took Virgil and Brains a long time to convince Boyle, still light-headed from his ordeal, that he was alive. At last, when he realised that he and Paisley owed their lives to International Rescue, he was profuse in his thanks.

"If only there were some way I could repay you . . ."

The little man in glasses looked uncomfortable for a moment. Then, he spoke with hesitation.

"Th . . . there is one thing, Sir John. It . . . it's about the Abominable Snowman. It exists, all right. But there aren't m . . . many of them left. I only know because I . . . er . . . that is . . . Professor Hackenbacker is a friend of mine, you might s . . . say. He . . . told me he met them, after discovering that creature's skeleton. A noise roused him one night . . . while the rest of the camp slept. Then he saw them . . . outside . . . in the snow. He managed to communicate. Maybe you think I'm . . . kidding, but they do live up there. They only want to be left in peace. C . . . couldn't you say that . . . er . . . you didn't find . . ."

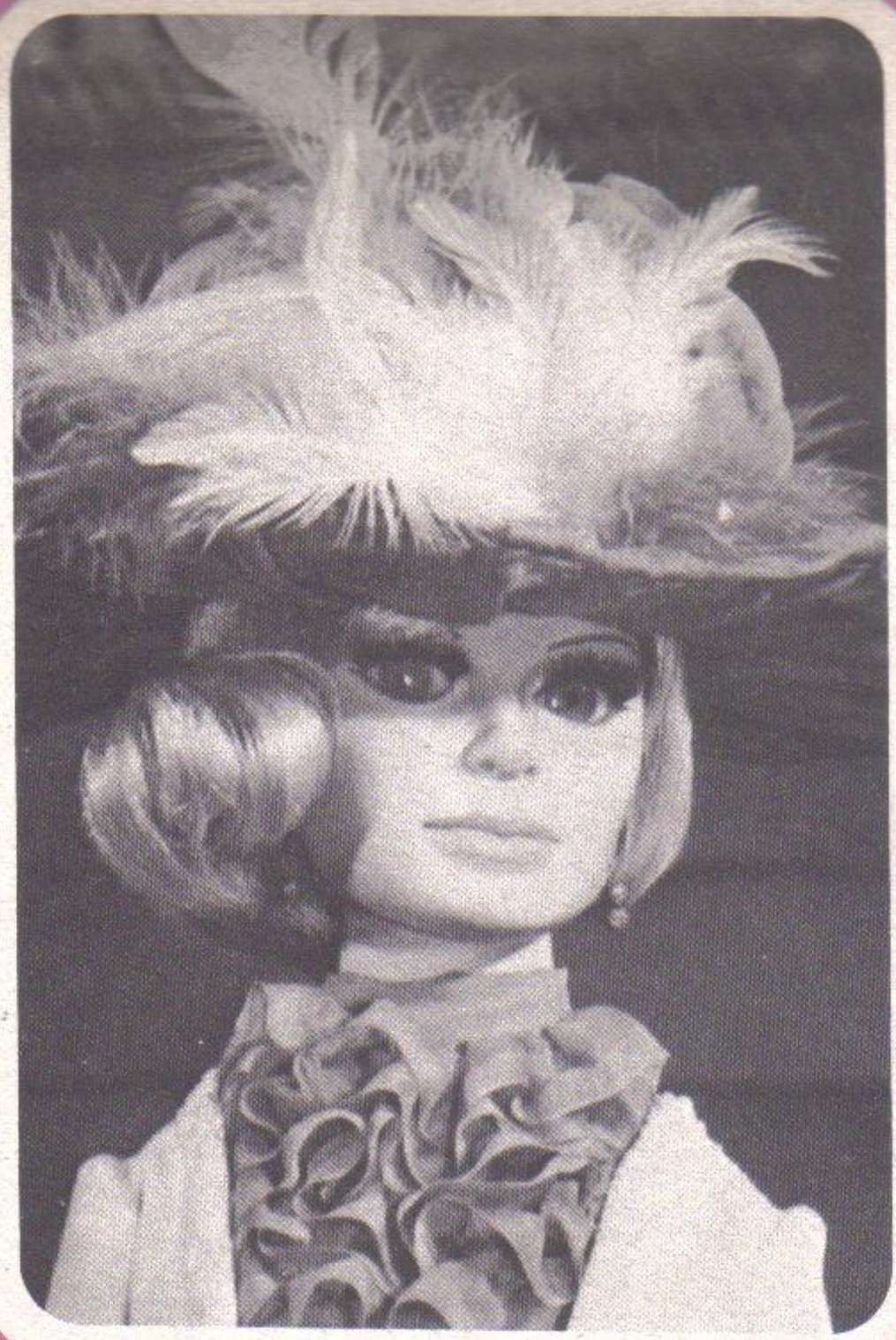
"My dear sir!" Boyle interrupted. "I'm afraid Professor Hackenbacker must have been mistaken. My expedition research has shown me that no such creature could possibly live on Everest." He paused, grinning. "I shall convince my colleagues of that fact!"

Sir John's eyes sparkled and Brains grinned. Then, at a shout from Virgil, they turned. Up from the south, glinting in the morning sun, the ambulance helicopter from Katmandu flew towards where the great bulk of Thunderbird Two marked the end of the legend of the Abominable Snowman.

There is a woman behind most great men. And behind every organisation there are great women who fight for success–to prove their equality–in a world of men.

These are the exceptional women who belong to two of the greatest organisations in the world –Spectrum and International Rescue . . .

THE WOMEN



OPERATING from her stately home, Creighton-Ward Mansion, Lady Penelope is the British Agent for International Rescue.

Educated by Miss Petherton, her governess, and at Hightower School, Penny led an eventful childhood. Often, though, she was lonely. Her parents lived in India where Sir Hugh Creighton-Ward was organising an Indian community.

For the last six years of her schooling, Lady Penelope was sent to Rowden, the famous boarding school for girls. There, she made many friends and soon learned to live the social life which had, for so long, been denied her.

Passing her exams with flying colours and leaving Rowden after being elected 'head girl', Penelope went to finishing school in Switzerland where she had a wonderful time ski-ing and touring. On several occasions she visited other countries in Europe.

LADY PENELOPE

She perfected four languages—French, Italian, German, and Spanish. These were to greatly assist her role as a spy—the profession she was to follow after a dull 'Deb's' social year.

Lady Penelope completed many top-secret assignments for various organisations. Then she took over as Supreme Commander of the Federal Agents' Bureau. It was at this juncture in Penelope's career Jeff Tracy approached her with a business offer. She jumped at the chance to work for International Rescue, the job was more than just a challenge, it was one that she really would enjoy.

The day Lady Penelope passed Jeff Tracy's gruelling tests and she, together with Parker, her 'safe-breaker' manservant, joined the International Rescue team, was to prove one of the greatest in International Rescue's history.

TWENTY-EIGHT-year-old Symphony Angel was born in Iowa, U.S.A. as Karen Wainwright. She graduated to Yale University when she was sixteen years old and attained the title 'Student of the Year', before leaving with seven degrees in various aspects of mathematics and technology.

Symphony was then contacted by the Universal Secret Service. She took their comprehensive training course and passed easily in only two years.

Sympathetic, quick-witted and adaptable—yet tough when required to be—Symphony became a great credit to the Secret Service. Time and time again she proved to be indomitable on difficult assignments.

Within five years she had revolutionised the spy 'game'—her 'methods' being copied all over the world.

For a particular U.S.S. mission, Symphony was

SYMPHONY

trained as a pilot. From then on she has never looked back.

Realising her true ambition, she left the U.S.S. and joined an airline company. It did not take long to prove her outstanding flying skill.

Symphony gained world renown with the difficult flying feats she sometimes had to perform.

In Symphony, Spectrum recognised the type of girl who would greatly benefit Cloudbase, and Colonel White invited her to become an Angel pilot.

Symphony passed the gruelling series of tests and was signed into Spectrum, of which she has become a happy and well-loved member.

HARMONY ANGEL, only daughter of a wealthy flying-taxi owner, was born in Tokyo, in 2042, as Chan Kwan.

Harmony was educated in Tokyo. By the time she went to finishing school in London, she realised that her only ambition was to fly. So she moved on to Tokyo University where she took a course in physics and aerodynamics. She spent all her days off at the Tokyo Flying Club.

During that time an idea was forming in Harmony's mind—she wanted to fly a jet, single-handed, around the world. Her dream started to materialise when she bought a second-hand single-seater plane. After redesigning and converting it to her personal requirements, she set off on her trip around the world.

But after flying for thirty-six hours, Harmony picked up a faint S.O.S. distress signal. She homed in to discover three men stranded on a blazing tanker.

HARMONY

With split-second timing and brilliant piloting, she hauled all three men to the safety of her tiny aircraft.

Six months later, Harmony made another attempt at flying single-handed around the world. This time she succeeded.

When Harmony's father died, later that year, he left her his flying-taxi service. Harmony developed it into the fastest flying-taxi service in the world.

Spectrum realised that with her skill, courage and determination, Harmony would make a first-class Angel pilot.

The girl from Tokyo accepted Spectrum's offer to become Harmony Angel.

EDUCATED at public school and then London University, Dianne Simms is now Rhapsody Angel, of the Spectrum Organisation.

Born in Chelsea, London, in 2043, Rhapsody is the daughter of Lord Robert Simms, one of the World Government's officials.

When this attractive English girl left University, she was thrust into the social whirl of the debutante. But soon, the endless parties began to bore her and she began to long for adventure and excitement.

At one such party, Rhapsody met Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward, who was then head of the Federal Agents Bureau. Lady Penelope and Rhapsody became close friends. Learning of Rhapsody's ambitions, Lady Penelope suggested that she might join F.A.B. Rhapsody accepted.

She passed her training course easily.

Rhapsody and Lady Penelope set out on many

RHAPSODY

dangerous missions—completing them all successfully. Later, Rhapsody brought many notorious criminals to justice, single-handed.

When Lady Penelope joined International Rescue, Rhapsody took over the Supreme Command of F.A.B., a post which she handled highly efficiently.

But unfortunately, F.A.B. was forced to close. So Rhapsody joined the Euro Charter Airline Company as Chief Security Officer.

Realising Rhapsody's potential, Spectrum had followed her career closely. Now she was to be one of their staff—an Angel pilot.

BORN on a cotton-farm in Atlanta, Georgia, Magnolia Jones, later to be known as Melody, was the tomboy of her family.

At fifteen, she left school. She had continually played truant, and so had not excelled in any subject. Now, she took up professional motor-racing.

But this was short-lived. Melody's parents sent her to a finishing school in Switzerland. She was bitterly upset, until she discovered that part of the curriculum was flying!

This became Melody's only passion, and after being expelled, from the school for bad behaviour, she joined the World Army Air Force. There she trained to be a pilot. Achievement followed achievement and, due partly to her iron nerve, she became the best test pilot in the W.A.A.F.

During one test flight, Melody was feared dead over the South Sea Islands. A search party spent three

MELODY

weeks searching for her, before deciding that all was lost. But a year later she reappeared, having built up a plane mainly from the wreck of her test craft.

Melody left the World Army Air Force and concentrated upon setting up a luxury flying-taxi service.

Her amazing stamina and flying ability was soon noted by Spectrum. They asked her to become an Angel—a decision which, during the course of her career, they never had cause to regret.

JULIETTE Pontoin, now Destiny Angel, was born in Paris thirty years ago. She is the daughter of a wealthy textile manufacturer. Juliette was educated in a Paris convent and at Rome University. Her social life tended to take precedence over her studies. Consequently, her work suffered, but she did, however, manage to pass her degrees in tele-communications and weather control.

With these unusual qualifications, she joined the World Army Air Force. She worked in the Intelligence Corps, where she really excelled.

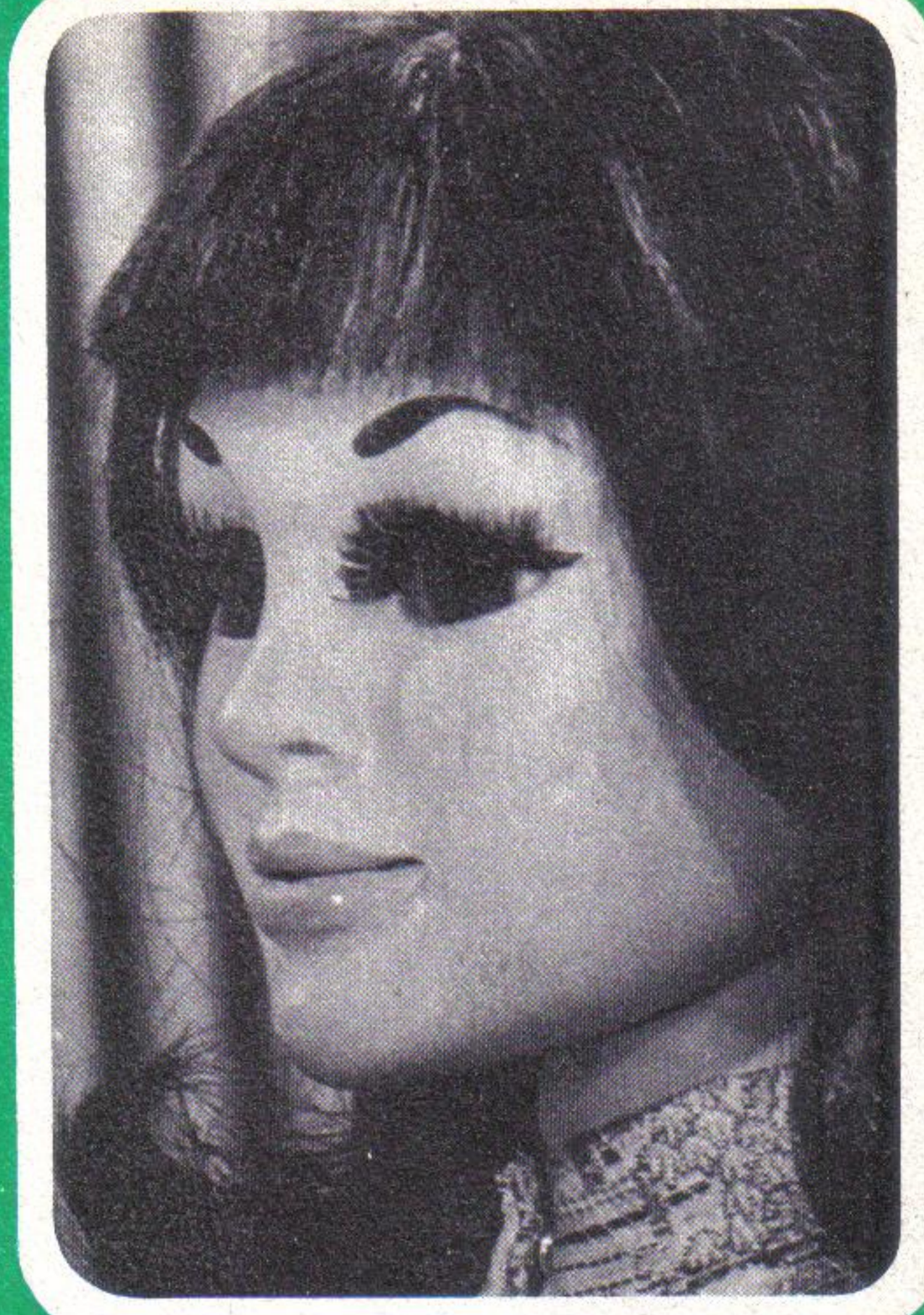
Training as a pilot was part of her job, and Destiny manoeuvred many difficult and dangerous assignments from the air. The W.A.A.F. promoted her to Commanding Officer of the Women's Fighter Squadron. She soon became their ace pilot.

Destiny spent three years in the force, but she began to tire of the regimentated life she was leading.

DESTINY

So she started her own firm of flying contractors.

When Spectrum heard of Destiny's faultless flying career with the W.A.A.F. and her successful breakaway from it, they offered her the job of flying one of the Angel aircraft. Destiny accepted happily, and proved herself to be a totally efficient member of the Spectrum organisation.



TIN TIN, a twenty-two-year-old Malayan girl, is the daughter of Kyrano, Jeff Tracy's faithful servant. She received an education in America and Europe, Jeff Tracy paying all the expenses in gratitude for Kyrano's loyal and devoted services.

After completing her studies, Tin Tin joined International Rescue as an active member of the organisation. With her degrees in higher mathematics and advanced technical theory and engineering, she can work closely with International Rescue's engineer and scientist, Brains.

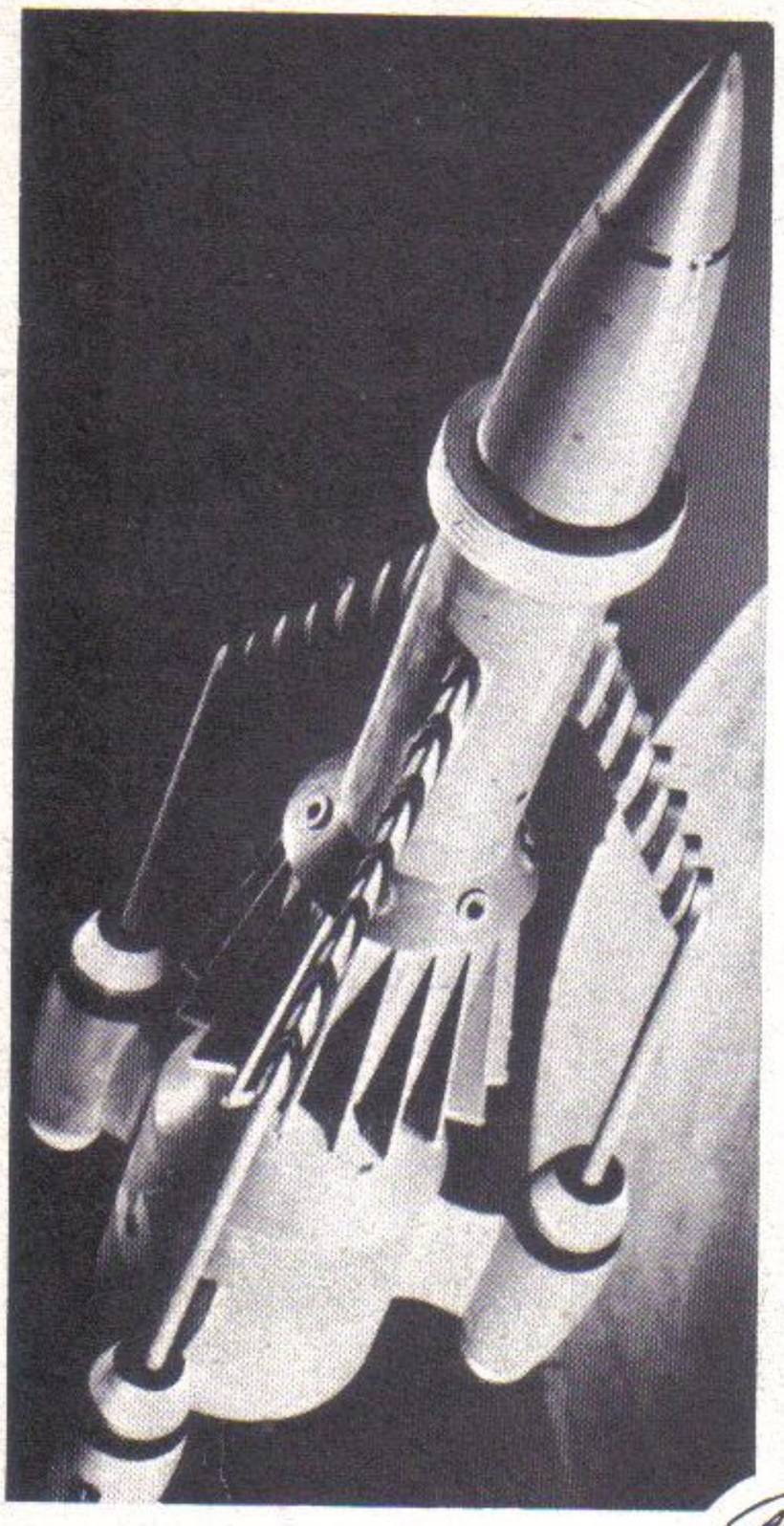
She checks and re-checks the Thunderbird machines and organises all maintenance—with her skill and knowledge she has repaid Jeff Tracy over and over again for his generosity in financing her schooling.

Tin Tin was involved in International Rescue's first rescue when a Fireflash, in which she was flying, was

TIN TIN

discovered to have a nuclear bomb aboard.

Feminine and sweet, and yet highly intelligent, Tin Tin is a true credit to International Rescue, proving that women can be a great asset to such an important organisation.



FIRE LORDS

THE YEAR IS 1970. A SECURITY JET ROARS ACROSS THE SKY, CARRYING A TOP-SECRET TITANIUM REACTOR. SUDDENLY, A STORM BLOWS UP...

THIS STORM IS TOSSING US ABOUT LIKE PAPER! LET'S HOPE WE MAKE THE SECURITY EXPERIMENTAL BASE BEFORE IT GETS ANY WORSE!

ALL THIS BUFFETTING COULD DAMAGE THE REACTOR PROTOTYPE ... OR MAYBE EVEN START IT GENERATING...

NOT A HOPE! ONLY INTENSE HEAT CAN FIRE ITS MECHANISM. THE BOFFINS WHO DESIGNED IT SURE TOOK NO CHANCES!

PRIMITIVE EYES WATCH THE JET DESCEND...

AAAGH! LIGHTNING... MUST HAVE STRUCK REAR ENGINES... NO POWER...

NEXT MOMENT...

SEE... WINGS OF FIRE COME FROM THE SKIES! IT IS A SIGN FROM THE ANCIENT FIRE GODS... WE ARE WARNED!

C...CAN'T HOLD HER... WE'RE GOING DOWN!

A CENTURY PASSES AND THE UNDISCOVERED WRECKAGE OF THE JET IS FORGOTTEN. THEN, IN A WEATHER RESEARCH STATION, ON THE ATLANTIC COAST...

I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE TITANIUM COUNT IN THE EARTH'S STRATOSPHERE... IT'S INCREDIBLE - INCREASED 300 PER CENT AND STILL GOING UP!

SOON, WORLD SECURITY HEADQUARTERS ARE CONTACTED...

THE SOURCE MUST BE DISCOVERED SHORTLY. IF NOT... IT WILL NEUTRALISE THE EARTH'S OXYGEN... **THE WORLD WILL CHOKE TO DEATH!**

...OUR INSTRUMENTS TELL US THE TITANIUM IS BEING EMITTED FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE ATMOSPHERE. OUR ONE CHANCE IS... **INTERNATIONAL RESCUE!**

JEFF TRACY RECEIVES THE S.O.S. WITHIN MINUTES, HE EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO HIS SONS...

BRAINS BURSTS IN, AND...

I...ER...THINK I'VE GOT IT, MISTER TRACY... THE...ER... TITANIUM SOURCE, THAT IS. SEEMS THERE WAS A CRASH SOME HUNDRED YEARS AGO...

BRAINS HASTILY EXPLAINS. THEN THEY TURN TO THE HUGE WALL MAP...

THE JET...ER... WAS CARRYING THE PROTOTYPE TITANIUM REACTOR. IT WENT DOWN SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO, IT APPEARS!

SO, ACCORDING TO THE EXPERTS, WE'VE JUST TWELVE HOURS TO FIND THAT TITANIUM SOURCE. BETTER CALL IN BRAINS, TOO, HE MIGHT FIND THE ANSWER...

HE'S ALREADY WORKING ON IT, DAD. I LEFT HIM SHOULDER DEEP IN THOSE OLD FILES OF HIS!

AT LEAST IT'S A LEAD... THUNDERBIRDS ONE AND TWO PREPARE TO TAKE OFF!

CARRYING A TITANIUM DETECTOR, SCOTT LIFTS OFF IN THUNDERBIRD ONE, FOLLOWED BY VIRGIL AND BRAINS IN THUNDERBIRD TWO...

SIX HOURS LATER...

SCOTT - TO THUNDERBIRD TWO. THIS TITANIUM COUNTER IS GOING CRAZY... THE SOURCE MUST BE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE... LET'S TOUCH DOWN IN THAT CLEARING!

BUT...

BRIEF SECONDS LATER...

THE READING SEEMS TO POINT TO THAT TEMPLE. WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE, BRAINS?

SAY! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE. WE'VE DISTURBED SOMEONE'S BONFIRE PARTY...

CLICK CLICK CLICK

SEEMS WE'VE DISCOVERED A TRIBE OF DESCENDANTS FROM THE ANCIENT AZTEC EMPIRE... BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TOO PLEASED TO SEE US!

TELL VIRGIL TO UNLOAD THE MOLE. I'M GOING INTO THE TEMPLE BEFORE THEY START INTERFERING!

SURE, SCOTT. B...BUT HERE COMES THEIR LEADER NOW... BETTER MAKE IT FAST!

ATTACK THE STRANGERS FROM THE SKY! I, ASTRO, COMMAND IT. HE DARES TO ENTER THE FIRE-TEMPLE!

SCOTT MOVES FAST...

LUCKY I BROUGHT MY LASER PISTOL... THAT SHOULD MAKE THEM THINK A BIT FIRST!

BACK, MY PEOPLE, WE HAVE ERRED! IT IS A MESSENGER OF THE SUN GODS. SEE HOW HE SPITS FIRE!

SCOTT TAKES HIS ONE CHANCE...

OH, PEOPLE. YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER. WE COME TO SAVE YOU. WE MUST ENTER YOUR TEMPLE!

OH, FIRE LORD, THEN WE MUST OBEY...

BRAINS AND VIRGIL ACTIVATE THE MOLE...

SINCE THE SUN ROSE TODAY, WE HAVE WORSHIPPED THE FIRE-TEMPLE AND THE STRANGE, SHINING GOD WHICH FELL FROM THE SKY!

LET'S HOPE THEY MEAN THE REACTOR! TIME'S RUNNING OUT...

THE AZTEC CHIEF CONTINUES...

MANY YEARS AGO, OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE TEMPLE TO HOUSE THE STRANGE MACHINE TAKEN FROM THE WINGED MONSTER WHICH CRASHED INTO THE SACRED RIVER. NOW WE BURN FIRES WITHIN ITS TEMPLE TO HONOUR THE COMING OF ITS FIRST MOON AGE!

WITHIN THE MOLE, VIRGIL AND BRAINS EFFECT 'BREAKTHROUGH'...

WE'RE IN THE REACTOR'S CHAMBER. BUT JUST LOOK AT THOSE FLAMES...

I'VE JUST TAKEN A RADIATION READING, VIRGIL. EVEN IF WE CAN GET THE REACTOR OUT OF HERE— WE CAN'T REMOVE THE TITANIUM RODS IN TIME... RADIATION HAZARD TOO GREAT!

SOON, THE MOLE SURFACES AGAIN, AND SCOTT IS INFORMED...

WE'RE IN A JAM, SCOTT! WE'VE...ER... JUST TWO HOURS BEFORE THAT REACTOR EMITS ENOUGH TITANIUM TO WIPE OUT THE WORLD!

WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET, BRAINS!

A BRIEF EXPLANATION, AND SCOTT SETS TO WORK...

WITH THESE EXPLOSIVES FROM T.B.1, WE'LL BLOW THE TOP OFF THE TEMPLE. ASTRO'S PEOPLE CAN HELP TO PLACE THE CHARGES!

THE EXPLOSIVES ARE PLACED ABOUT THE TEMPLE RIM, AND PRIMED. THEN...

RIGHT, VIRGIL! IT WORKED! BY EXPLODING THE FIRST CHARGE, IT SET OFF A CHAIN-REACTION. TAKE UP T.B.2 AND DROP THE GRABS!

VIRGIL HOVERS HIS CRAFT AT A SAFE DISTANCE ABOVE THE REACTOR. NEXT MOMENT...

REACTOR SECURED!

HE'S DONE IT! LET'S GET BACK TO BASE, BRAINS! THAT THING'S GOT TO BE DESTROYED - FAST!

AS THEY ROAR FOR HOME, SCOTT RADIOS JEFF TRACY...

HAVE ALAN STANDING BY TO TAKE UP THUNDERBIRD THREE, DAD!

F.A.B., SCOTT!

IR

THE REACTOR IS LOADED ON TO THUNDERBIRD THREE, AND TAKE-OFF...

HALF-AN-HOUR TO GO, DAD! I SHOULD JUST MAKE IT! I'LL BLOW THE REACTOR UP IN SPACE - ONCE SAFELY BEYOND EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!

MINUTES LATER...

LOADING REACTOR NOW...

ALAN... TO TRACY ISLAND... MOVING IN FOR THE KILL... FIVE MINUTES TO GO... LET'S HOPE IT WORKS... ROCKETS AWAY!

DESTRUCTION COMPLETE. WE MADE IT... WITH ONLY MINUTES TO GO. SCOTT'S PLAN WORKED!

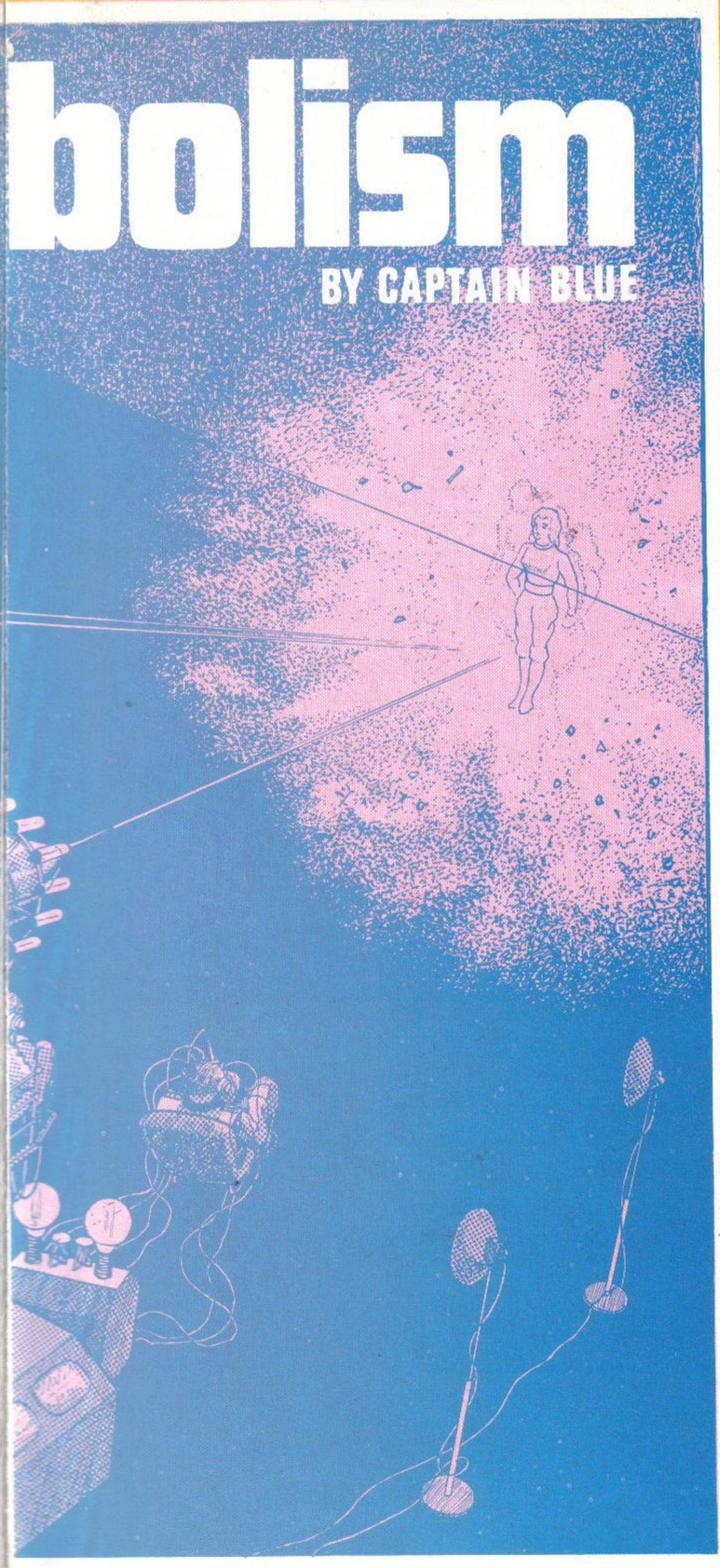
LATER, BACK ON TRACY ISLAND...

I'VE NOTIFIED THE AUTHORITIES! IT WAS LUCKY FOR US BRAINS FOUND THAT OLD FILE!

WELL... ER... SEEING THAT THE DANGER'S OVER... THINK I'LL GET ME ...A... ER... **BREATH OF FRESH AIR!** NOW IT'S OKAY, THAT IS!

Retro·metabolism

BY CAPTAIN BLUE



Following the invention of the Mysteron Detector, scientists on Earth have become increasingly intrigued as to the means whereby Martians are able to synthesise living forms. Their investigations have left them more baffled than ever. In fact, it is believed that it will be many years before our knowledge and science could equal that of the Mysterons.

The living forms which the Mysterons are able to produce are not hallucinations. That they may be of some cellular substance seems more the likely, though the technology required, if this were, would be possibly one thousand years ahead of our own!

Our scientists, however, have had some surprising results in experimenting with the rearrangement of molecular and atomic structures, in an attempt to create our *own* re-created forms.

Basically, they were faced with three problems. (*a*) How to break down or disintegrate an object; (*b*) how to suspend the atoms or particles over a period of time. Finally (*c*) to rearrange them to the required object. The first (*a*) was not difficult, as the process of atomic re-organisation has been known for some time, e.g. when a kettle is boiled, the molecules of water it contains rearrange themselves when it turns into steam. Conversely, when water freezes, a re-organisation in the molecular and atomic structures takes place. However, as the application of intense heat will not affect all objects, the question of a suitable disintegrator was approached from another angle.

The shattering of glass by sonic waves led scientists to make experiments at the two extreme edges of the electro-magnetic spectrum (ultra-sonic waves and sub-sonic waves) and by a utilisation of the laser beam principle, sound waves (ultra-sonic or sub-sonic used separately or together) would disintegrate anything from a human hair to a block of concrete successfully, without vaporising it.

If the suspended particles are not immediately 'captured' they collapse back into weird shapes and forms.

The solution of (*c*) followed eighteen months later. But it was not a satisfactory one.

The breakthrough occurred when the S.A.D.I.G. computer was coupled to an electro-translator (E.E.C.T.). Then, because Captain Scarlet was indestructible, he was asked to sit in the projector seat and become the human guinea-pig. Electrodes were coupled to his head, connected to the E.E.C.T., and he was then asked to concentrate on any object he cared to select.

To the surprise of those present, a somewhat shadowy figure materialised 50 feet in front of the projector. However, the moment Scarlet's concentration was disturbed, the shape vanished.

Further experiments confirmed that any mentally projected image had no substance. In the final test, Captain Scarlet thought hard before the electrodes were placed on his head. Then he announced he was ready.

There was a momentary flash of light and suddenly Melody Angel flickered into existence for about ten seconds, before disappearing. Had Captain Scarlet been able to sustain his concentration, the 'ghost' would have solidified into a 'fleshy' but lifeless statue.

Of course, we at Spectrum cannot give you up-to-date information on recent developments on the sonic, atomic S.A.D.I.G. as it is still top secret.

However, we can tell you that this Anti-Mysteron weapon has a number of uses in its present development. Firstly, it can vaporise anything.

I sometimes think we have come very close to achieving our aims of producing the effect created by the Mysterons on that fateful day on Mars, when the Mysterons re-created their destroyed Complex. It was this that started their deadly war of nerves!

Soon the powers of retro-metabolism, in its most advanced form, will be in the hands of Spectrum. Only time will tell.

FLASHBACK ANSWERS, TEST PAPER 1.

1 Tracy is the odd-word-out, not from Spectrum
2 11—sequence of odd numbers 20—sequence of 3 3 6 10 15 21 *28* 36
3 Missing letter is C—forms the word 'Spectrum'
4

5 K: S: E: missing letters
6 Missing number—16
7 Triangle shape
8 Missing number—5
9 Scott/Jeff/Alan/*Hood*—not one of the Tracys
10 Missing letters and numbers=3 C

FLASHBACK ANSWERS, TEST PAPER 2

1 England—London
2 Lima, Canberra, Tokio
3 Paris—Eiffel Tower
4 Australia
5 Irish Sea
6 Two
7 France, Austria, Sweden
8 Russia, America, England
9 Nepal—in the Himalayas
10 Japan

FLASHBACK ANSWERS, TEST PAPER 3

1 A=H; B=J; C=F; D=I; E=K; G=L
2 Microphone missing, pencil missing, tie different, design on cupboard behind man, control on tape machine behind man missing, paperfolder to man's right on desk has ring in different post
3

4

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

RULES

The Mysterons have threatened the lives of the Spectrum Captains. Now you can join in the excitement of the battle, simply by playing this game for two or four people. All you need are some coloured counters and a dice.

First, the players must decide whom they wish to represent—the Mysterons or the Spectrum Captains.

Mysteron Agents

Starting from the Mysteron Complex, the agents must follow the yellow pathway. They can move around either circle as many times as they like, or follow the figure eight, provided they only travel in the direction of the larger arrows.

When a Mysteron player lands on any one of the green squares, he must miss a go. And if a Spectrum Captain lands on that green square, or the one next to it, at the same time, he is then retro-metabolised and becomes a Mysteron player, too.

The Mysterons can claim victory when over half the Spectrum Captains have been eliminated.

Spectrum Captains

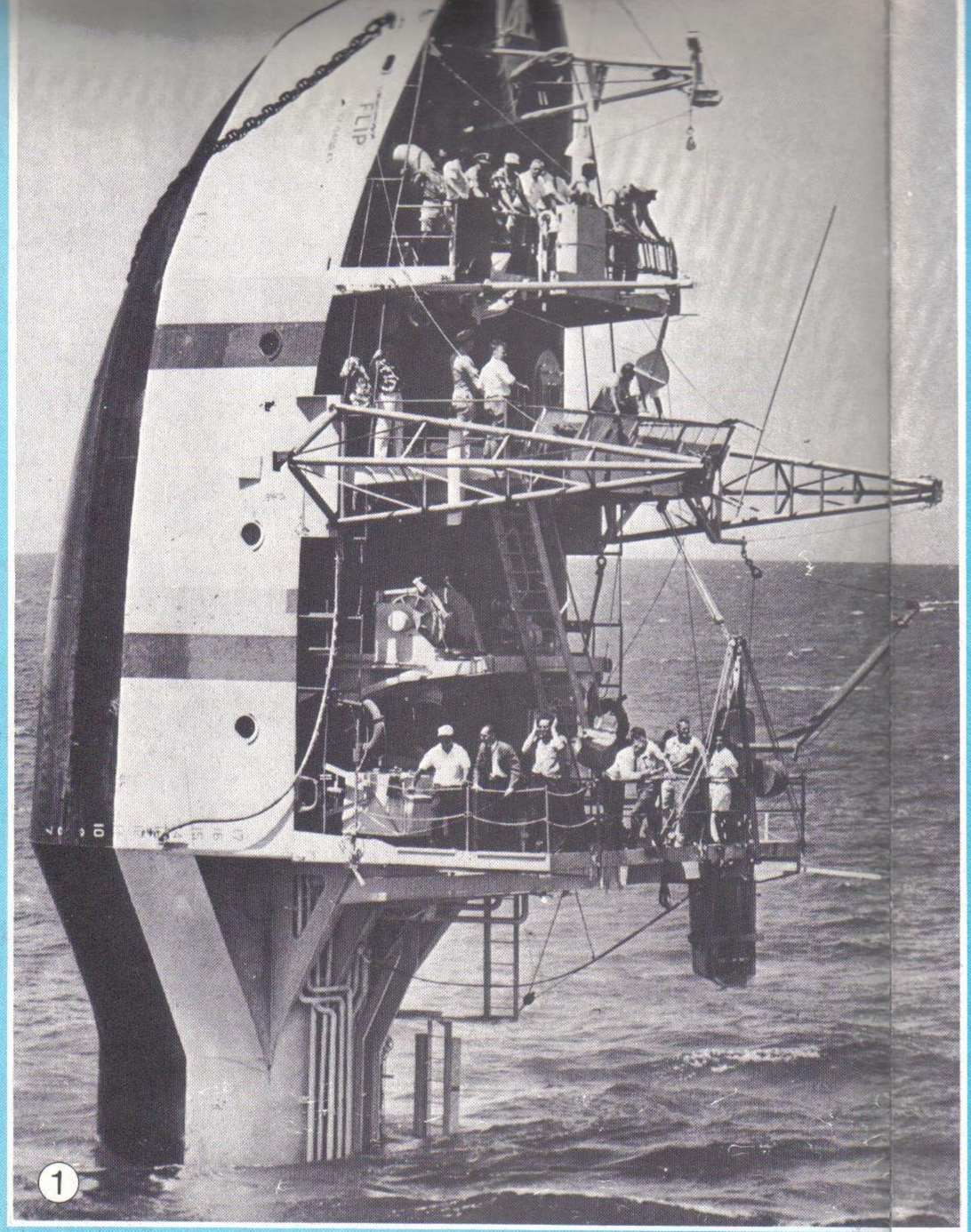
To win, the Spectrum Captains must travel once round their route and return to Cloudbase with more than half their players.

Spectrum Captains can miss a go when landing on the white squares if it is to their advantage to wait for a Mysteron to move.

If there are only two players, they should use a minimum of four counters each.

A counter can be brought into play each time a six is thrown. The player throwing a six automatically has a bonus throw.

SECRETS of the DEEP



1

YOU sit down, today, in 2070, to eat your lunch. The history book you have been reading bangs shut—and you put aside your thoughts of man's technological progress over the past hundred-odd years.

As you dip in hungrily to your savoury meal, you forget that much of your food can only be provided because of the *new* agricultural revolution —that it is, in fact, grown *under the sea!*

The cabbage you may eat is probably processed sea-weed, the potatoes, seed-pods of underwater plants; runner-beans, a type of weed which grows abundantly around the great mid-Pacific coral reefs.

Most of the vegetables that go to make up your staple diet—are products of *marine-farming*.

Had you told this to a landowner—a century, or more, ago—he would have laughed and pointed to the expanse of ploughed fields, and the 'chugging' farm vehicles which worked their way slowly up and down, turning the soil.

But on a planet of two-thirds water, and at a time when agricultural methods were unable to provide enough food to go round, some far-seeing scientists turned towards the sea.

After all, they considered, if man ploughs the land above sea-level, then why not beneath it?

In 1967, the undernourished countries' main problem was lack of protein. Throughout the world, 1,500 million people were starving. Something had to be done!

In those days, man was already relying upon the sea's *natural* resources to help the ever-diminishing food supply. That year, alone, 45 million tons of fish were harvested from the world's oceans. Then, man estimated that 225 million tons could be taken, each year, without the supply exhausting. But, early in 1980, that figure was exceeded! And, all the time, there were more and more hungry mouths to feed.

Then, people began to listen to the 'marine' scientists. They estimated the seas' vegetation as 4,000 tons per square mile. Thus, a complete farming 'continent' was yet to be made use of.

Investigation led to tests, and tests to reality. Within a comparatively few years, the sea was feeding one-third of the world's under-nourished population. By the year 2000 the word 'starvation' was unused.

Today, we owe our hunger-free lives to those men who exploited the sea.

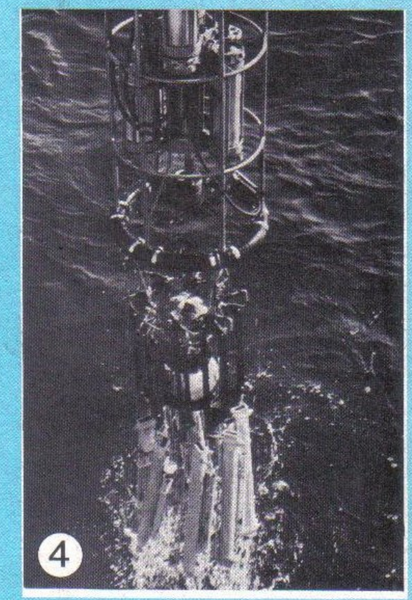
Our high-speed land-vehicles, our roads, bridges, houses and machinery are just some examples of everyday items we have come to accept without question—yet which are all made from metal compounds found on the ever-sifting beds of the earth's oceans. For, beneath the rolling surface of the waves, not only is there marine agriculture, but also underwater-mining—opening up vast, untapped mineral resources.

Now, constructed on the sea-beds, are hundred of 'sub-marine' communities—encased within huge, floating glass 'bubbles'. Within these 'sea-bed towns' live the farmers, the computer-programmers, surveyors and machine-minders—complete 'marine' communities. Vegetation is cultivated, harvested and processed. Huge schools of fish are herded into pens by trained porpoises, bearing radio-packs to receive commands . . .

However, the search for further sea-foods and minerals still goes on. There are yet many more uses for the sea, some of which are only ideas today, But, perhaps, they too will become part of normal existence. Underwater development has only just begun!

3

1. One of the first floating laboratories for under-sea research. This one was in use in 1967. 2. A sub-marine work-colony. It is here that the marine agriculturists work with computers to assess whether various underwater specimens could be mass-produced as edible foods. 3. The SPID—the Submerged, Portable, Inflatable Dwelling, contains food, water and tools for a one-man underwater research. 4. This instrument package determines sound velocity, light and temperature, 18,000 feet below the surface of the sea. 5. One of the many underwater oil-fields with refinery, storage tanks and homes for the workers. 6. Harvesting time at an automatic marine-farm. The overhanging harvesters transport the crops to processing plants.



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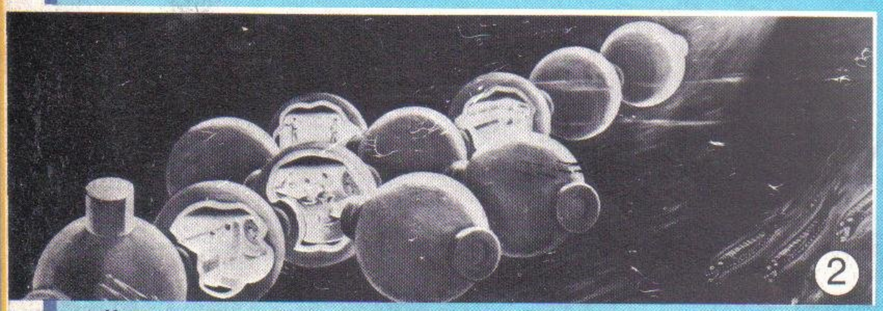

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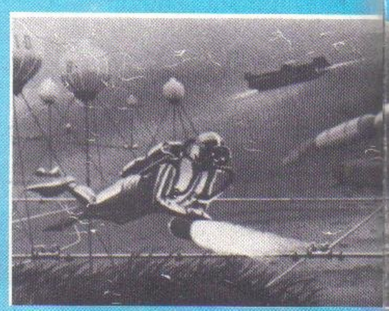

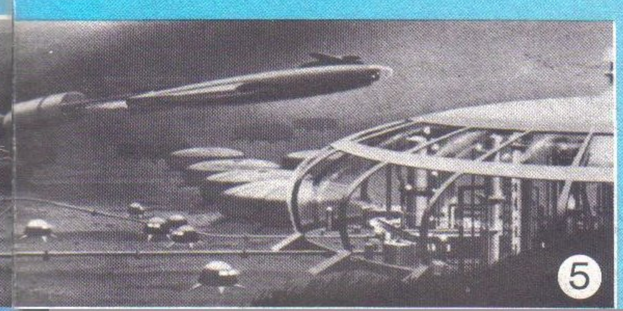

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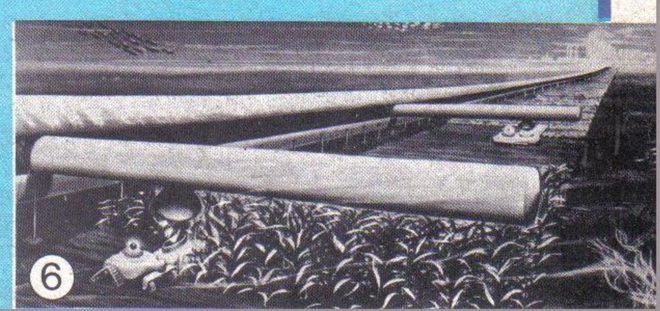
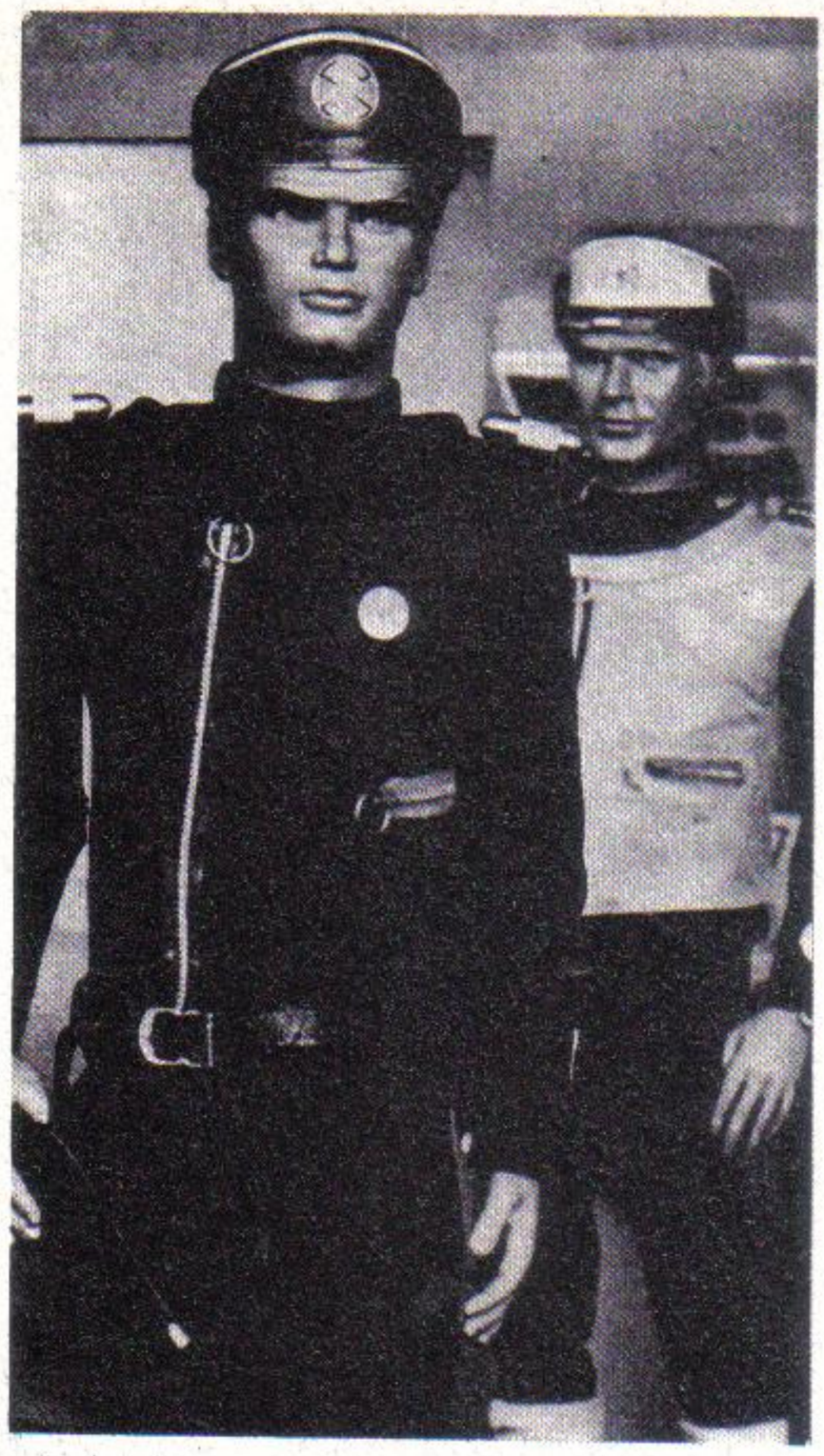


6

CAPTAIN SCARLET

RUNAWAY



THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS, U.S.A...
SPV
THE S.P.V. IS HANDLING PERFECTLY!
SCARLET CERTAINLY PICKED A DANGEROUS ROAD TO MAKE HIS TEST!
AT THE CONTROLS OF THE S.P.V. ...
SPEED UP TO ONE-FORTY! STILL IN FULL CONTROL!
WHAT THE...?
SPV

CAN'T HOLD IT!

NEXT MOMENT...

SPV

SPV

BUT SCARLET IS STEERING THE S.P.V. FROM A REMOTE-CONTROL CONSOLE ON CLOUDBASE...

PHEW! THAT WAS NASTY! I THOUGHT THAT ROAD HAD BEEN CLEARED!

BLUE TO SCARLET... MY APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN! THAT FARMER GOT THROUGH OUR SECURITY PATROLS - CAME DOWN A SIDE TRACK!

... IF I CAN MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO CONTROL OUR VEHICLES BY LIGHT-BEAM ELECTRONIC IMPULSE FROM A DUEL-CONTROL RIG - THEN YOU FIELD AGENTS CAN MAKE PATROLS WITHOUT EVEN LEAVING CLOUDBASE!

WELL, MAJOR, YOUR REMOTE CONTROL GEAR WORKS - BUT IT'S COST US AN S.P.V. TO TEST IT!

I'D STILL LIKE TO TEST IT AT FULL SPEED, SCARLET-AND IN ALL WEATHER CONDITIONS...

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS...

WE'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE WRECK. DID YOU PIN-POINT ITS POSITION?

S.I.G! SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT CAN BE SALVAGED AT LEAST!

BUT - MINUTES LATER...

NOT A THING! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE - I **KNOW** THIS WAS THE PLACE!

IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE... BUT NOT TO THE MYSTERONS!

THREE MILES AWAY...

YOUR VEHICLE HAS BEEN RETROMETABOLISED, EARTHMEN! IT IS NOW UNDER MYSTERON CONTROL...

SPV

WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL DESTROY ALABAMA!

IMMEDIATELY - CLOUDBASE SWINGS INTO ACTION...

S.I.G., COLONEL!

ALERT ALL FIELD AGENTS IN THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES! THAT S.R.V. MUST BE FOUND - AND DESTROYED!

DESTROY THE STATE OF ALABAMA - WITH AN S.R.V.! BUT HOW?

MAYBE YOUR EXPERIMENT WAS SUCCESSFUL - BUT IT'S STARTED A NEW MYSTERON ATTACK, MAJOR SEPIA!

DON'T WORRY, MAJOR! THE COLONEL DIDN'T MEAN TO BLAME YOU. I'M GOING TO JOIN CAPTAIN BLUE - BUT KEEP IN TOUCH... I MAY NEED YOUR HELP!

MEANWHILE, IN ALABAMA...

LOOKS AS IF A CYCLONE HAS HIT IT!

YES! AND THAT MEANS WE'RE HEADING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!

AT THAT MOMENT - EIGHT MILES AWAY TO THE WEST...

... ALL CIVILIANS ARE ASKED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE ARMY AND THE SPECTRUM ORGANISATION BY BLOCKING ALL ROADS IN THE APPALACHIANS...

GIVE A HAND, JUD - THEM GANGSTERS OR WHATEVER THEY ARE - MAY BE HEADING THIS WAY!

SOMETHIN' COMIN' UP THE ROAD - MOVIN' MIGHTY FAST!

THEY SURE WON'T BUST THROUGH THIS LOT SO EASY!

NEXT MOMENT...

SPV

DARN IT! BULLETS DON'T TOUCH IT!

GET CLEAR! RUN FOR IT!

SPV

SPV

AAAGH!

AT THAT MOMENT...

MESSAGE FROM ALABAMA POLICE... S.R.V. PASSED THROUGH PINE BLUFF - HEADING IN DIRECTION OF CEDAR CREEK!

CEDAR CREEK! OF COURSE - I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED, CAPTAIN OCHRE!

GUESSED WHAT?

CEDAR CREEK BASE IS WHERE THE HUGE STOCKPILE OF COBALT BOMBS IS STORED! A FEW SHOTS FROM AN S.P.V. CANNON COULD SEND THE WHOLE PLACE SKY-HIGH - AND ALABAMA WITH IT!

WE MUST WARN THEM!

NOTHING THEY HAVE WILL STOP A MYSTERONISED S.P.V. - ONLY ELECTRODE WEAPONS WILL DO THAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT... AND THAT MUST BE SCARLET! MAYBE HE'LL KNOW...

GIVE ME YOUR PISTOLS! USING THEIR POWER-UNITS, I CAN TURN MY HELIJET INTO AN ELECTRODE BOMB!

SURE - IT MIGHT WORK!

COUNCIL OF WAR...

AN ANGEL FLIGHT'S ON ITS WAY - BUT THEY'LL TAKE TIME PICKING UP SUCH A SMALL TARGET. AND OUR SURFACE VEHICLES WILL BE TOO LATE...

THEN IT'S UP TO US - IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE AND WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT! WE MUST STOP THE MYSTERONS!

SCARLET! EVEN IF IT WORKS - AN ELECTRODE CHARGE BIG ENOUGH TO DESTROY THE S.P.V. WILL DESTROY YOU, TOO!

FIVE MILES FROM CEDAR CREEK...

ARMY TO ANGEL FLIGHT. YOUR TARGET HEADING TOWARDS US NOW! OUR POSITION IS...

...TEN DEGREES FROM —

AAAAGH!

HIGH ABOVE, THE ANGELS ARE HELPLESS...

AAAGH!

THEIR RADIO'S CUT OUT! WE'LL NEVER PICK UP THE S.P.V. IN TIME IN THOSE MOUNTAINS!

BUT SCARLET IS TAKING ACTION ALONE.

LINKED TO THE HELIJET'S POWER UNIT - THEY SHOULD PROVIDE A BIG ENOUGH BURST OF ELECTRODE ENERGY!

SCARLET TO MAJOR SEPIA... COME IN... I NEED YOUR HELP!

MAJOR - YOU HAVE A CONTROL MOCK-UP FOR A HELI-JET. CAN YOU TAKE OVER THE ONE I'M FLYING?

I... I THINK SO...

... BUT THERE'S NO TELEVISION GUIDE- I'LL BE FLYING IT BLIND!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TALK YOU IN. I'M OVER CEDAR CREEK CAMP NOW!

AND THERE'S THE S.P.V.! OKAY, MAJOR, TAKE OVER-NOW!

SPV

TWO POINTS TO STARBOARD, MAJOR... STEADY... ONE POINT PORT...

... A TOUCH TO STARBOARD... EASY... HOLD HER STRAIGHT...

STEADY MAJOR! WHEN I SAY "NOW"- COUNT OFF FIVE SECONDS AND THEN CUT ALL POWER! UNDERSTAND?

S.I.G., SCARLET!

SPV

NOW!

FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...

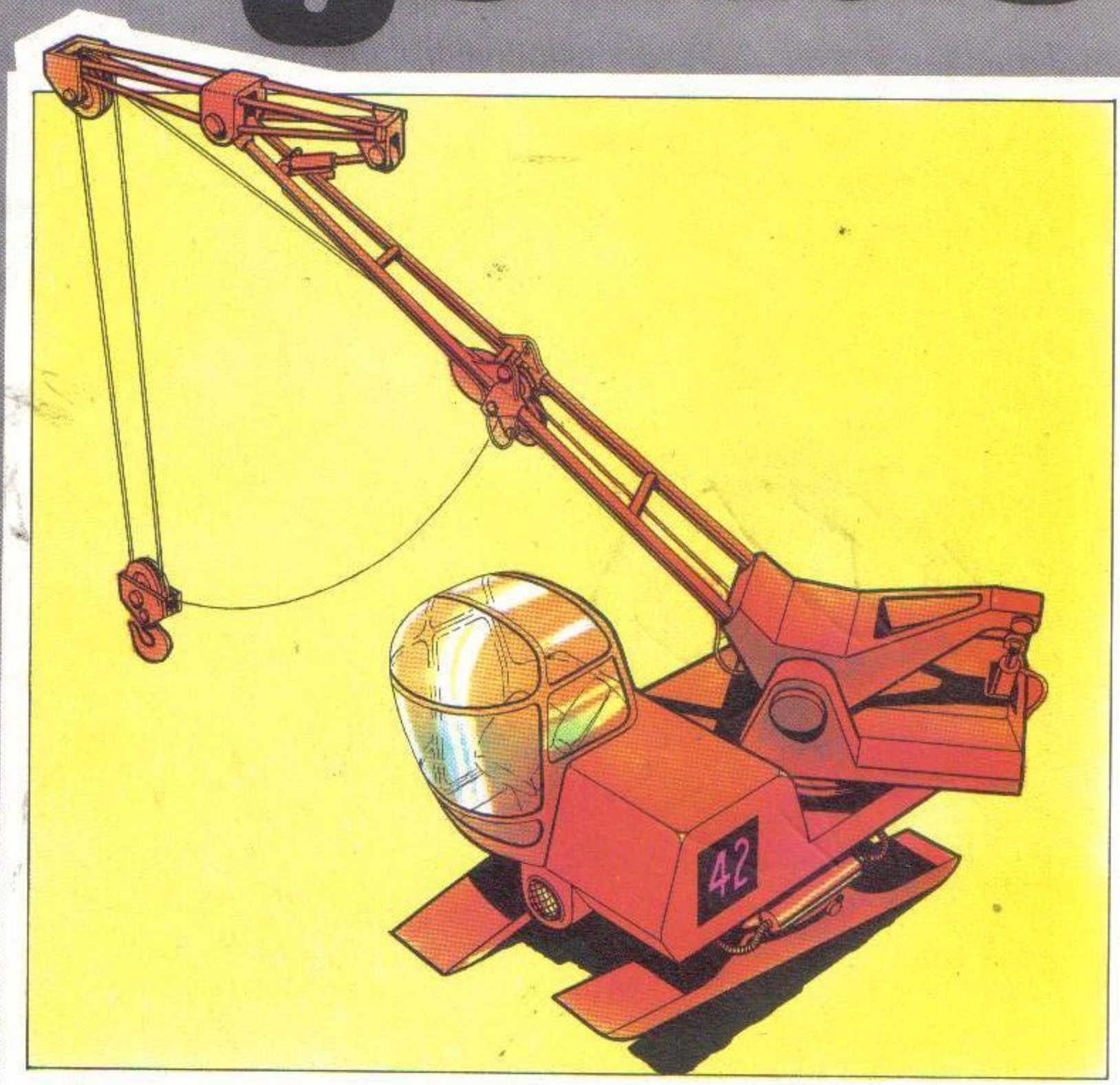
...ONE... CUT!

MINUTES LATER...

NICE TIMING! BUT MAYBE THERE ARE JUST A FEW TOO MANY THINGS THAT COULD GO WRONG WITH YOUR REMOTE-CONTROL GADGET!

Designs of a genius

Thunderbirds are *always* GO! For, even when *not* out on 'rescue call', the Tracys are busy maintaining their craft. This done—they are still not satisfied. Spearheaded by the genius of Brains, they are always designing and constructing new craft. Direct from the files in Brains' laboratory comes his sketch impressions of the latest additions to their ever-expanding fleet of vehicles.



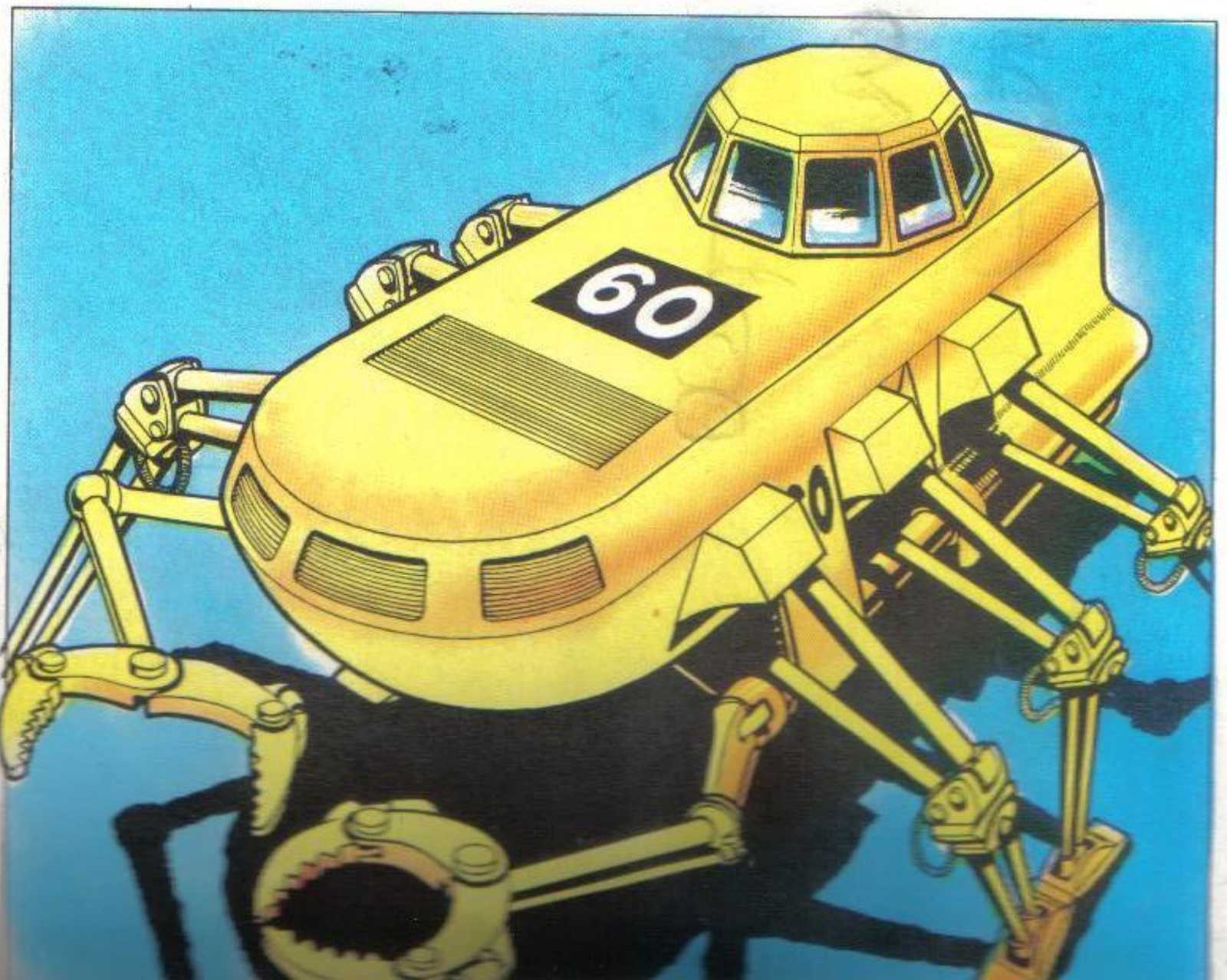
MINI-CRANE

This is ideally suited for light work in confined spaces. Due to its size, it is easily manœuvrable over difficult terrain.

There are two 'skis', each about 15 feet long, at the base of the 'body' power-unit, enabling the crane to span ditches and trenches.

The tubular cahelium-constructed jib includes a fly-jib extension for ultra-accurate assignments. The whole assembly can easily be folded inwards.

The machine can either be operated from within the small cabin or by use of a hand remote-control unit, from up to 3 miles away.



FOREST CRAB

Compact and built of high-tensile steel, the Forest Crab is powered by atomic energy, the unit being situated on the underside of the chassis.

The crab 'legs' have a separate electric motor installed at every joint, and are co-ordinated by a simple computer.

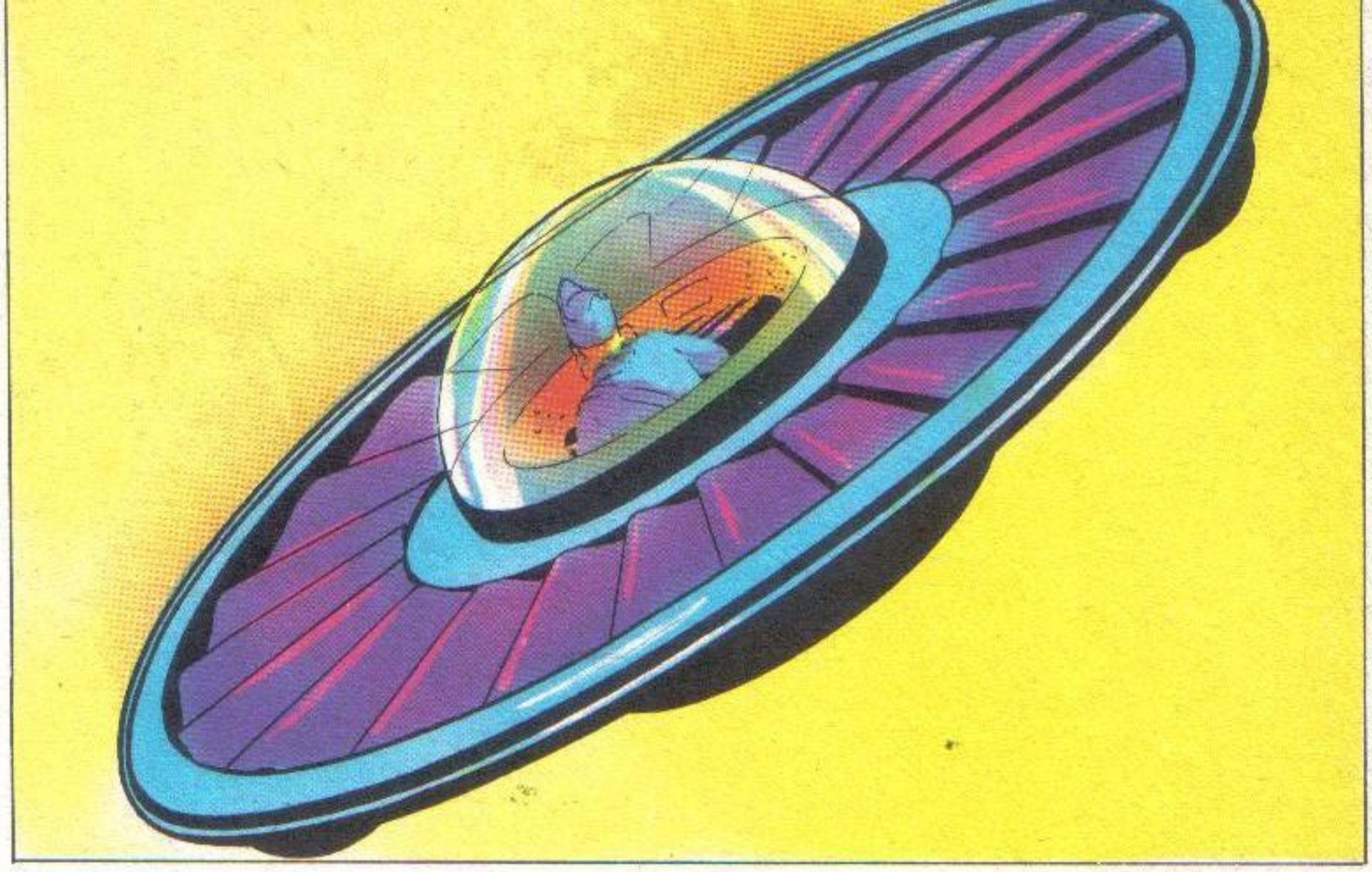
The serrated 'jaws' at the front of the machine have an intricate hydraulic-drive system, and are used to clamp firmly on to trees of all sizes.

The three frontal grilles slide back in response to switches on the instrument panel within the cabin. The two outer casings house twin laser-beams, used for cutting through the objects held by the claws. The central grille retracts to reveal a fire-extinguisher of carbon-dioxide gas, incorporated in the event of accident, or malfunction of the lasers—or to create an escape path in a brush flare-up.

DISCOCOPTER

The 'copter is designed for a single pilot. It uses a prototype auto-nuclear motor and is capable of a 30,000-mile trip without maintenance.

Flight is propelled by the beating of the twenty-two blades, which circle the 'bubble' cockpit. The angle, speed and pitch at which they fan determines the flight-path of the 'copter. Due to its 360-degree streamlining, the craft can skim through wind-currents at a maximum speed of 500-600 m.p.h.



BRIDGE-BUILDER

As its name suggests, this vehicle is used to construct temporary bridges across chasms and rivers.

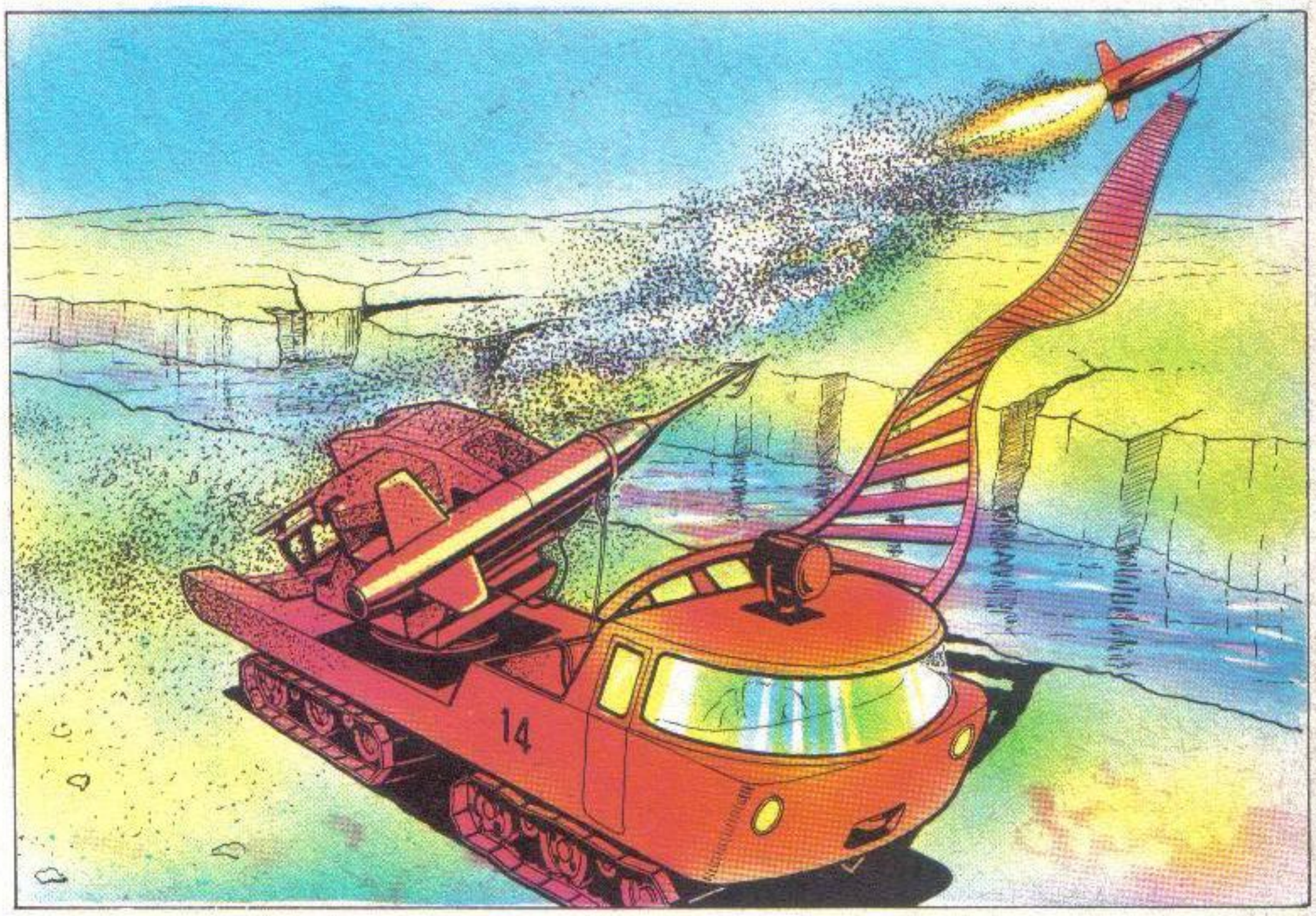
Mounted at the rear is a rocket-launcher. This houses two small missiles, each carrying the ends of the 'bridge'.

The first is fired to land at a predetermined distance on the other side of the gap to be traversed. It settles in an inverted position. The anchor-tip penetrates deep into the ground on impact. The other end of the bridge is still attached to the second missile.

The vehicle would then change position, moving several yards farther away from the nearside edge, paying out the necessary length of bridge.

The firing-stand is then elevated almost to the vertical position, and the second missile launched, so that it lands beside the gap. Swivelling round like a corkscrew, the missile then tightens up the slack of the collapsible bridge.

This done, the Bridge-Builder moves on to reload its two rocket-mounts.



HOVER-TRANSPORTER

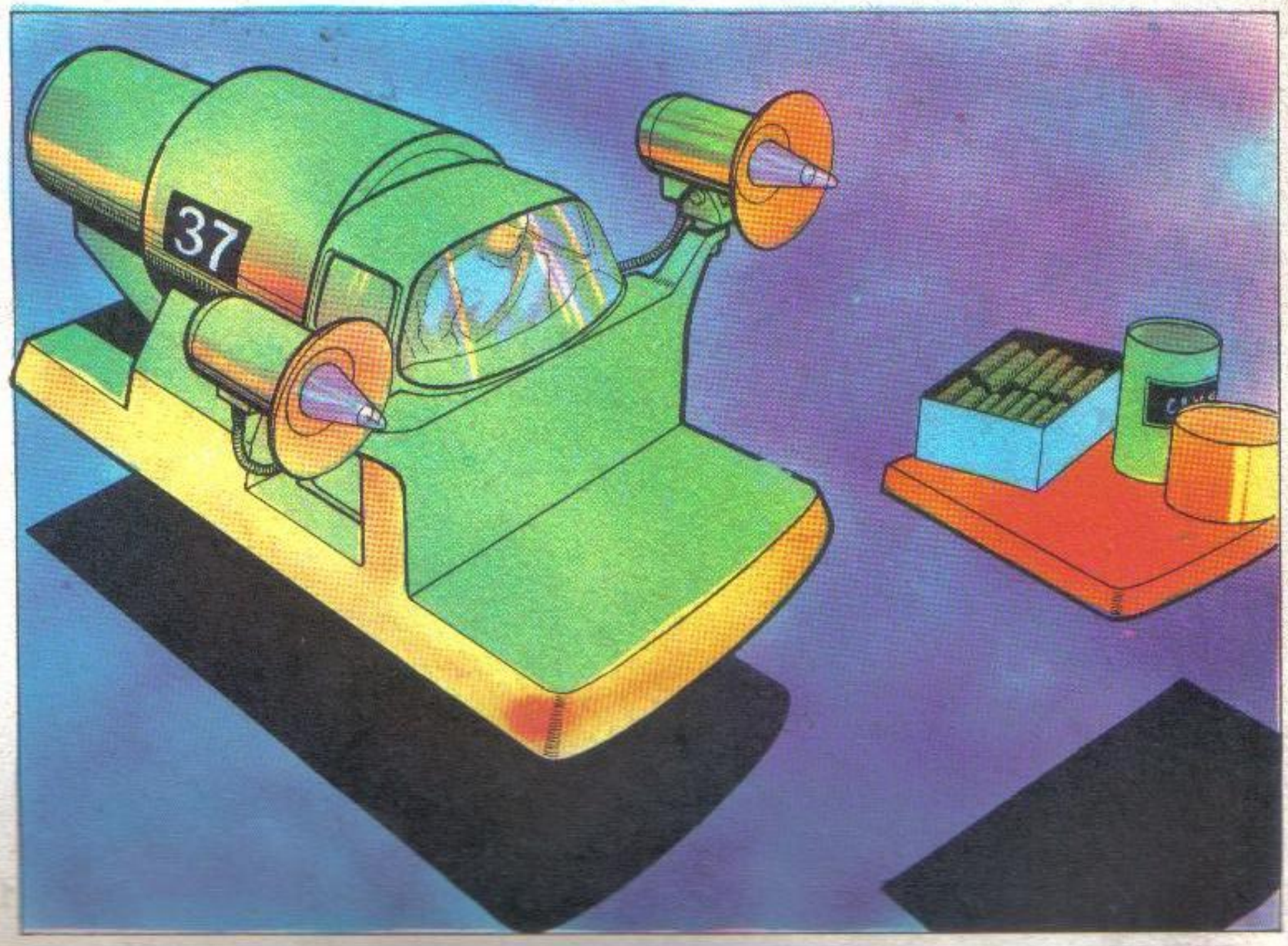
Revision to the uranium-atom, during an experiment carried out ten years ago, has given rise to the development of this completely revolutionary transporter.

The vehicle is built of magnesium alto metal. The Cathgal ray tubes are trained on the object(s) to be levitated, which are placed on a magnetic-plastic tray. The tubes emit uranium-proton particles which cause the tray to rise into the air 'as if by magic'.

During this time the area between the vehicle and the tray is highly dangerous.

The Hover-Transporter enables materials—placed upon the 'hovering' tray—to be carried over difficult marshland.

Construction of a similar, larger machine is now under way.

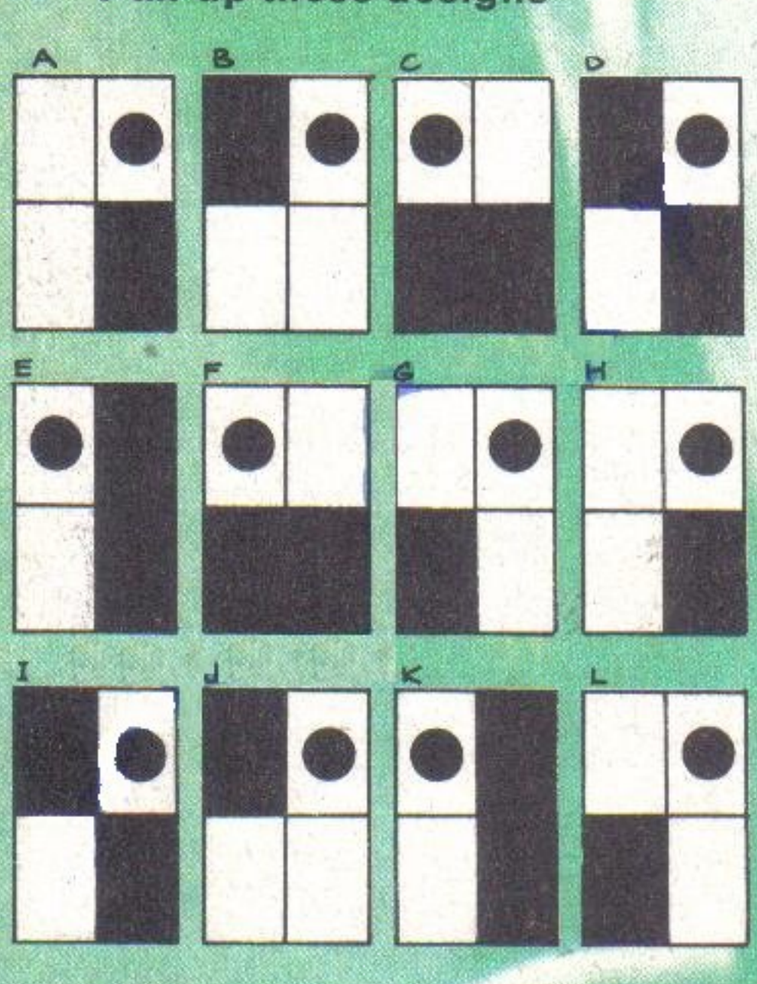


PROJECT FLASHBACK

TEST PAPER 3

Time limit for each question—60 seconds

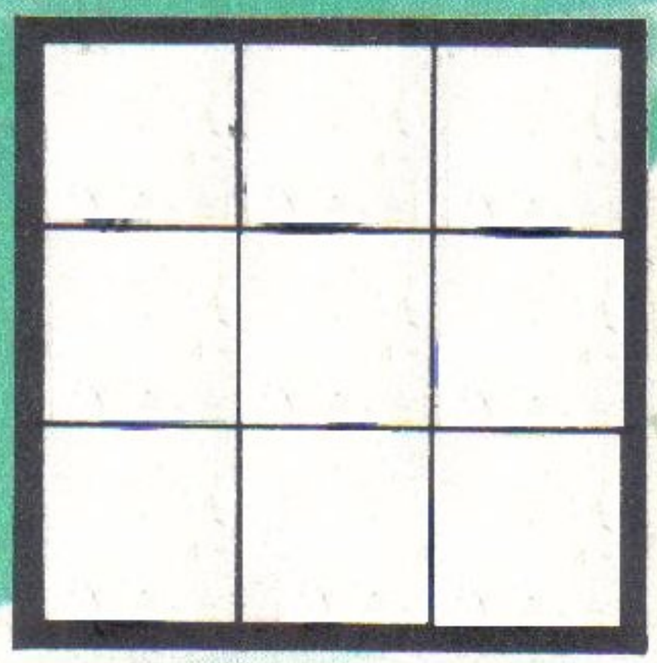
1 **Pair up these designs**

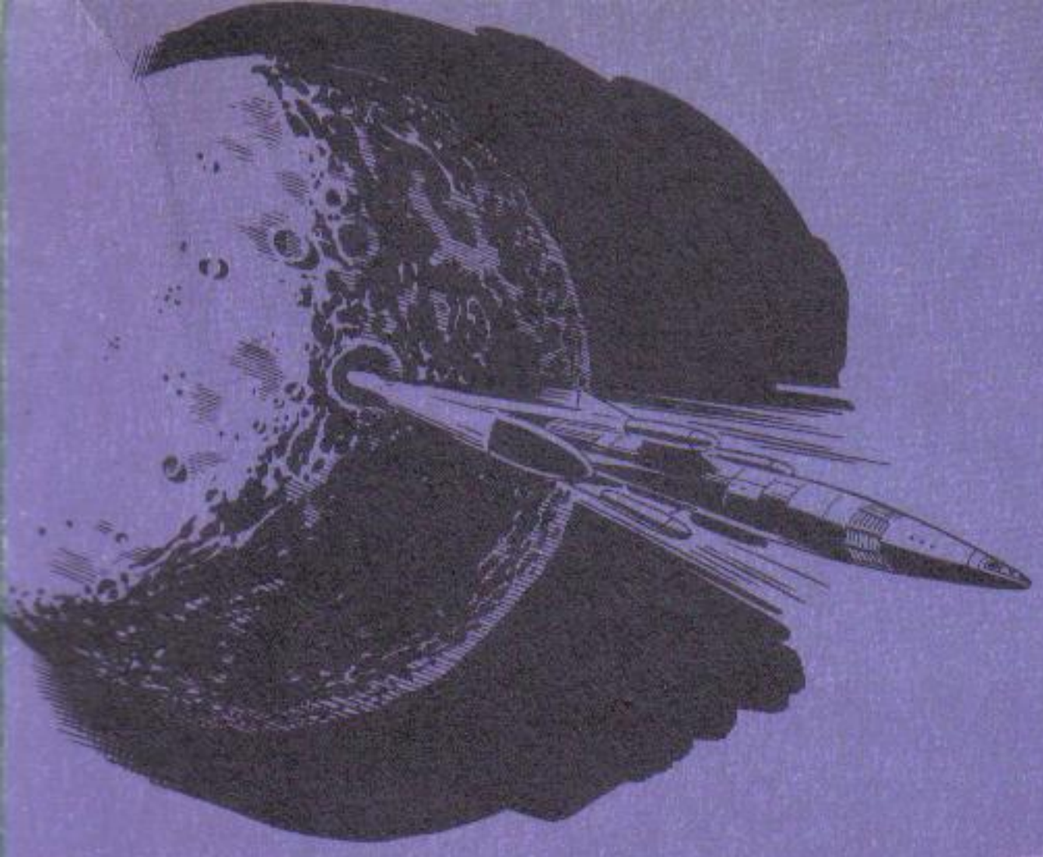


2 **How do these two pictures differ?**

3 **Can you divide this circle into eight sections with four straight lines, so that each section contains numbers that add up to ten?**

4 **Arrange the numbers into the squares in such a way that reading across, down and diagonally, they add up to 15**





Five-hundred-million years ago, Mars was born. A violent explosion rent the sun. Meteors of solidified gases burst from its surface and blazed trails across the Universe. One of these cooled to become the 'red planet'—Mars.

Millions of years passed. Evolution took its course on Earth and created man. As Earth was explored and conquered, man turned his head to the heavens.

The Middle Ages and the time of the Renaissance. New cults were adopted. One of these was astronomy. Telescopes were invented, enabling man to look out on to the new window-world of the stars. Galileo was the first man to take an active interest in the universe. He plotted star constellations and mapped the heavens.

But it was beings from outer space who saw the red glow of Mars and soon conquered its barren wastes; a race of highly-advanced space beings known as the Mysterons.

For centuries they colonised the planet, living their cultured lives, designing and inventing new craft and computers to run their lives for them. A vast complex was installed with computers to protect it—computers with the built-in defence-system of retrometabolism.

Mars existed for 3,357 years under the Mysterons. Then, suddenly, they evacuated the planet, leaving their complex behind with its evil powers. Where the Mysterons went, no one knows. Why they left is also a mystery.

It was in 1965 that men from Earth took a much greater interest in the red planet. Already, their programme for landing on the moon was under way—now they turned to other planets in the Solar System.

1965—Mars was photographed from Russian and American space satellites. During the next 30 years man achieved his conquest of the moon, and had enough information on Mars to launch an experimental invasion-force.

1990—man took his first steps on Martian soil! A decade later he opened up the planet for colonisation. People flocked to the new 'land'. Cities were built and colonies thrived. A capital at Kahra was proclaimed and at last Earthmen were living on the planet.

Today, Mars is a part of Earth's World Space Empire. It has its own government and is self-sufficient. Several regions still remain unconquered, but it will only be a matter of time before Mars becomes as densely-populated as the Earth. . .

MARS

North Pole Plateau.

Atlantis Desert.

Lichen, the only natural vegetable life on Mars.

STATE of MARE-SIRENUM

Kahra, capital city of Mars and the Atlantis State. Pop.: 1,000,000.

Gold-Mine settlement of Rebus. Pop.: 10,000.

Wheat Belt of Cadiz. The wheat is grown artificially in the Martian soil. It is a special dwarf variety with all its energy concentrated in the grain, not the stalk. There are many leaves to aid photosynthesis.

STATE of ATLANTIS

STATE of MARE-CIMMERIUM

Eden, Mars' main space-port. It has a colony built around it. Most cities have their own space-ports, but these are much smaller. Pop.: 250,000.

Obelisk, the city built in memory of the first landing on Mars, in A.D. 1990. The domes of the city mark the spot where the first space-craft touched down. Pop.: 500,000.

Cimmeron City, in the Cimmeron Canyon. A township built within the vast craters. Pop.: 75,000.

STATE of TRIVIUM

The Delga canal system. Man-made waterways designed to speed communications on the planet.

Phobas, capital city of the Trivium State. Pop.: 450,000.

The Forest of Gila. A wild region which is plagued by mutation forms of lizards.

The Crater Delta. A huge area of craters, some 74 miles in diameter. The capital of this region is Drogeda. Pop.: 30,000.

South Pole Ice-field.

Korpa, capital city of the Phaethontis State. Pop.: 500,000.

STATE of PHAETHONTIS

Red Desert. Uninhabited.

Dramos, ultra-modern city, built in A.D. 2067. It is constructed inside a huge crater. Pop.: 50,000.

STATE of PHLEGRA

The Forest of Glenn. A vast jungle of lichen trees.

The Forest of Monsters. A forest-region swarming with Myster, a mutation life form.

MARS

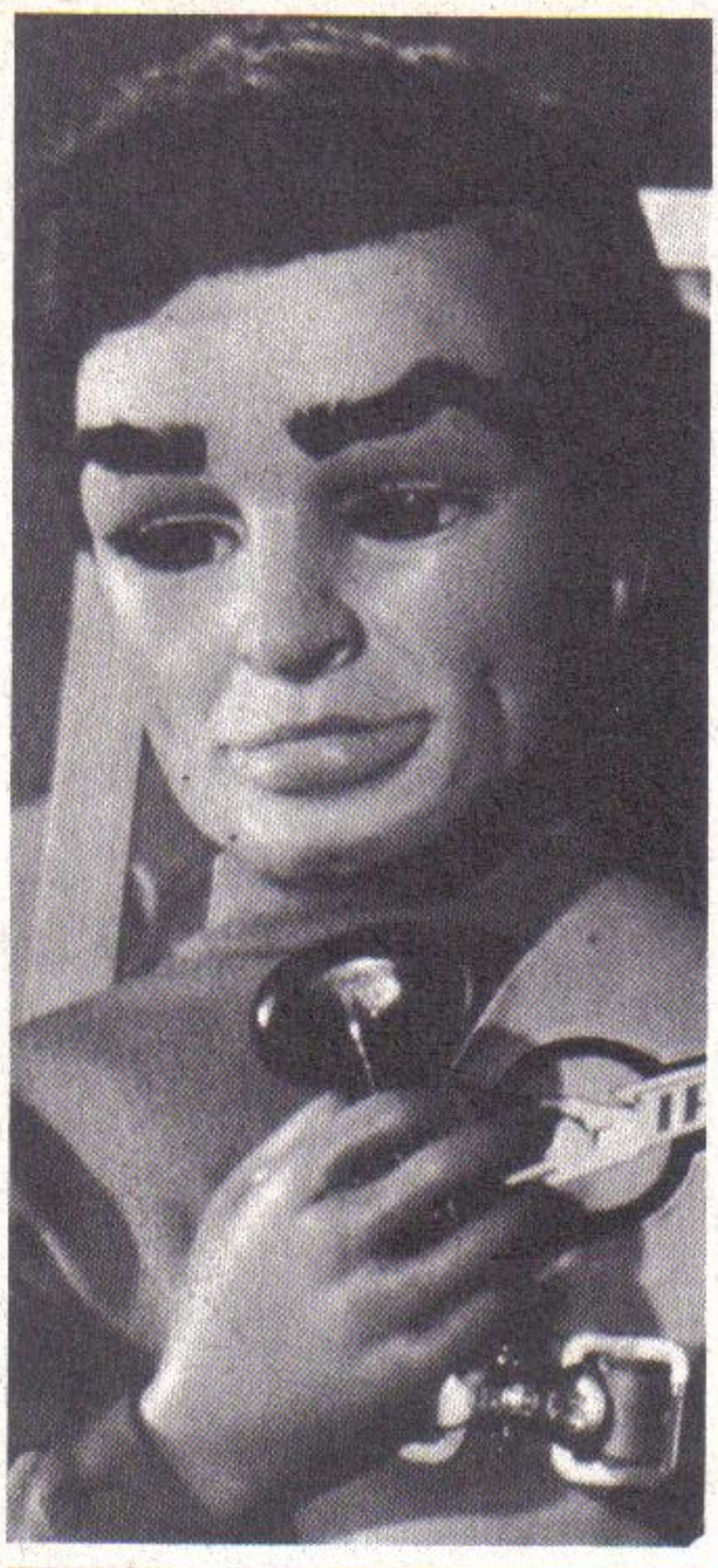
500,000 B.C.	Mars was born.
1456 B.C.	Colonised by the Mysteron Race.
A.D. 1887	Martian 'canals' sighted by Italian astronomer Schiaperelli.
1901	Mysteron race fled the planet, leaving only their complex in existence, and working order!
1965	Martian surface photographed from orbiting satellites.
1990	Man's first landing on Mars for experimental purposes.
1995	Man landed on Mars and set up research stations.
2000	Mars colonised.
2001	First settlers reached Mars.
2002	Mars opened up for colonisation.
2004	Kahra constructed to become capital city, containing its own atmosphere.
2006	The explored regions of Mars divided into the continental states.
2021	Mineral deposits discovered; gold, silver, titanium, cahelium, zinc, uranium.
2021	Artificial insemination of the Martian soil.
2022	Mars became the first member of the World Space Empire.
2030	Mars made independent under its own Senate.
2066	Zero X discovered Mysteron complex.
2068	Zero X discovered the Rock Snake belt and other unexplored regions.
2068	Martian Moons developed into space stations.
2069	Kahra became self-governing continent of Mars.

Unexplored region in the South Flow ice-belt.

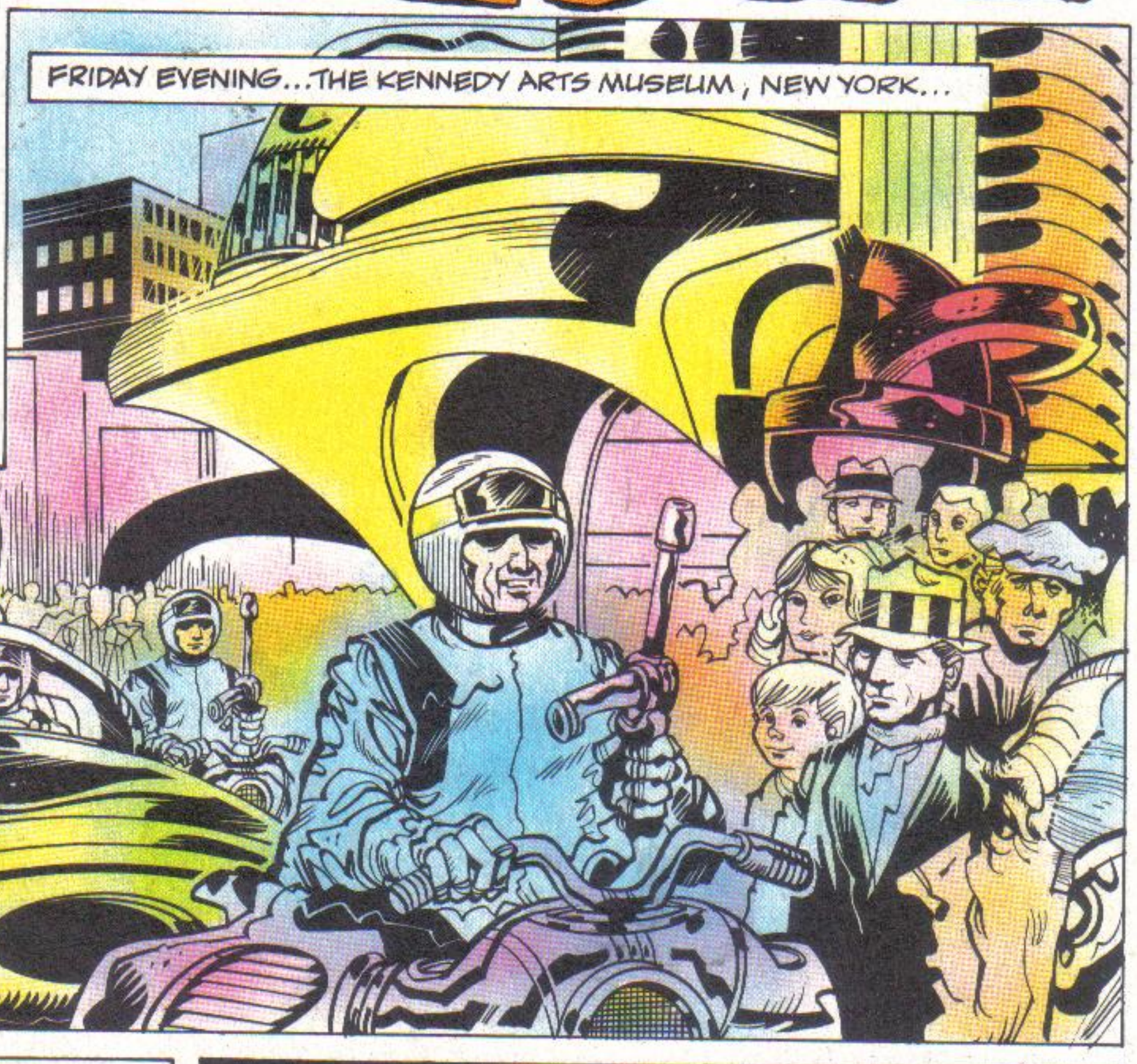
The unexplored area of Soopa.

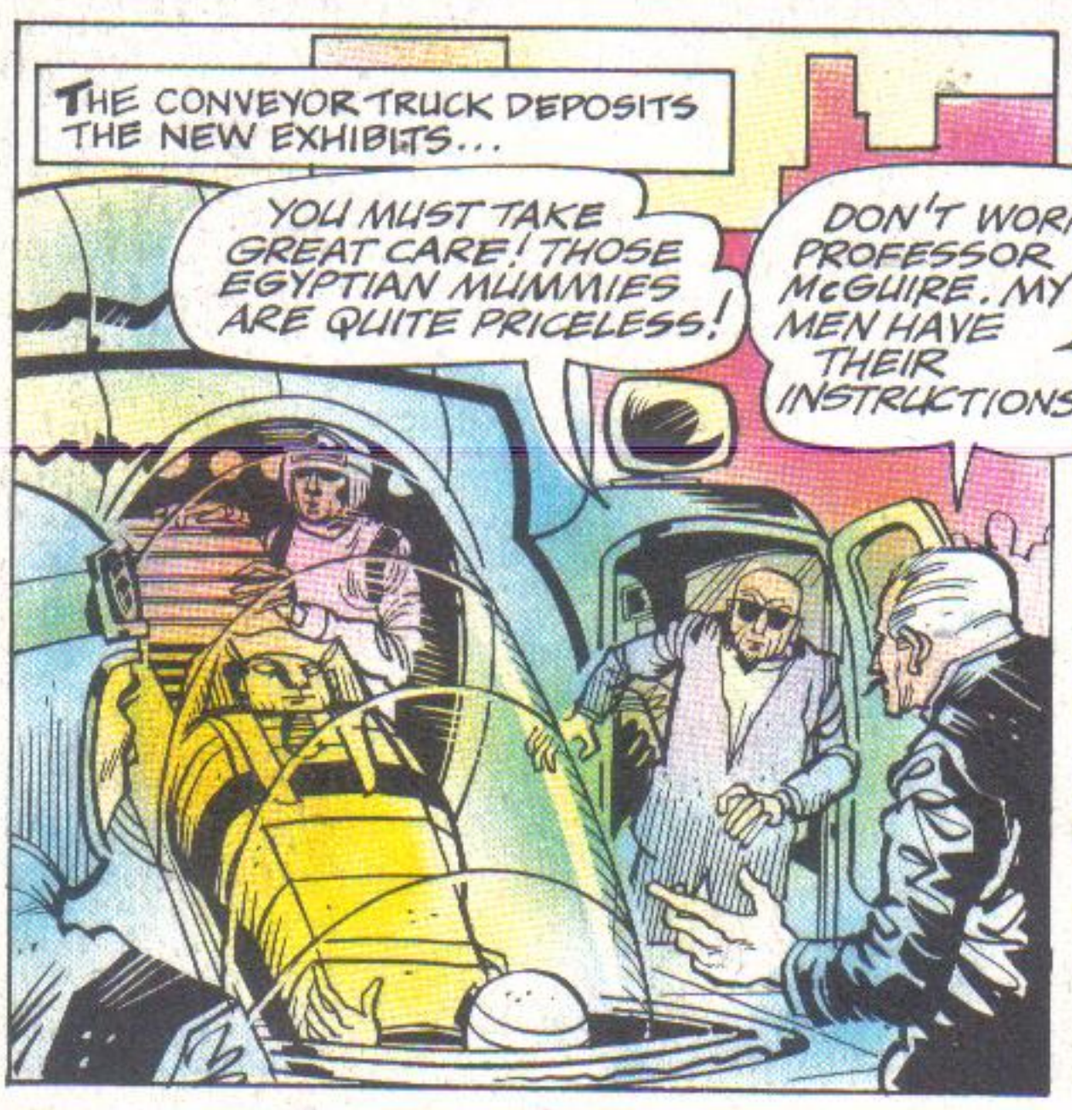
Rock Snake belt.

Mysteron Complex, the whole region measuring 100 miles square, is a forbidden zone.



SECRET OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB




THE CONVEYOR TRUCK DEPOSITS THE NEW EXHIBITS...
YOU MUST TAKE GREAT CARE! THOSE EGYPTIAN MUMMIES ARE QUITE PRICELESS!
DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR McGUIRE. MY MEN HAVE THEIR INSTRUCTIONS...

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, THE OPERATION IS COMPLETE...
EXCELLENT! THIS EXHIBITION OF EGYPTIAN ART WILL BE AN IMMENSE SUCCESS!
...AND WORTH ALL THE EXPENSE OF TRANSPORTING THE CASES FROM EGYPT, PROFESSOR!

...THOSE CASES CONTAIN THE MUMMIFIED REMAINS OF THE GREAT PHAROAHS — PRESERVED FOR OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS IN THE PYRAMIDS. I TRUST TOP-SECURITY MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN?

DO NOT FEAR, PROFESSOR — THIS VAULT IS AS SAFE AS THE STATE BANK'S! IN EVENT OF ANY THREAT TO THEIR SAFETY — ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO DEPOSIT THEM THERE — AS YOU KNOW!

BUT THAT NIGHT...

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO SCHEDULE. NOW, KRANZE, IT'S TIME FOR PHASE B OF OUR PLAN...

WITHIN THE MUSEUM...

OKAY, PROF, I'VE WARNED THE OTHERS! THE BOMBS ARE IN PLACE...

SECURITY

THAT SHOULD DO IT! NOW FOR THE VAULT...

SECURITY

KRANZE ESCAPES THROUGH THE EMERGENCY EXIT AND, WITHIN MINUTES OF THE ALARM BEING RAISED, FIRE-ENGINES SWARM OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM...

IN THE UNDERGROUND VAULT, KRANZE DETONATES A SERIES OF SMOKE BOMBS... AND THEN...

ALARM

FIRE! FIRE! SOMEONE'S SABOTAGED THE PLACE... HELP... FIRE!

IT'S NO GOOD! THE FIRE'S TOO FIERCE! WE'LL NEVER GET INSIDE AT THIS RATE!

CHIEF

F.D.

THE MUMMIES! WE'VE ONLY ONE HOPE... INTERNATIONAL RESCUE!

F.D.

AN EMERGENCY CALL GOES OUT TO TRACY ISLAND...

...OKAY, JOHN. WE'RE ON OUR WAY! THIS ONE SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR THE FIREFLY **AND** THE ASBESTA-LIFT...

IR

THE ORDERS ARE GIVEN, AND SECONDS LATER...

TB1

SOON, THE THUNDERBIRDS REACH THE DANGER ZONE...

SCOTT TO THUNDERBIRD TWO. IT LOOKS PRETTY FIERCE INSIDE, VIRGIL! BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY!

COMING IN TO LAND NOW! FIREFLY STANDING BY!

THE MUMMIES ARE IN THE SHOWROOM BELOW THE MAIN BUILDING. THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!

OKAY! WE'RE GOING IN NOW!

ACROSS THE CITY, SINISTER EYES ARE WATCHING..

IT IS AS WE PLANNED! INTERNATIONAL RESCUE ARE MOVING IN TO THE 'MUMMY' ROOM...

MINUTES LATER....

I'M THROUGH, SCOTT! THE PATH'S OPEN FOR THE ASBESTA-LIFT... BUT MAKE IT FAST! THIS ROOM'S FULL OF SMOKE!

F.A.B., VIRGIL. I'M COMING DOWN!

ALL SET, VIRGIL.. AM ABOUT TO EFFECT **PICK UP**...

I'M BACKING UP NOW, VIRGIL! STRANGE, THOUGH, REALLY! THERE'S NOT MUCH DAMAGE IN HERE, JUST A LOT OF SMOKE! I WONDER...

FIVE MINUTES LATER. OUTSIDE...

...YOU'VE DONE IT... YOU'VE SAVED THEM! I'VE ALERTED THE STATE BANK. THEY'RE OPENING THE VAULTS NOW — READY FOR THE SWITCHOVER!

THE SWITCH IS COMPLETED, BUT SCOTT HAS AN IDEA....

WELL, THAT'S THAT! ONCE CLOSED, THIS SAFE'S IMPREGNABLE! WE COULD SET THE TIME-LOCK AS A SPECIAL PRECAUTION... THEN IT CAN'T BE OPENED UNTIL THE SETTING RUNS OUT...

IR

RECKON THAT'S A GOOD MOVE... AND I SUGGEST ALTERING THE SEALING-COMBINATION, TOO!

SCOTT'S WISHES ARE CARRIED OUT, AND THUNDERBIRDS HEAD FOR HOME...

ODD THOUGH, SCOTT. WHEN I CLEARED THE MUSEUM VAULT, I ONLY FOUND A MASS OF SMOKE!

THE WHOLE THING'S A BIT OF A COINCIDENCE! THE FIRE... AND THOSE MUMMIES BEING REMOVED ON THE FIRST DAY...

MEANWHILE, IN THE BANK VAULT....

IT WORKED LIKE A DREAM, JUST AS THE PROF SAID IT WOULD. COME ON, BOYS, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO.

THE CROOKS RADIO THE PROFESSOR...

BE OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME, PROF. WILL RADIO FOR YOU WHEN WE'VE OPENED THE DOOR. HAVE THE CONVEYOR TRUCK READY — THIS GOLD'S REAL HEAVY!

THE PROFESSOR RECEIVES THE CALL FROM THE BANK'S VAULT...

KRANZE AND I WILL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES! THE ESCAPE IS ALL ARRANGED. NO ONE WILL KNOW I SWITCHED THE **REAL** MUMMY CASES — UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE...

NOW TO OPEN THE DOOR! LUCKY THE PROFESSOR KNEW THE COMBINATION. THIS GELO-SEAL HE DESIGNED WILL NEUTRALIZE THE SET NUMBERS — AND THE DOOR WILL SWING OPEN!

THE GELO-SEAL — IT DIDN'T WORK! THE DOOR'S NOT OPENING!

AS REALIZATION DAWNS...

THEY MUST HAVE CHANGED THE LOCK COMBINATION - SOME NEW CODE! WE'RE TRAPPED - I'LL RADIO THE PROF...HE **MUST** HELP US!

...WITH THE FOUR OF US - THE AIR WON'T LAST LONG! OUR OXYGEN MASKS ONLY CONTAINED ENOUGH TO GET US HERE. THEY'RE EMPTY!

FURTHER ATTEMPTS AT THE DOOR ARE FUTILE. THEN....

PROF MUST HAVE DESERTED US. HE CAN'T BE COMING! AIR'S GETTING SHORT...ABOUT AN HOUR LEFT... WE'VE ONLY ONE CHANCE OF STAYING ALIVE, BOYS... I'LL TRANSMIT AN OUTSIDE MESSAGE WITH THE TWO-WAY RADIO...

JOHN TRACY RECEIVES THE CALL IN THUNDERBIRD FIVE...

HELP US! TRAPPED... IN NEW YORK STATE BANK VAULT... AIR RUNNING OUT.... HELP... HELP...

FATHER, I'M PICKING UP AN S.O.S. - FROM THE NEW YORK STATE BANK! SOMEBODY'S TRAPPED IN THE VAULT!

ON TRACY ISLAND, JOHN'S MESSAGE IS RECEIVED, AND...

...THAT'S THE BRIEF... YOU'LL NEED THE MOLE. I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE...HAVE THEM STANDING BY!

F.A.B., FATHER! SO, MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! LUCKY I HAD THE IDEA THAT WE HELPED A BUNCH OF CROOKS INTO THE BANK VAULT!

LATER, THUNDERBIRDS LAND AT THE RESCUE ZONE...

STAND BACK! GIVE THE MOLE ROOM! VIRGIL WILL DRILL HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOOR!

THE MINUTES PASS AS THE MOLE SLOWLY DRILLS INTO THE MASSIVE DOOR...

GOING IN NOW, SCOTT!

WE'RE SAVED!

DAWN BREAKS AFTER AN EVENTFUL NIGHT FOR INTERNATIONAL RESCUE... AND BACK ON TRACY ISLAND....

THE CROOKS ARE RESCUED WITH ONLY MINUTES TO SPARE...

THANKS TO YOUR 'HUNCH' WE RUMBLED THE WHOLE GANG. THE **REAL** MUMMY CASES ARE BEING IMPORTED TOMORROW.

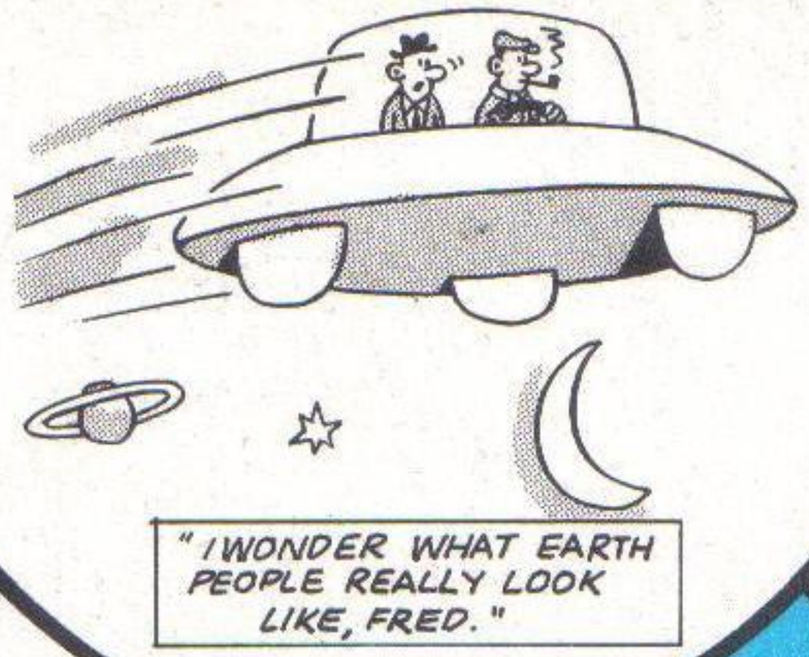
THE POLICE ROUNDED UP THE GUY WHO IMPERSONATED PROFESSOR McGUIRE, - AND HIS HENCHMAN, KRANZE! THE REAL PROFESSOR WAS KIDNAPPED!

THOSE GUYS HAD IT ALL PLANNED - THEY KNEW WE'D RUSH TO THE FIRE - AND TRANSPORT THE CASES TO THE BANK. THEY NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH IT - BUT FOR SCOTT...

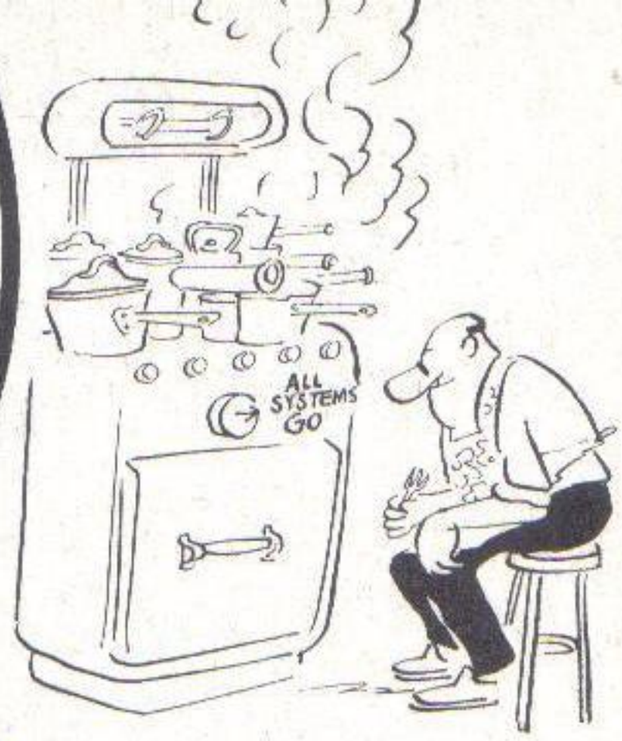
YEAH! THEY SAY THERE'S NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE, BUT THOSE **SMOKE BOMBS** IN THE MUSEUM VAULT WERE VERY CONVINCING!

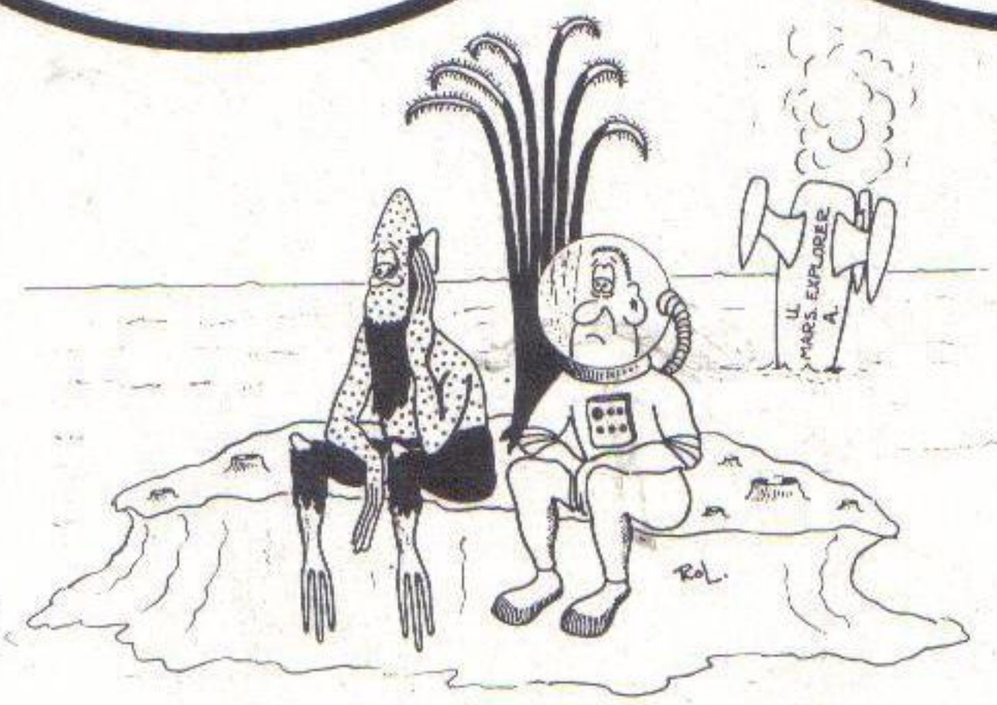
HOLD it

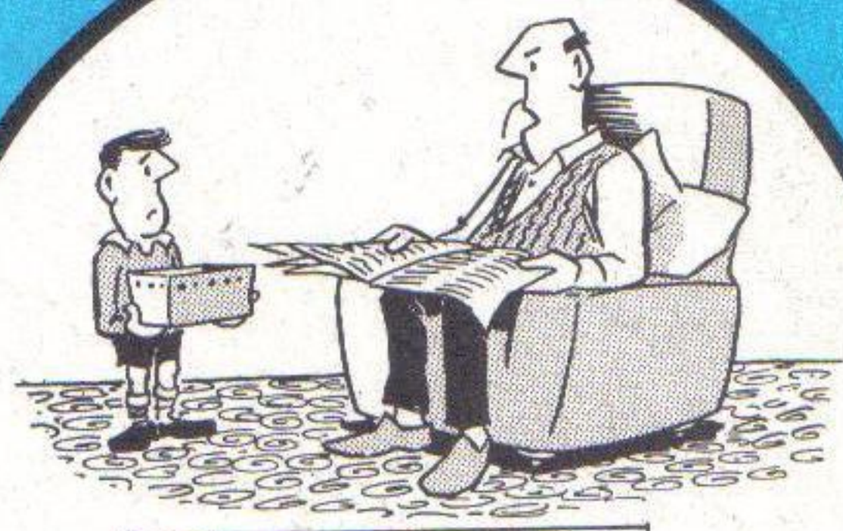
"CAN YOU SPARE A MINUTE?"



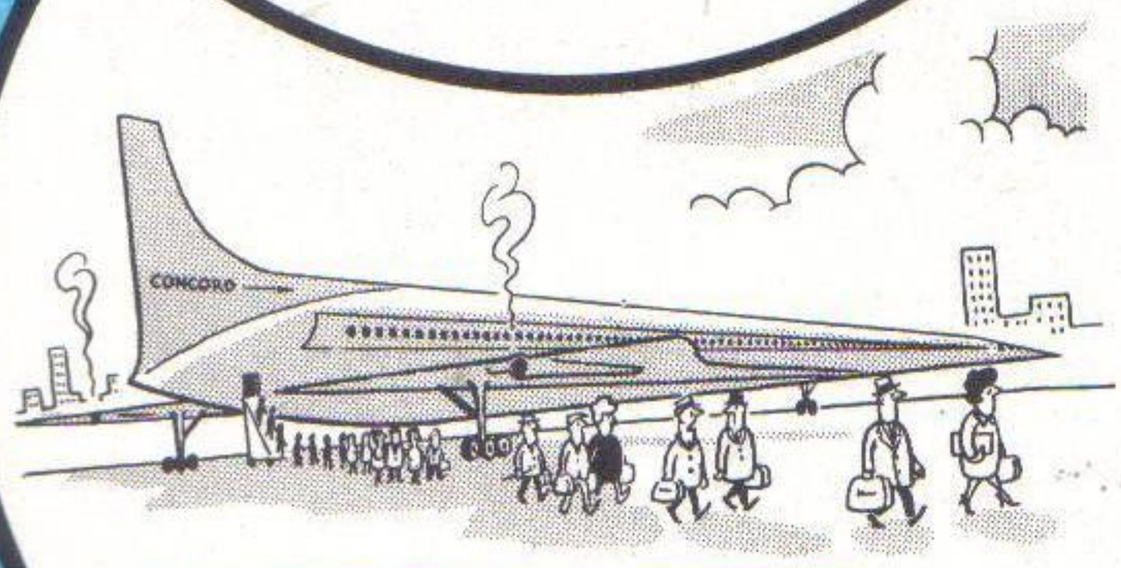
"I WONDER WHAT EARTH PEOPLE REALLY LOOK LIKE, FRED."







"FOR THE LAST TIME...I WILL NOT GIVE THE KISS OF LIFE TO A FROG!"

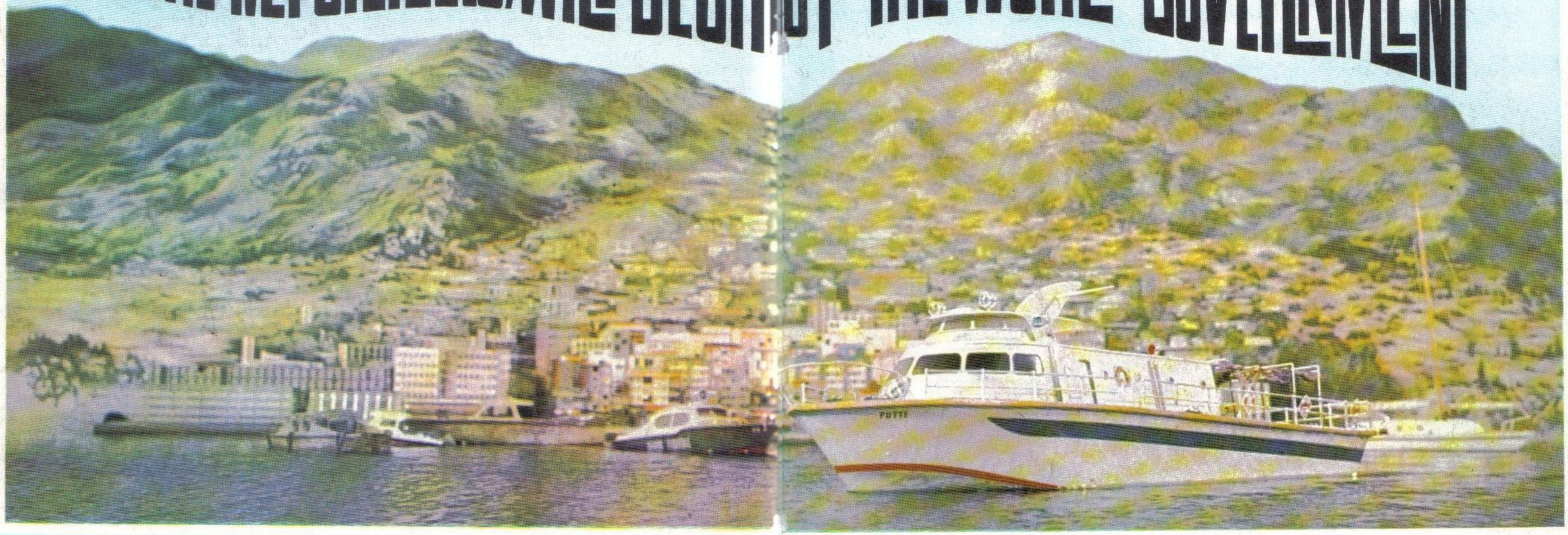


"MY SEAT WAS UP FRONT... BY THE TIME I GOT TO IT, WE'D ARRIVED!"

"O.K., SO YOU'VE BEEN UNLUCKIER THAN MOST... IS THAT ANY REASON TO QUIT?"

"AH, WELL... I CAN'T STAND HERE TALKING ALL DAY... I'VE GOT TO PUT THIS NOTICE UP!"

WE, THE MYSTERONS, WILL DESTROY THE WORLD GOVERNMENT



Captain Scarlet stood against the deck-rail of the luxury cruiser, *Putti*, and looked out across the shimmering waters that reflected the lights of Trieste Harbour. It was quiet—too quiet, Scarlet thought to himself. The only noise that disturbed the beautiful Italian evening was the gentle wash of the sea against the harbour steps. He didn't like it this quiet. But then he wasn't on duty, so why should he worry?

Suddenly he was snatched from thought as a door swept open further along the deck. A shaft of light lanced across the shining boards of the cruiser's deck from the open doorway. A black shadow appeared and crept over the light beam.

"Coming in, Paul?"

Captain Blue peered round the side of the door and smiled at his friend. Then he laughed: "My, you do look the Prince Charming!"

"I don't feel it, Adam. I hate these evening suits. Thank goodness it's only once in a blue moon we get invited out like this."

Scarlet turned from the deck-rail and stepped towards the door. He yanked irritably at the black bow-tie that stood out like a huge butterfly on his neck. "I just hope this thing doesn't choke me. I want to *try* and enjoy the food, if nothing else."

Inside Jonathan Leach's luxury cruiser, the ceilings were low. The lights hung low, too. Captain Scarlet rubbed his head as it rebounded off one of the swinging copper lamps.

"Ooh, mind, dear boy!" Leach cried, steadying the lamp. "I can see you're not used to boats, eh?" He turned and looked at the figure sitting in the velvet-covered couch in the corner of the room. An opened newspaper hid his face.

"Er . . . if you're ready, Charles . . ." Leach called across the room.

Colonel White lowered the newspaper and a smile curled over his face.

"Ready and waiting, Jon. I just can't wait to taste that delicious curry of yours."

Leach left the cabin to attend to some last-minute details in the kitchen, and the three black-suited men took their appropriate places at the wooden dining-table.

"Cheer up, Captain Scarlet," White grinned. "It's not as bad as all that! I've known Jon for years. We were in the Army together. Thought I'd ask you along to dinner with him . . . give you a bit of worldly experience. But, er . . . don't take everything he tells you to heart—he can spin a good yarn."

The door clicked open and Leach entered.

Twenty minutes later Leach placed his knife and fork neatly in the centre of his plate. He looked at Colonel White.

"To your liking I hope, Charles?"

The white-haired Spectrum commander withdrew the fork from his lips and smiled.

"Excellent, Jon, as always!"

"Er . . . if you'll excuse me, gentlemen. . . ." Leach looked quickly at each of the three men, stood up and made for the door.

In the room below the diner, Leach sat in a chair in front of a vast bank of dials, switches, buttons and flashing lights. He pressed a button and a small screen flickered into life. He turned a focusing knob and gradually the scene in the diner above registered. Leach smiled. He ran his fingers carefully over the console of switches and flicked three.

Instantly, Colonel White, Captain Scarlet and Captain Blue sat rigidly in their chairs, as though paralysed. Their eyes were wide and glazed. . .

"Can you hear me, gentlemen?" Leach spoke softly into a hand-microphone. "Nod if you can."

The Spectrum men slowly nodded their heads.

"While I have this machine turned on, you will hear what I say and *do* as I say. When I switch off the machine, you will remember nothing.

"First, I am going to tell you why I have you under my control. I am a rich man but also a jealous one. My brother Rupert is rich too—but he is also very famous. You and Spectrum are going to destroy his reputation for me. . . . for if anybody should be famous, it is I.

"Together we are going to enjoy destroying many of the famous buildings which my brother has built . . . and in doing so, his *name* will be destroyed!"

"Good morning, Scarlet, Blue. I trust you slept well." The two Spectrum Captains stepped into the Control Room on Cloudbase.

"*I* did, Sir," smiled Scarlet, "but I'm not sure about Captain Blue."

"Er, no. I had a bit of a bad night, Sir. That curry was a little strong for me! Not used to anything more potent than the canteen porridge!"

Scarlet laughed and was suddenly aware of Colonel White raising his eyebrows and glaring at him.

"Er, sorry, Sir. . . ."

"That's all right, Captain . . . never touch porridge myself, anyway."

A tall, black-clad figure knocked again on the door of Leach's breakfast room.

"Who the devil are you?" Leach scowled. "This is a private cruiser, and an unearthly hour to come visiting. If you don't. . . ."

Captain Black pulled a pistol from his belt and levelled it in Leach's face. "Inside," the deep growl of the Mysterons ordered through his lips.

A few minutes later the small motor-launch Black had arrived in was skimming across the water . . . and inside the cruiser *Putti*, two ghostly rings passed over the body of Jonathan Leach. Beside it stood Jonathan Leach, Mysteron agent!

Captains Scarlet and Blue marched down the corridor that led from the Control Room. Scarlet was slightly ahead of Blue, and suddenly he was aware that he was alone. He turned to see Blue, his hands clenching his stomach, doubling up and falling to the floor!

"Adam! What the. . . ? *Help*!" bawled Scarlet. "Somebody get Doc. Fawn! Hurry!"

Minutes later, Captain Blue lay on the couch in the Medic Bay. Doctor Fawn sat beside him, selecting an instrument from a tray. He turned to Captain Scarlet.

"All right, Captain Scarlet, there's no need for you to stay. I'll give you a call if I need you."

"Okay, Doc, you know where to find me."

It was not a big operation, and, soon, it was almost over. Doctor Fawn and his nursing team were pleased. It had been a slightly tricky job, but everything had worked out well. Then a shadow of gloom and evil blanketed the Medic Bay—and every other part of Cloudbase. It was the voice of the Mysterons.

"You are powerless to stop

us, Earthmen . . . because Spectrum is now under our control . . . we, the Mysterons, will destroy the World Government!"

"The World Government . . . the World Government. . . ." Colonel White closed his eyes and repeated the words carefully over and over again.

"What do you think they mean, Scarlet?"

"I'm not sure, Sir . . . but what worries me is why they claim to have Spectrum in their control . . . I suggest we use the Mysteron Detector on every man who has access to the wheelhouse . . . they could be planning to use Cloudbase, Colonel. . ."

At that moment, Mysteron agent Leach switched on the machine housed beneath the deck of the cruiser *Putti*. He picked up the microphone and spoke slowly into it.

"Colonel White. Captain Scarlet. Captain Blue. You will obey this voice. You will take from your armoury small but powerful explosives with hand-detonators. You will need enough explosive to destroy the World Government Senate building in Unity City. You will then proceed to Bermuda immediately. The Government will soon be in session. The world leaders *must die*!"

As though in a trance, Colonel White and Captain Scarlet stood up and made their way to Cloudbase's armoury to equip themselves. They did not question the mission and they would not recall it afterwards . . . for they, too, would die in the Senate building.

As the Spectrum Passenger Jet swept from the flight-deck, White and Scarlet did not wonder where Blue was. Each had no feelings, no mind of his own. They just had to obey the voice of Mysteron agent, Jonathan Leach.

"How do you feel, Captain Blue?" Doctor Fawn sat on Blue's bed and waited for him to open his eyes.

"Okay, Doc . . . what happened?"

"This . . . you swallowed it." Doctor Fawn held up a tiny silver object. Captain Blue took it from him and examined it closely.

"Some sort of bugging device, I'd say . . . but how did I . . .? The curry! Last night, Doc, on Leach's cruiser. We had this curry—Boy, it was so hot you couldn't chew it . . . just had to swallow it mouthful after mouthful. It must have been planted in the food . . . I would never have noticed it. But why? It's crazy! Why would a guy like Leach . . ." Captain Blue paused momentarily, in sudden realisation. "Colonel White! And Scarlet! Where are they? Could they have swallowed one of these devices as well?"

Doctor Fawn bit his lip in thought for a moment. Then he said. "Quite possibly, it's so minute. I made a very interesting discovery, Captain. This thing was originally coated with a chemical that would make it stick to your digestive system. As long as the chemical held out, you didn't know it was there. But when it broke loose . . . ouch! That's why you had all that pain.

"If the Colonel and Scarlet both have one of these devices inside them, they could remain there for days."

"But, why? What's Leach's game? Look, can you get Lieutenant Green down here to see me, Doc? He might be able to fill in a few answers about this thing."

The S.P.J. screeched to a halt on the runway at Unity City Airport. As White and Scarlet came down the steps an Airport

Patrol car drew alongside.

"Hey, what's the idea? Nobody lands here without checking for permission—not even Spectrum. You crazy guys could have caused an accident."

"This is an emergency! Out of the way!" ordered White as he pushed past the airport official.

A Spectrum Patrol Car rushed White and Scarlet to the World Government Senate building. Moments later they were inside, carrying attaché cases, apparently full of vital documents—but actually containing explosives that would wipe most of Unity City off the map.

Suddenly, they were hearing the voice again.

"Listen carefully. You must wait until every important world leader is in the house before you destroy it. Above all, the World President must be present. The entire World Government *must* be destroyed completely!"

"Ingenious!" Lieutenant Green held the small metal object beneath a magnifying glass and studied it for a moment. "Yes, I'd say it's some kind of transceiver, Captain. And you say Scarlet and Colonel White may also have swallowed one. Now, if this fellow Leach knows what he's doing, he could relay messages through this, which would be transmitted through the nervous system into the brain. . ."

"Are you serious, Green?" Captain Blue looked searchingly at the Lieutenant.

"Certainly. But the question is, why does Leach want White and Scarlet? There's only one answer . . . the Mysterons."

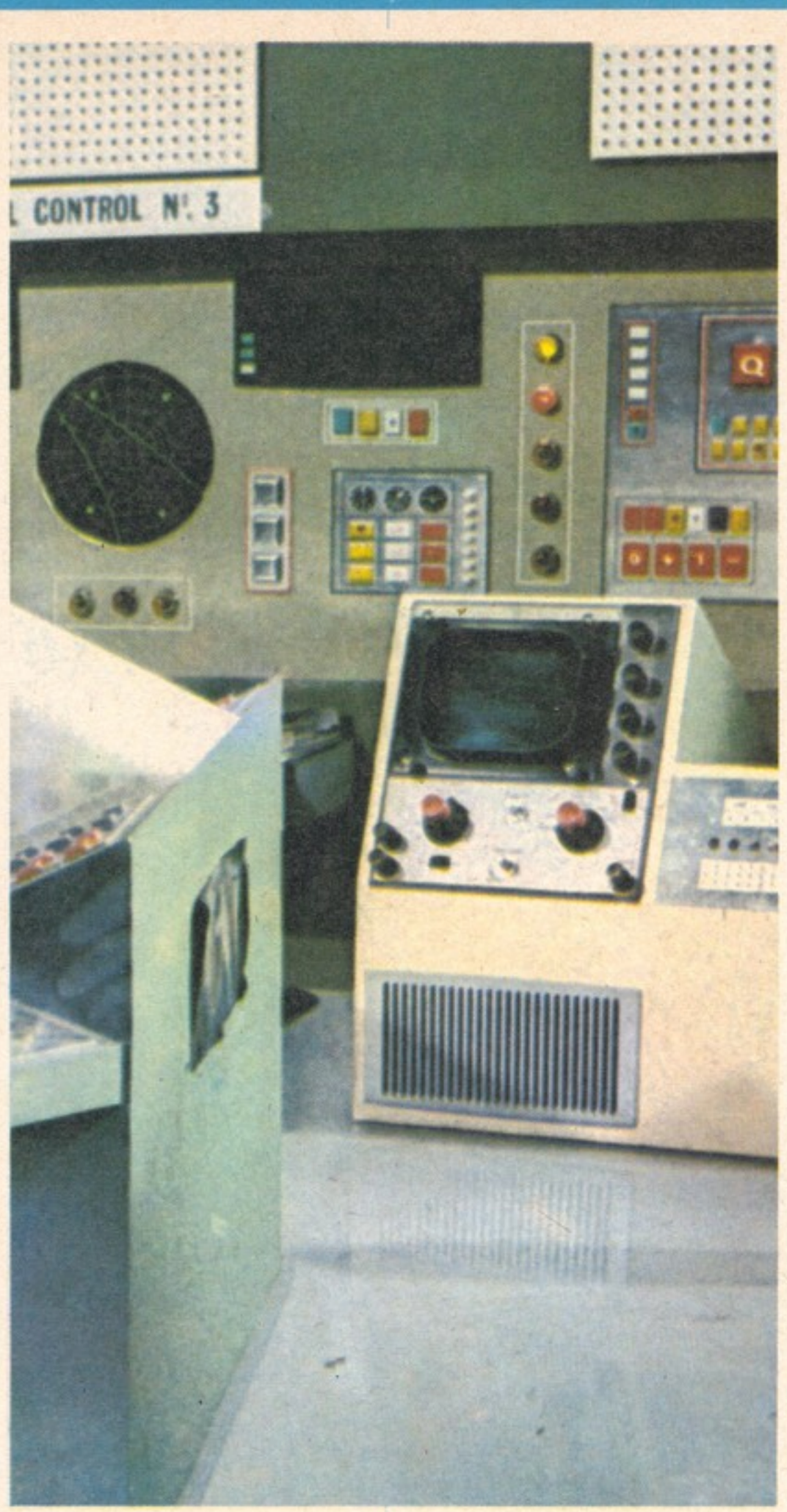
Half-an-hour later Lieutenant Green turned yet another dial on the computer banks in the Communications Room and pressed the earphone closer to his head.

Captain Blue sat beside him, looking for his companion's face to reveal some sign of success.

"Come on . . . come on . . . this is the fiftieth frequency we've tried . . . we must hit on it soon. . . ."

Then Green's face seemed to light up. "I've got something . . . weak, but it's there."

The minutes passed slowly. They seemed like hours. Then Green burst out: "That's it! Loud and clear, Blue. She's all yours for transmitting!"



Captain Blue took the microphone in his hand and spoke slowly and deliberately into it. "This is Captain Blue to Colonel White and Captain Scarlet. You must leave Unity City——"

Suddenly, a high-pitched screech whistled from the transmitter, then it went dead.

Green threw his hands into the air and rolled his eyes in despair. "He's scrambled it. Leach must have picked up your message and switched in the scrambler! We'll have to contact Unity City now and get them to round up White and Scarlet."

"Okay, and get Spectrum Italy after Leach at Trieste!"

Five minutes later, the main doors of the World Government Senate Conference Chamber burst open and dozens of white-helmeted security guards poured into the hall. They filed down the aisles and around the sides of the chamber until over a hundred soldiers surrounded the two Spectrum agents . . . who were instruments of the Mysterons!

They sat in their reserved seats in the front row, amidst the world leaders and statesmen . . . all except the World President, who had not yet arrived.

Every machine-rifle trained on the suspects and the commanding officer approached them. "Gentlemen . . . I have to arrest you in the name of——"

The officer broke off as a door behind the President's chair opened. Scarlet and White, sitting upright in their seats, moved their hands towards their attaché cases as World President Younger appeared on the rostrum.

"Get them!" shouted the security officer as the Spectrum men's hands reached for the zips on their cases.

The robot-like men did nothing, just sat there, their eyes fixed straight ahead. The cases were snatched away and rushed outside.

"All right, men," called the President. "Get them back to Cloudbase."

"I just can't believe it, Blue!" Colonel White lay on the Medic Bay couch, his face drawn and pale, his head cupped in his hands. "To think that *I* nearly destroyed the World Government! That *I* was carrying out the Mysterons' plans. By the way, how's Scarlet?"

"Fine, sir. Of course his body healed almost immediately after the operation. He's gone after Leach."

The Spectrum Helicopter whirled out across the waves, Scarlet watching the long-range scanner screen for some sign of the craft.

It was over an hour before he spotted it. He lowered the rope ladder and slowly stepped down. He waited, hanging from the bottom rung, for the craft to edge over the cruiser.

Then, Scarlet jumped. He landed on top of the wheelhouse. Spinning to the deck below, he got to his feet and began the search for the Mysteron agent.

But he was not on board!

As Scarlet crashed into the last room, the control cabin, the voice of the Mysterons boomed out through the air.

"*You have fallen for our trap, Captain Scarlet . . . now you will die!*"

A second later the cruiser erupted into a ball of searing flame. Debris from the luxury boat flew into the air, tossing with it the battered body of the man Spectrum called 'Indestructible'.

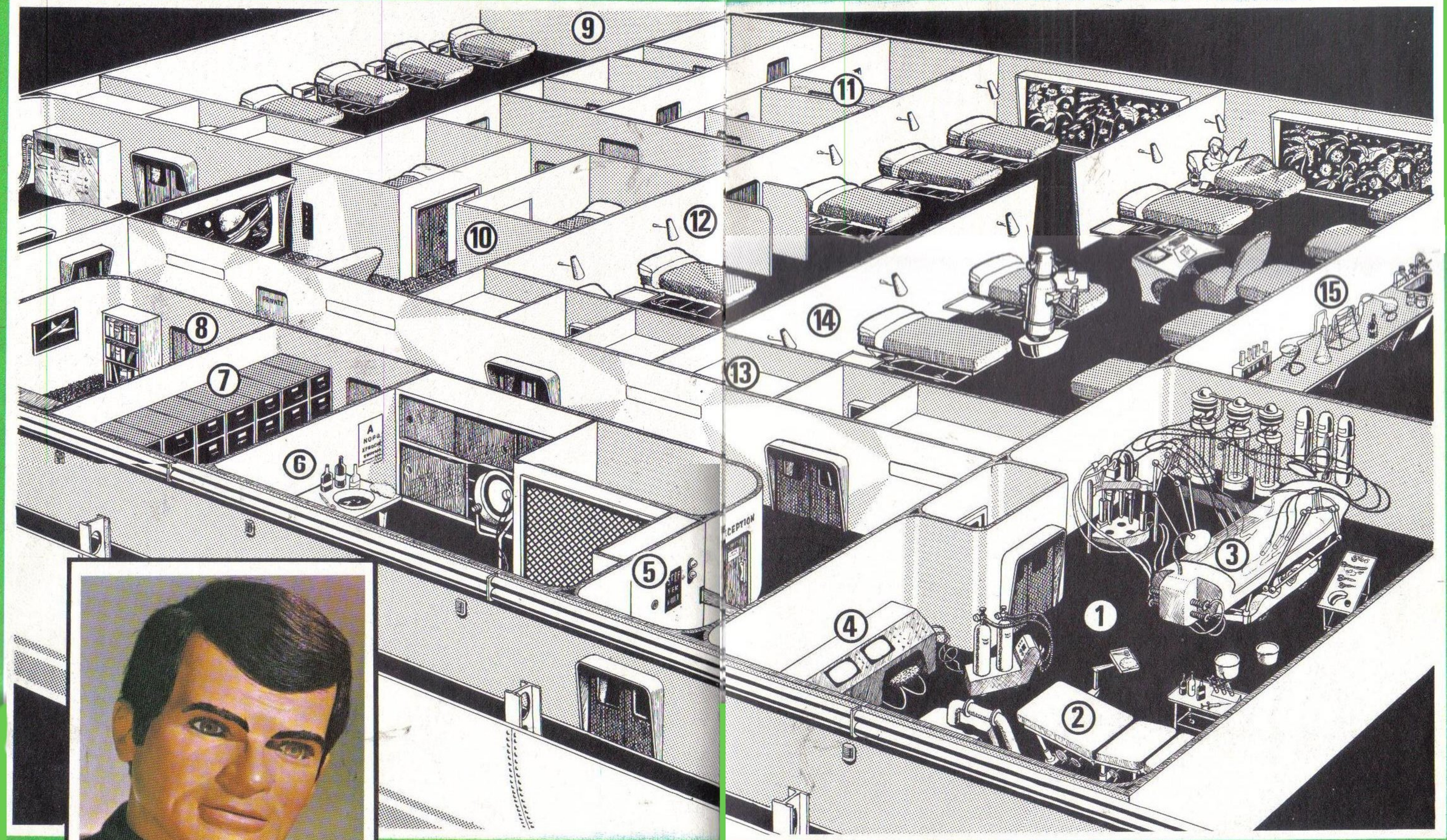
"Yes, he'll make it, Colonel." Doctor Fawn wiped a handkerchief across his brow as he stepped up to Colonel White's Control Desk.

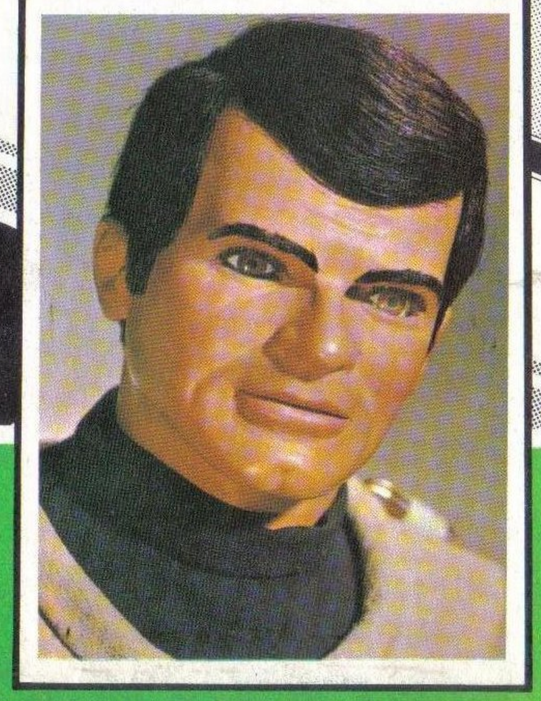
"Thank goodness! I don't know what happened in that explosion, but it surely must have been the nearest Scarlet's come to death. Well, Doctor . . . Captain Blue. . . . It's been a long night. How about some breakfast? What's on the menu, Blue?"

"Er, I've already enquired, Colonel . . . if you're really hungry, they can heat up some curry left over from last night."

White grinned. "I'm hungry, Captain, but not delirious!"

CLOUDBASE MEDIC·BAY



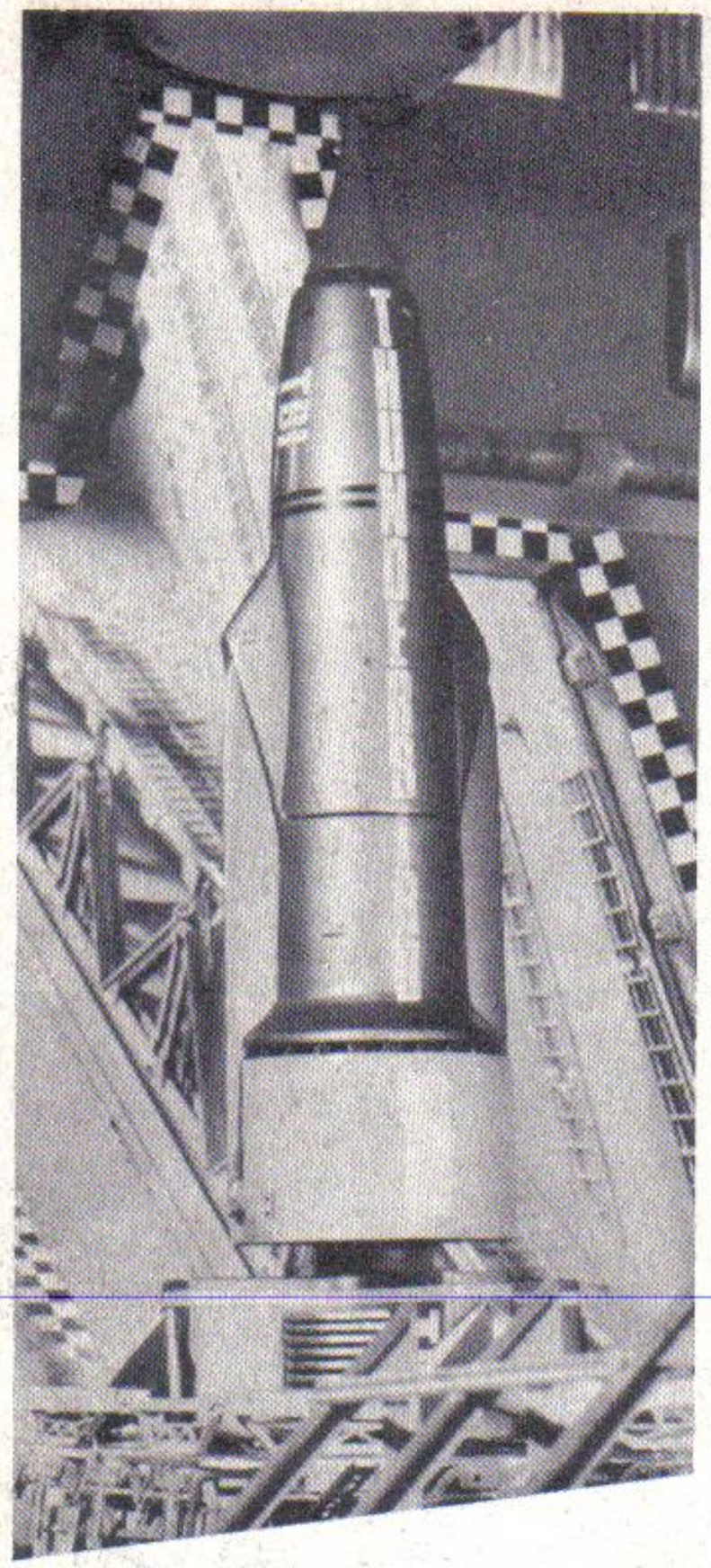


A vital department in the Spectrum Organisation is the Medic-bay. Situated on the bottom deck of the huge Cloudbase headquarters, it is run entirely under the supervision of Doctor Fawn, an Australian.

It is here that the most sophisticated equipment in existence is housed—designed and developed by Spectrum Scientists.

It is in this Medic-bay that Doctor Fawn works near-'miracles' in the recovery unit for Spectrum's indestructible Captain Scarlet! Without this department and the genius of Doctor Fawn, supported by his highly efficient medic-crew, the Spectrum Organisation would be severely depleted.

1. Operating theatre. It is here that a special unit has been installed to aid the speedy recovery of Captain Scarlet. 2. Operating table. A unique aid-control anaesthetises any patient as soon as he lies on the table. 3. Life recovery unit. This piece of equipment is used for the recovery of Captain Scarlet. 4. X-ray computer. 5. Decontamination chamber. Here patients can receive an immediate decontamination operation from radio-active influence, in less than a minute. 6. Out-patients' surgery, where minor ailments and wounds are treated. 7. Cloudbase/Spectrum personal, medical document file. Medical records on all Spectrum Personnel are housed here in tape and microfilm form. 8. Chief surgeon's office, always manned by Doctor Fawn. 9. Men's recovery ward. 10. Nurses' quarters. 11. Bathroom facilities. Spa treatment, physiotherapeutic aids. 12. Women's pre- and post-operational ward; also recovery ward. 13. Equipment store. All apparatus housed within this store room is constantly under complete sterilisation. 14. Men's pre- and post-operational ward. The beds are computered to administer the correct recovery treatment scientifically. All wards are serviced by a robot medical orderly. 15. Pathological and medical experimental laboratory.



THUNDERBIRDS

CRASH DOWN

CAPE KENNEDY...THE COUNTDOWN DRAWS TO A CLOSE ON AN EXPERIMENTAL, MANNED DELTA ROCKET. ITS DESTINATION — MERCURY...

LIFT OFF I-49

STAND BY!

COUNTDOWN NEARING CLIMAX! ALL SYSTEMS CHECKED AND READY!

1

2

3

ABOARD THE SPACE-CRAFT, THE ASTRONAUTS WAIT FOR FINAL INSTRUCTIONS...

THIS IS IT, BOYS! BRACE YOURSELVES FOR THE IMPACT!

ROGER!

TAKE-OFF PROCEDURE ACTIVATED. CONTROL TO CREW. REMEMBER, ONLY ORBIT MERCURY TWICE. THE CRAFT WON'T TAKE ANY EXTRA HEAT!

THREE... TWO... ONE...

ZERO!

THE SPACE-CRAFT LEAVES THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...

LEVELLING OUT NOW. AM STARTING REFRIGERATION UNIT! WILL APPROACH MERCURY IN FIVE DAYS - OVER!

RE-ENTRY IS ARRANGED FOR TWO WEEKS. YOU'LL BE COMING DOWN IN THE PACIFIC. OVER AND OUT!

MEANWHILE, ON TRACY ISLAND...

BOY! LOOK AT THAT CRAFT GO! THAT'S WHAT I CALL MOVING!

EVERYTHING'S RUNNING SMOOTHLY SO FAR! LET'S HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY!

...NEVERTHELESS, IT'S A TRICKY OPERATION. I'VE NOTIFIED JOHN TO KEEP A CONSTANT LOOK OUT, JUST IN CASE... HE'LL FOLLOW THE CRAFT'S COURSE TO AND FROM MERCURY!

AND IN THUNDERBIRD FIVE...

JOHN TRACY TO INTERNATIONAL RESCUE. ON CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE OF THAT DELTA ROCKET! SO FAR, EVERYTHING A-OKAY!

EIGHT DAYS LATER...

ORBIT TWO COMPLETE. ALL SYSTEMS FULLY OPERATIONAL! REFRIGERATION UNIT STANDING UP WELL!

LET'S GO HOME!

EVERYTHING RUNS TO SCHEDULE... UNTIL A DAY BEFORE THE SPACE CAPSULE IS DUE TO RE-ENTER THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...

GO AHEAD, JOHN- WHAT'S UP?

...TROUBLE, FATHER. A METEORITE STORM HAS BLOWN UP FROM SECTOR 9. IF IT GETS ANY WORSE IT COULD RUIN THE RE-ENTRY PROGRAMME OF THE DELTA CRAFT!

WITHIN AN HOUR, JOHN'S WORST FEARS ARE REALISED...

...FORCE TEN, FATHER! IT'S PRETTY ROUGH UP HERE AND GETTING WORSE!

I'LL NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES. BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO TO HELP THAT CAPSULE. LET'S HOPE THE STORM BLOWS ITSELF OUT!

BUT THE STORM RAGES ON. DESPERATELY, THE SPACE CAPSULE ATTEMPTS A TOUCH-DOWN. SUDDENLY...

THE 'BRAKING' RETROS AREN'T FIRING... THEY'RE DEAD!

...RELEASE EMERGENCY PARACHUTE- IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE...

THE STORM- ALL THAT BUFFETING - IT'S JAMMED THE LANDING-PACK, TOO! THE PARACHUTE WON'T OPEN... HOLD ON!

THE CAPSULE BREAKS THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AT TREMENDOUS SPEED- BUT THE STORM HAS SENT IT VIOLENTLY OFF COURSE...

THE CAPSULE CRASHES DOWN IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE...

...TO BECOME EMBEDDED IN THE THICK MUD BENEATH A RIVER...

THOUGH UNCONSCIOUS, THE ASTRONAUTS ARE SAVED BY THE 'SOFTENED' LANDING IMPACT...

DELTA ONE, COME IN PLEASE. WHERE ARE YOU? STATE POSITION. THIS IS CONTROL CALLING...

AT CAPE KENNEDY...

IT'S USELESS, SIR! WE CAN'T FIND THAT CAPSULE. IT DEFINITELY ENTERED THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, BUT THAT METEORITE STORM MADE RADAR-TRACKING IMPOSSIBLE!

AND THERE'S NO RADIO COMUNICATION AT ALL! KEEP TRYING TO MAKE CONTACT!

WE WILL LAUNCH THE BIGGEST SEARCH OPERATION EVER ENACTED! SCAN EVERY INCH OF THE GLOBE! THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THOSE MEN MIGHT BE ALIVE!

AN EMERGENCY CALL REACHES TRACY ISLAND...

THUNDERBIRDS ONE AND TWO - IMMEDIATE TAKE-OFF! COME ON, BOYS - WE'VE BEEN ASKED BY THE WORLD PRESIDENT, HIMSELF, TO HELP WITH THE SEARCH!

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO...

I'VE SCANNED ALL SECTORS, DAD, AND THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO SIGN OF THE CAPSULE!

BUT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER...

OKAY, VIRGIL, COME ON HOME! SCOTT'S DRAWN A BLANK, TOO! WE'LL START AGAIN, TOMORROW!

LATER, FROM CAPE KENNEDY, A SPOKESMAN MAKES AN INTERNATIONAL TV ANNOUNCEMENT

... AND NOW, AFTER FOUR DAYS, THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE MISSING SPACE CAPSULE AND ITS THREE-MAN CREW. THE WHOLE WORLD HAS BEEN COMBED, BUT ALL OPERATIONS HAVE PROVED NEGATIVE ... THE SEARCH HAS BEEN CALLED OFF!

THE NEWS REACHES THE TRACY FAMILY...

I STILL THINK THEY SHOULDN'T CALL OFF THE SEARCH TILL THEY'RE SURE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT INTERNATIONAL RESCUE DOESN'T GIVE UP THAT EASILY!

JEFF AND SCOTT MOVE TO THE HUGE WALL-MAP...

THE CAPSULE COULDN'T HAVE LANDED IN ANY BUILT-UP REGION... THERE'D HAVE BEEN REPORTS BY NOW. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DESERTED AREA...

IT'S SOME TASK! SO NOW WE START CHECKING THE DESERTS, SEAS, POLES AND JUNGLE AREAS...

MEANWHILE, THE WATERS OF THE AMAZON HAVE SWALLOWED ANY TRACE OF THE CAPSULE...

BENEATH THE RIVER, THREE ASTRONAUTS STIR, AFTER DAYS OF DELIRIUM, CAUSED BY THEIR 'CRASH' RE-ENTRY...

WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE WE?

ON EARTH! BUT DON'T ASK ME WHERE!

A QUICK INSPECTION AND THE ASTRONAUTS LEARN THE TERRIBLE TRUTH...

WE'VE BEEN HERE FOUR DAYS... UNDERWATER... THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

...AND WE'VE JUST TWELVE HOURS AIR-SUPPLY LEFT. THIS CAPSULE CAN ONLY BE OPENED FROM THE OUTSIDE! WE'VE NO HOPE OF RESCUE... THE RADIO'S SMASHED!

WE'VE ONE CHANCE— THE EMERGENCY HOMING-DEVICE IN THIS WATCH. IT WILL TRANSMIT A BEAM FOR JUST ONE HOUR — SOMEONE MIGHT PICK IT UP!

ONLY ONE RADIO COMMUNICATION SATELLITE IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO RECEIVE THE CALL— THUNDERBIRD FIVE!

IT'S A SLIM CHANCE BUT WE MUST TAKE IT! THE AMAZON JUNGLE... THUNDERBIRDS ONE AND TWO—IMMEDIATE LAUNCH!

F.A.B., FATHER!

FATHER, I'M PICKING UP AN S.O.S.... IT'S VERY FAINT AND I CAN ONLY JUST GET A FIXING... SOMEWHERE IN THE AMAZON...

GOOD WORK! IT COULD BE THAT CAPSULE... KEEP TRYING, JOHN, AND GIVE ME A LOCATION!

I'M TAKING POD FOUR, FATHER. THE SPECIAL EQUIPMENT— AND THUNDERBIRD FOUR!

4

THE TWO THUNDERBIRDS BLAST OFF...

AN HOUR LATER...

F.A.B., SCOTT!

I'M GOING LOWER, VIRGIL. I'LL TAKE SONAR-SCANNER READINGS. FOLLOW ME DOWN!

THUNDERBIRD 2 BANKS AND RELEASES THE POD...

OKAY, GORDON, IT'S UP TO YOU. GOOD LUCK! SCOTT AND I ARE STANDING BY...

SOUNDINGS BECOMING STRONGER... WAIT A MINUTE... YES... THIS IS THE SPOT! BRING IN THUNDERBIRD FOUR...!

MINUTES LATER, GORDON SPOTS THE CAPSULE, BENEATH THE MURKY DEPTHS...

THERE SHE IS - STUCK FAST IN THE MUD. I'M GOING TO TRY AND MOVE HER!

BUT...

THE CAPSULE WON'T BUDGE - I'LL BREAK OFF TO RE-CHARGE TO EXTRA POWER!

THUNDERBIRD FOUR TURNS FOR A SECOND ATTEMPT...

BUT...

WHAT THE...! VIRGIL! I'VE WOKEN UP SOME KIND OF GIANT ANOCONDA SNAKE - IT'S A MONSTER!

DISTURBED, THE GIANT SNAKE ATTACKS...

THUNDERBIRD FOUR'S GOING... I CAN'T HOLD HER!

I'VE HAD IT... PRESSURE'S TOO GREAT... THE HULL WILL CRACK UP!

WITHIN THUNDERBIRD ONE, SCOTT MAKES A GRIM DECISION...

...CAN'T HELP THE ASTRONAUTS WITHOUT THUNDERBIRD FOUR. I'M GOING DOWN TO HELP GORDON...

SCOTT DIVES INTO THE DEEP WATER...

...THAT'S SOME BRUTE!...ONE HOPE IS TO STRIKE AT ITS HEAD!

DRAWING THE SNAKE'S ATTENTION, SCOTT CLOSES IN...

HIS SWIFT, ACCURATE BLOWS SAVE HIM—AND THUNDERBIRD FOUR...

OKAY, VIRGIL... LOWER MAGNETIC CLAMPS ...FAST...

ABOVE THE RIVER SURFACE...

F.A.B., SCOTT! COMING DOWN NOW...

THUNDERBIRD FOUR REGAINS ITS POSITION AND CLOSES IN AGAIN ON THE CAPSULE...

THE CLAMPS ARE SECURED, AND...

RIGHT, VIRGIL, START LIFTING... GORDON, CHARGE FULL-POWER!

PULLING NOW! NOTHING SEEMS TO BE HAPPENING!

KEEP AT IT! SHE'S MOVING!

THE COMBINED EFFORT OF BOTH THUNDERBIRD CRAFT SHIFTS THE CAPSULE, AND MINUTES LATER...

...THE RESCUE IS COMPLETE...

MADE IT!

I'M BRINGING THE CAPSULE DOWN. PREPARE TO UNLOAD!

THE CAPSULE IS LOWERED AND THE MEN RELEASED...

SO, SOMEONE DID RECEIVE OUR SIGNAL...

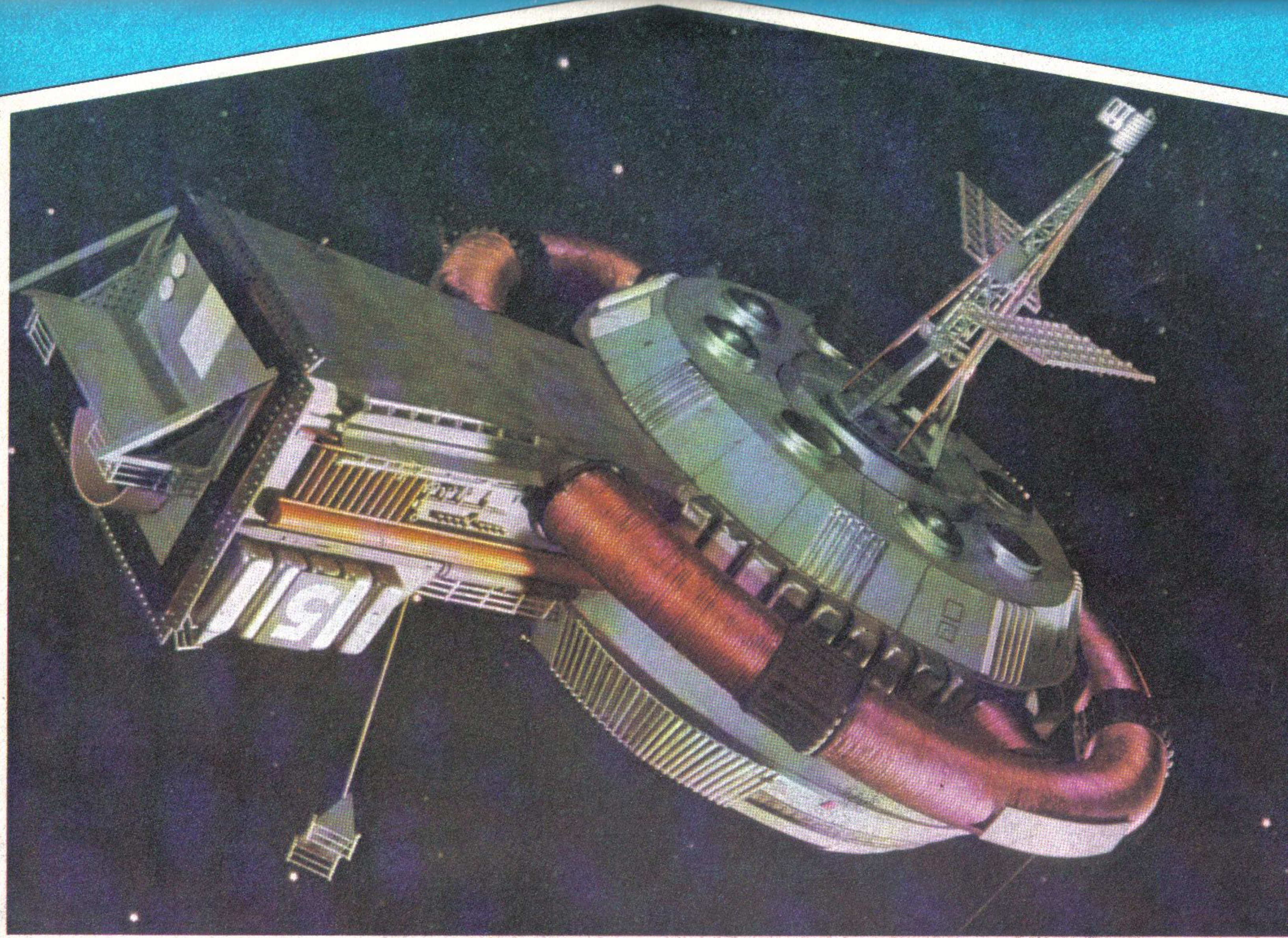
WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

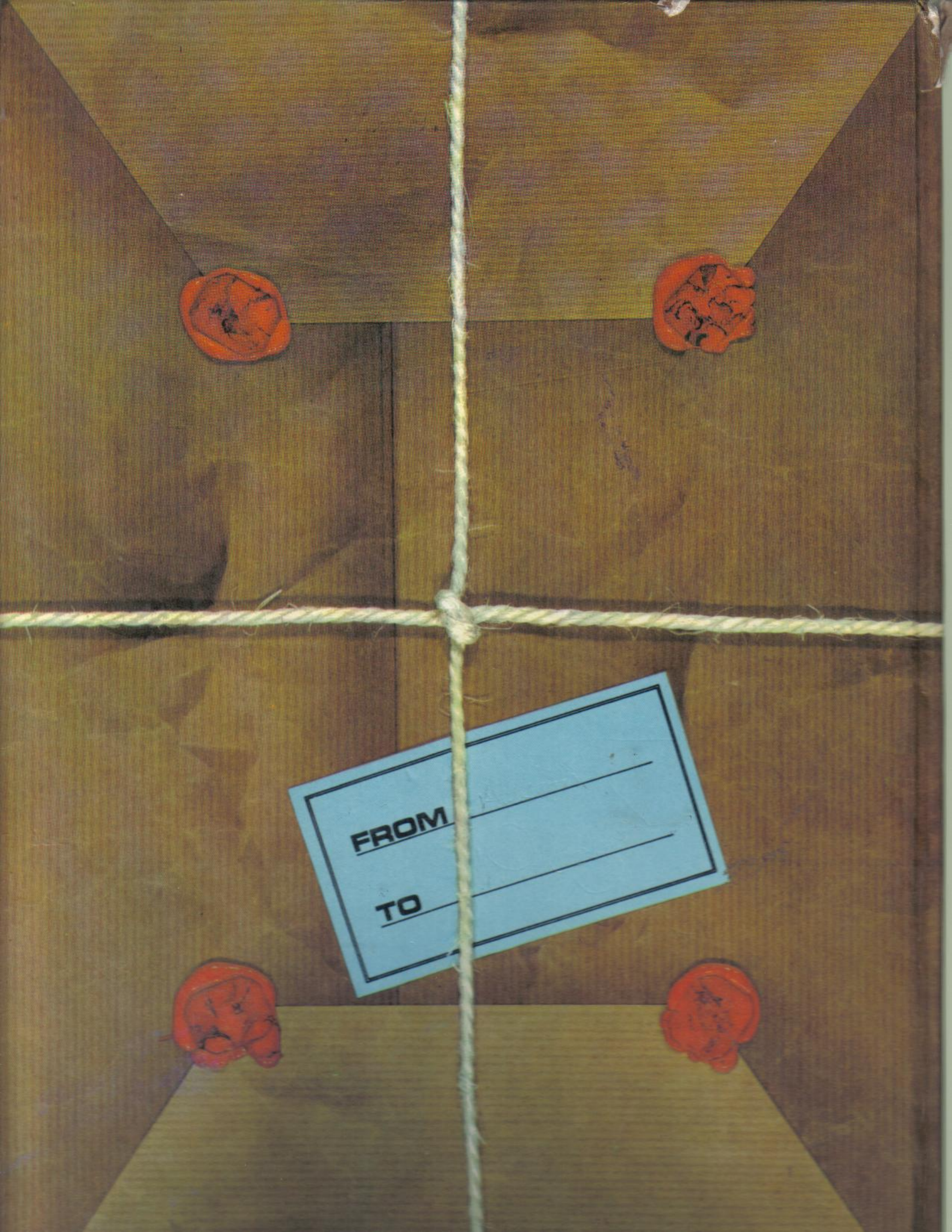
SAVE IT... WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU BACK TO CAPE KENNEDY YET!

WITH THE CAPSULE ON BOARD THUNDERBIRD TWO, THE INTERNATIONAL RESCUE CRAFT SOARS UPWARDS... MISSION ACCOMPLISHED...

SEE YOU AFTER I DROP THESE GUYS OFF, SCOTT!

F.A.B., VIRGIL... SCOTT TRACY TO BASE... WE'VE FOUND THE ASTRONAUTS...NOW WE'RE COMING HOME!




FROM
TO